LADIES' JOURNAL

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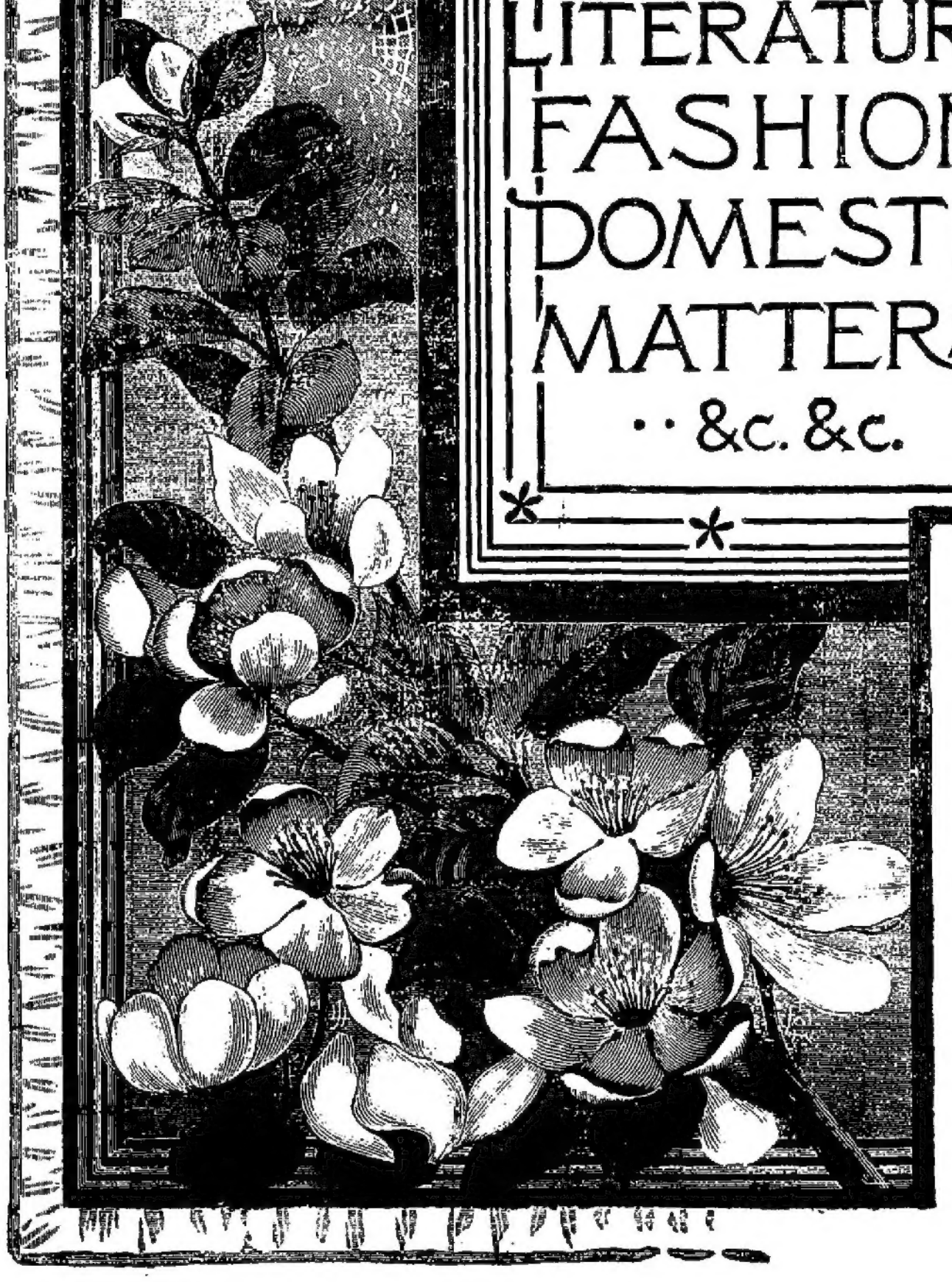

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A THWARTED REVENGE.

A ROMANCE OF THE GOLD FIELDS.

BY JOHN C. COLLIER.

I

"I tell you, boys," said old Saul looking keenly into the depths of the pan which he had been dexterously twisting—"I tell you there ain't the colour of gold in this 'ere claim now. I guess it's played out." And he angrily tossed the worthless mud and dirt from his pan, and flung the latter down by his side.

The rest of us laid down our tools and looked blankly at the speaker.

"No," he went on, removing his pipe from his lips; "not even the colour of gold. I reckon we'd better shift elsewhere straight away. Wat's the good of hanging around here?"

"No good at all," agreed Pete—"no good at all. We can't live on sand," looking at the long stretch of barren waste about us. "Nor"—pointing to a great reef of bare rocks a few yards off—"nor on stones."

Old Saul nodded his head sagely.

"What I ses is"—put in another of our party—"what I ses is just what Saul ses. Let's hump our swags."

"Well" I began, when a melodious voice interrupted me:

"Good morning, *Camaradoes*. What luck?" it said.

I looked up in surprise, and the speaker, a tall handsome Spaniard, nodded pleasantly to me.

"Ah," he asked, turning to Saul, "a new chum, eh?"

"Yes," Saul grunted; "only been with us a week."

"So?" the man shrugged his shoulders, "and tired already, my friend?"

"No, not tired," I answered; "but disheartened."

"Why?"

"Why?" broke in Saul; "so'd anybody be. Never the color o' gold, and work, work, work, 'till the sweat runs o' yer 'eels, and not a peg for it. It ain't all dinkum with us, sicknor."

Again the Spaniard shrugged his shoulders, and then, with a smile he passed on.

"Who's that toff?" I asked as soon as he was out of earshot.

"Oh," and one of the diggers laughed. "I don't know who he is, but I know who he reckons he is. Guess he thinks he's the boss, and is running this field on his own hook."

"That sort, eh?" and I elevated my eyebrows.

"Aye. He does give hisself a few airs. He's a-hanging arter old Anstill's darter they say."

"She's far too good for the likes of him," I cried hotly.

A general laugh was raised by my chums at my expense. Although I had only been on Crooked Creek gold field for a week my heart for six days out of seven had been enslaved by her charms.

As far as I could prevent it, I determined that the Spaniard should never win her.

I stood looking after the foreigner until an intervening shingle shanty shut him from view; and then, with a sigh, I picked up my pick and listlessly stuck it into a tuft of coarse, wiry, grass near.

Old Saul laughed.

"Never mind, chum," he chuckled, "the greaser's got the running now—cos why? He's got the nickers. It's no good o' a man a-sticking his cap to'rds Ida Anstill without them. D'ye see?" and he gave a savage kick at the pan which sent it clanging and 'angling twenty or thirty yards off.

"Never mind, Saul," cried Pete, as he quietly gathered his mining implements together; "we must go on the Wallaby track agin, that's all. Mebbe we'll strike it rich nex' time."

The others, following Pete's example, commenced arranging their swags preparatory to strapping them upon their backs. Then Pete turned to me:

"Come on, Cockney," he laughed; "hump yer swag. Let's prospect a little higher up country. This field's a goner. Ther' ain't a sprat's worth o' washin' in it."

I looked about me. All around me, with the exception of the rock before mentioned, stretched the great sandy waste, glittering beneath the blinding glare of the sun. Here and there about were dotted the shanties—rough, wooden affairs—and ragged tents of the miners. Away on a slight incline behind me a few huts and dumpies—dignified by the title of a "mining settlement"—clustered together, and in the very midst stood the long, low, whitewashed shed, known as Anstill's store.

"Come on, Cockney," said Pete, as he hurled a tuft of wiry grass into the crooked yellow stream which gave the gold field its name; "pack up yer swag if you're coming with us."

I looked toward the store again, and in a moment I decided to stay where I was, be my luck what it would.

"I shall stop here a little longer," I answered.

My chums burst into hoarse peals of laughter.

"My eye!" Saul shrieked, "Cockney's fair struck this time!"

"What do you mean?"

"What does we mean, pards? What does we mean? Ha! ha! That's prime! Just as if we ain't bin over the same ground ourselves! Mebbe we ain't bin struck wi' a pair o' peerty blue eyes. Mebbe we has, eh? Why, love yer, it's as plain as yer face, Cockney, and, hivin knows, that's plain enough. When's the weddin' cairds a-goin ter be issooed. Mebbe we'll git our dress boots ready."

I did not reply, and after the boys had laughed themselves hoarse, Pete said:

"Never mind Cockney, we knows yer secret. Miss Anstill's hit yer hard, I know, and we wishes yer luck."

Saul stretched out a horny hand to me.

"Shake," he said, "good luck to ye. Cut the greaser out. As the poetses ses, 'Adoo.'"

I clasped his extended hand and wrung it cordially. Then the rest of them came round, and I shook hands with each.

Then with their last wishes for "good luck," and Peter's advice to "keep my eye on the Spaniard" ringing in my ears, I stood and watched them as—with their "swags" neatly folded on their backs, and their "billies" in their hands—they slouched in a gloomy, dejected fashion, through the one straggling street of the town," and set off across the sands.

Then, with another sigh, and a glance towards the store, I turned, and striking my pick into the ground commenced to tear up the dirt and soil at my feet.

I cannot tell how it all happened—it seemed more like a dream. All that I know is—that when I ceased tilling and twisting my pan, and looked at the residuum from which the water had drained, all that I know is that I saw—gold!

I dug and delved like mad after that, and at every washing the precious metal seemed more plentiful. I kept on into the night, and then, at last utterly worn and weary, I looked up to the full southern moon, and realised that I had "struck it rich," and that Ida Anstill might—now that I was on the road to wealth—yet be mine. I had only one regret—that my chums, even then tramping dejectedly along somewhere in the solitude, were not with me to share my luck.

During the next few days I worked hard with pick and pan, keeping the knowledge of my good fortune to myself, and every evening burying the day's findings in a quiet corner of my hut.

Only once, since my chum's departure had I seen the Spaniard, and then, with a mere nod, he had passed me, without apparently noticing that I was alone, or that my companions had left me.

One night, after a rapid and rough calculation of my buried treasure—a calculation which afforded me the pleasant knowledge that I was a tolerably rich man—I went for a quiet ramble across the still heated sandy fields.

The moon was at the full, and all things were as though lying in a bath of silver. Finally I turned my footsteps in the direction of the rocks, and, clambering up their rugged face, I flung myself down in a small hollow, leant back, and gave myself up entirely to thinking, and the quiet enjoyment of my beloved pipe.

From thing to thing my thoughts went flitting. Now I was back in the diamond mines at Kimberley—which I had only left behind me a few weeks previous—and then I was amongst my relations in dear, dirty London. But each time, by some strange force, not wholly unexplainable, my thoughts again reverted to the sweet face and lovely eyes of Ida.

Although I had never spoken above a dozen words to her, I was hopelessly—no, not quite hopelessly—in love with her. She, probably, had never given a second thought to me, and yet I——

What was that? Something—I could not tell what—suddenly broke in on my musings and, with a start, I was recalled to myself. I sat up and listened.

There it was again, and in a moment I was scrambling madly over the rocks, towards the road that wound between them.

"Help! Help! Help!"

It was a woman's voice, and I scrambled madly on. Then at last, with a quiet "Thank Heaven!" I dropped into the road.

It was so dark there, being bordered by rocks on either side, that I could not distinguish anything. Again I listened—straining my ears in the endeavour to hear what my eyes could not see.

A faint rustling on my right made me turn in that direction, and then again the woman shrieked.

In a moment I recognised the voice, and my heart seemed to cease its beating. It was Ida's

"Help! help!" she shrieked again. "Roderigues, you cur you—"

"Silence," another voice cried. "You she-cat, you vixen, be silent!"

"Where are you? Where are you!" I shouted, running over in the direction of the voices. "Help is here! It is I! Cockney! Miss Anstill!"

The sound of scuffling increased, and I heard a faint gurgling, followed by an angry voice, saying:

"You will have the whole colony here, and I—Ah!"

In the blackness I managed to grip the man's collar, and I forcibly tore him away from the girl.

"Run! Run, Miss Anstill!" I shouted. "He shall not hurt you now!"

The pattering of feet followed, and I knew that the girl had followed my instructions, and running her hardest towards the end of the rock shadowed road.

Then the fellow whom I was holding engaged all my attention. The way he struggled and swore was something awful. From side to side we swayed; he endeavouring to tear himself from me, and I endeavouring to hold him; and at last, by some mischance, I was thrown. The fellow broke away from me and tore his hardest after the girl. In a moment I was on my feet again, and after him.

At the end of the road I could discern a strip of moon-whitened waste beyond, and already I could see the form of Miss Anstill's flying figure standing out like a silhouette against it.

I breathed a sigh of relief; another moment and she would be out in the full flood of the moonlight and comparatively safe.

But still I ran on—and then, before I could stay my course, a pair of strong, muscular arms encompassed me.

"So," a voice hissed, and the speaker's breath came hot on my cheek, "So, Cockney, you would interfere with a gentleman's love-making?"

My blood rose to fever heat, and went bubbling through my veins.

"You cur, to insult a woman," I said struggling to free myself. "Let me go!"

The Spaniard laughed hoarsely.

"You have thwarted me this time!" he cried, "but you shall not do so again. I will kill you!"

He loosened me somewhat, as he put his hand down to draw his knife, and in that instant I tore myself free.

Even as his knife glistened in the air, I sprang forward, and, launching out, dealt a terrific blow at his handsome face. By the terrible oath that followed, and the pain in my knuckles, I knew that my blow had gone home.

"Maledicta!" the man hissed; "You English dog. I will kill you."

He rushed towards me, and again I sprang aside and launched out.

So the unequal fight went on in the gloom; but at last, the Spaniard, apparently tired of it, for, with a last threat, he suddenly turned and fled.

III

Although I did not mention a word to any of the men on the diggings regarding the foregoing incident, it by some means—probably through Miss Anstill—became public property.

About noon, on the following day, the Spaniard sauntered up to my claim, and, with his hands in his pockets, watched me at work for awhile.

At last I ceased in my labours, and, leaning on my pick handle, I returned his look.

"Well, what do you want?" I asked.

The man's dark face flashed angrily.

"What?" he asked, "What is to prevent me shooting you where you stand?"

I rapidly slid my disengaged hand round to my hip pocket.

"Want of pluck, and fear of the sheriff's rope," I answered.

"Ha! Would you insult me?" The Spaniard snarled, and half-drew one of his hands from his pocket.

But I had him covered: as quick as a flash my revolver was out.

"Not this time, Roderigues," I laughed. "Put your hand back."

With an oath the Spaniard replaced his hand.

"You have the drop on me this time," he cried. "I didn't know you were armed."

"You see I am," I answered. "After that little affair last night I decided to be prepared for you."

"Never fear!" Roderigues shrugged his shoulders. "I shall not be hereabouts now; you—and that finicky wench—are too much for me."

I gave vent to a thoroughly English "Hurrah!"

"Yes," the Spaniard went on, "and if it will do you any good, I will tell you why. The men have given me two hours to clear

sac. Ah! You laugh at that. Never mind, my day will come. You shall suffer yet—you and her," and he pointed backwards to the store.

"The best thing that you can do," I said, firmly, "is to go. It's rather tiring work here holding my shooter up like this; and may-be. I might accidentally pull the trigger, and blow a hole through you. Clear out!"

The Spaniard flashed a look of demoniacal hatred at me, and then, with his head between his shoulders, moved slowly away.

At the end of the straggling byway, he stopped, turned, and shook his fist at me.

"Remember," he shrieked, "I will have revenge. I will neither forgive, nor forget."

* * * * *

The two months following the Spaniard's ejectment slipped peacefully away.

Day by day my hoard of gold under the earthen floor of my hut had increased, and at last, emboldened thereby, I had declared my passion to the storekeeper's fair daughter. With many blushes, and down-castings of the eyes, she listened to my fervent, but unpolished declaration, as we wandered side by side about the moonlight diggings.

"Oh, Cockney," she cried, suddenly pointing as she spoke to the ridge of rocks lying like a bolt in the whiteness. "Oh, Cockney, was it really you that saved me from that detestable Roderigues?"

I replied that it was, expressed my determination to do the same thing a thousand times over were it necessary.

"Oh, I hope it never will be," she cried, laughingly; and then, suddenly becoming grave, she added, "and I have never thanked you for that act. Oh! how can I show my gratitude?"

I don't know whether Ida intended it, but it was the very opening for which I was longing.

"By being my wife," I said. "Miss Anstill—Ida—I—I love you." I caught her round the waist, and drew her towards me. "Will you—do you care for me—only—only a little bit?"

Ida looked quickly up at me.

"Well," she said, slowly, teasingly, I do like you a little bit, and——"

What the remainder of her speech was to be will never be known, for when she had got that far I drew her madly to me and sealed her mouth with kisses.

"Oh!" Ida shrieked, suddenly clutching my arm, "Look! Look! What is that?"

I looked in the direction that she pointed but saw nothing but the white, moonlit sands, and the ridge of black rocks.

"I see nothing, my dear," I answered, "What is it?"

"Oh!" Ida cried, and her hand on my arm trembled: .. Let us go back at once, I am so —so frightened."

"But what did you see?" I queried again.

"Oh," and she shuddered, "let us get home," and she commenced dragging me after her. "I saw three men skulking along by the rocks there, and one of them was—was Roderigues."

"Well," I laughed, hoping by merriment to allay her fears, "Well, let us get him quick. The boys will make short work of him, I reckon."

Half an hour later the diggers were scouring the plain and the surrounding sands, but discovered no signs of the men, and at last, worn and weary, and fully convinced that Ida had been deceived, they returned.

IV.

One evening, about a week after the fright, as I was standing at the bar in Anstill's store, a stranger came hastily in, and, looking around, asked one of the bystanders which was Cockney.

I was immediately pointed out, and the man addressed himself to me.

"Will you please come down, at once, to the hut beyond the ridge?" he said. "Old Saul is there and wants to see you. He is dying."

Old Saul was my first Australian chum—he whom I had pictured as trudging along with the others through the bush—here—and dying.

In a moment I answered the fellow.

"I will come at once," I answered; and the man, evidently pleased with his success, hastened off.

I turned to the bar to bid old Anstill good night when I caught a glimpse of Ida's face, white and awestricken, peering at me from a door behind him. Directly our eyes met she beckoned me, and I went into the room where she was.

"Darling," she said, directly I entered" "if you love me, don't stir from here alone to-night. I heard what that stranger said. lie. Old Saul is not there. It is only some wickedness planned by that Spaniard, Roderigues."

"Ida," I remonstrated, quietly, "this is nonsense. You really must shake such thoughts out of your head. It——"

"I can *prove* what I say," Ida broke in, determinedly; and, crossing the room, she picked up a letter, which she pressed into my hand.

"Read it," she said, firmly. "It is for my father, and is from old Saul himself. You will see by it that he has left Australia, and by this time is doubtless far out at sea. He has decided to return to the Cape, and go up to the diamond fields again."

I looked from the letter to Ida, and back again in astonishment. Then it all gradually dawned on me. It was really, as she said, all a planned affair, Roderigues must be at the bottom of it. To reach the hut, at which the stranger said old Saul lay, I should have to go through the rocky roadway; and what better place could the cowardly Spaniard have wherein to wait and murder me?

Realising the danger that I had escaped, and filled with admiration for my loved one's thoughtfulness, I embraced her.

"Ida, my dear," I said at last, "I really must go. It is getting late. Why," looking up at the clock, "I declare it is quite an hour since that rascal was here. I must be quick. I will get the boys out, and, never fear, we will lay Roderigues and his friends by the heels to-night."

Then, after a farewell kiss, I re-entered the bar, and in a few minutes had related the whole affair to the men still clustered there. With stern faces and muttered oaths they listened to my recital. When I had concluded, hoarse cries for vengeance arose.

"Let us go for him!" shouted one tall, bearded digger. "A rat like him would soon be a terror. The skeetors are allurs a bigger nuisance than the lions."

"Jist so," cried another, whilst I noticed a third significantly coiling up a length of rope that lay near.

"Well boys," I shouted "we musn't lose time. To-morrow the police shall have the skulking hound!"

The man with the rope chuckled grimly.

"Mebbe," he said. "'Tany rate they can have as much of him as will be left."

Then we all trooped through the door, and, at a dog trot, set off towards the rocks.

We had traversed about half the distance when a couple of reports rang shrilly out upon the air.

"Hullo!" I cried; "what's that mean?"

"some mistake, I expect," answered the man nearest me. "Let's hope that the greaser has shot hisself."

"No such luck!" put in another, who had overheard this remark.

"Hullo!" he suddenly shrieked. "Look thar! Quick, boys, the birds have flown."

Away in the distance a couple of black specks could be seen moving rapidly across the whiteness.

In a moment the men split into two parties, one racing after the flying pair, while the rest, myself included, dashed into the black shadow of the roadway between the rocks.

Half way through I stumbled over some object lying in my path, and went sprawling into the road.

As I scrambled to my feet again one of the men struck a match, and by its faint, yellow flicker I discovered that I had fallen over the recumbent figure of a man.

"Ha!" cried one one of the diggers; "that's one o' Roderigues' gang, I bet. Mebbe there's been a split in the cabbynet, and, consekently, some shooting. Let's carry him into the open, boys, and see who he is. He's as dead as Sydney beer, anyway."

Two of the crowd rapidly picked the body up, and carried it rapidly through the pass and out to the moonlit sands, on which they laid it.

I stooped and looked at the grey, dead face, all besmeared with blood from the bullet-hole in the temple.

"Good Heaven!" I grasped. "Miss Anstill *was* right, boys. It is Roderigues."

"Hooroar!" cried the men in chorus. "Good riddance to bad rubbish!" whilst the man with the rope added: "Then I've carried this haltar for nuthink, eh?"

A faint shout from across the sands made the boys turn, and away in the distance we could see our chums hurrying towards us with a prisoner.

At last they came up with us, and I immediately recognised the man they had caught as the stranger who had brought me the false message.

When I stepped up and looked at him he smiled.

"Hang it!" he cried. "Didn't we hit you arter all?"

In a minute I understood the situation; by some fortunate mistake the men had shot their employer instead of me. I waved my hand in the direction of the corpse, and one of the diggers led their prisoner up to it.

Directly his eyes fell on it he gave vent to a harsh, callous laugh.

"Well I'm blest," he cried; "if we didn't shoot the wrong 'un. Roderigues must have walked into his own trap."

And so it turned out.

It appeared that when the messenger had returned from giving me the false message, Roderigues had stationed him amongst the rocks on one side of the road, and his companion (who had managed to get clear away) on the other, with instructions, to shoot me as I came along. But, as time passed and I did not turn up, the Spaniard had become suspicious regarding his man, and sauntered down the roadway himself. In the darkness he had been mistaken for me, the man had fired, and—well, Justice works its ends in many strange ways!

A hurried consultation was held as to what was to be the end of our prisoner. Some were for shooting, others for hanging; but the majority inclined to mercy. In the end the man was ordered to clear out at once on pain of instant death. This he did. Roderigues was buried in the soft, yielding sand, and we returned to the store. What followed I need not describe in detail. Ida, of course, was delighted to see me back safe. The pistol reports had alarmed her, and her father was equally delighted to hear that the Spaniard was dead. Then I retired into the little room behind the bar with Ida, and there I told her of my good fortune in the deserted claim, and—well, we were married three months later.

Escapes Deficiency.

That Europe will be short of bread this year is a statement universally admitted. According to the latest and soberest estimates Great Britain will require 160,000,000 bushels, France nearly as much, Germany will have a large deficiency while the quantity required to supply the other countries of Western Europe will probably bring up the total European demand to about 400,000,000 bushels. To supply this difficiency India will probably be able to send out 50,000,000 bushels, Canada is expected to be able to spare 22,000,000, Australia and South America will also have some to export, while many estimate that the United States will have a surplus of over 200,000,000 bushels. This will still leave about 100,000,000 bushels of a deficiency. Must it be inferred therefore that starvation will result? Not necessarily. None need starve who can secure corn and of this grain the United States expects to have a large amount, probably 200,000,000 bushels, available for export if necessary. Besides it is known that European populaions consume root crops largely in place of wheat, especially when the latter is scarce and dear. It is believed by competent authorities that the consumption of wheat has varied as much as two bushels *per capita* in France and some other countries without anything approaching famine or general starvation. If there should be such a decrease in the consumption during the coming year the quantity required for 200,000,000 people would be 400,000,000 bushels less than the usual supply, which would balance the expected deficiency of wheat and yet no famine or world wide distress would result. The real difficulty with the Europeans will be to find money to pay for the food which the other countries of the world will have to give. Unfortunately it happens that the deficiency occurs at a time when the industries of Europe are particularly depressed. This means that labor will not find as great remuneration as formerly, which of course means less money to buy bread.

The American Wool Reporter calls attention to one of the absurdities of the present United States tariff which has been brought to the notice of Boston wool dealers. If Canadian wool is washed on the sheep's back, and then shorn, it is subject to a duty of twelve cents per pound when it enters the United States. But the water on the sheep ranges in this country is exceedingly cold, and it is looked upon as a cruelty to the sheep to force them into it for the purpose of washing them. If the wool is washed after shearing, although no cleaner then than by the other method, it is subject to a duty under he present law of thirty-six cents, and this, too, on wool which is worth only from thirty-three to thirty-five cents a pound. Of course, under such circumstances, it is obvious that the feelings of the sheep respecting cold water will not be very much considered.

England's Asian Railway.

With the completion of the Khojak Tunnel another link is forged of that line which, in the years to come, will probably be known as the Great Central Asian Railway, uniting the East and the West, and girdling half the world's circumference with rails. The undertaking, which has not its equal in India, was the outcome of one of three projects submitted to the Government of India, and was the one specially recommended by the engineer-in-chief. Under this project the line from Killa Abdulla is continued 60 miles from Quetta, into the Khojak Pass, piercing the Khwaja Amran Range, and finally establishing a temporary terminus on the Chaman plain. The Secretary of State cordially indorsed the Government of India's approval, with the result that the first sod of this great work was turned in December, 1887. It was estimated that the line, the tunnel and the concomitant works would cost about 131 lacs, but an additonal seven miles having been sanctioned later on the Chaman side, 12 lacs more had to be added to the original estimate, bringing the total to 143 lacs. The tunnel, the great engineering work of the scheme, is about two and a half miles in length, and is pre-eminent as the longest in Asia.

Many and appalling were the difficulties which surrounded its formation. The tunnel itself is responsible for a considerable increase in the expenditure, bringing the sum total to 152 lacs, or nine lacs above the estimate. Fuel for working the boring machines, a very considerable item, was made all the more expensive by the action of the Northwestern Railway, which enhanced the rates of carriage after the works were begun, and into the coffers of which went most of the excess. Extra arching was another item, and thiws as due to the loose nature of the strata inside the mountain—contrary to what might have been anticipated from an examination of the surface. And again, when within 100 yards of completion when every one concerned was rejoicing to think that the two ends would meet, by a most unfortunate piece of luck a vertical stratum of clay charged with water was met, and out of it came pouring a torrent of water and mud at the rate of several hundred gallons a minute. Even now water still issues from this part of the tunnel, but not in very considerable quantities. This unforeseen circumstance retarded the tunnel work for six months. All along the work had been carried on most rapidly, and as much as 37 yards a week was done at a face. The cost is less per yard than that of any of the larger Alpine tunnels, such, for instance, as the Mont Cenis, St. Gothard, or the Arlberg, although these had the immense advantage of unlimited water-power for driving their machinery. In the Khojak the rockdrilling machinery used was Schram's. The rope inclines over the mountain were features in the work. These were built to facilitate the transport of material from one side of the range to the other, and ran up the hillsides at a gradient of one in two and a half. They carried a total of three-quarters of a million tons of material.

As originally intended, the tunnel was to be completed by October, 1890, but the work was delayed for the reasons already mentioned, and also by the severity of the winter of 1890-'91. Within four months 40 inches of rain fell, most of it in the form of snow, recharging the mountain range with water. The winter cold was unprecedented, 24 degrees below freezing being registered during the night, while the maximum during the day was only 36 degrees. The result was excessive mortality among the coolies, and no fewer than a fourth of those employed—that is to say, 1,000 men out of 4,000—lost their lives during that one winter. A regiment of pioneers was quartered near the mouth of the tunnell, and rendered good service; their presence, moreover, was invaluable in keeping in check the lawless Pathans and members of other equally turbulent tribes, from which the labor was entirely recruited. From these facts a good idea may be formed of the immensity of the work that was so quietly and yet so expeditiously carried on away on that remote frontier.

It is said that the bishop of London went to see one of his parishioners, a lady with a prodigious family which had recently been increased. As he rose to leave, the lady stopped him with:

"But you haven't seen my last baby."

"No," he quickly replied, "and I never expect to."

Then it is stated, he fled.

Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum is entitled to especial praise and recognition the American Analyst. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. 5 cents.

The English Park Fawn.

"*Defence de chasser*" is probably the origin of the ancient term of venery which heads the notices during May and June at the gates of the Royal deer-parks, requesting that during the "fence months" visitors will prevent their dogs from disturbing the deer. It is reasonable that the respite formerly granted from the persecution of the hunter, should still be enforced to secure the deer from the yelping terriers of thoughtless London, for it is in the months of May and June that the fawns of both the red and fallow deer are born. In June, when Richmond Park is in its fullest sylvan beauty, and the young fern is up, the three main herds into which the seventeen hundred head of deer in the park usually divide, are broken up. The stags have shed their horns, and steal away in small parties into the quiet parts of the park until their new antlers are grown, and the does and hinds are severally occupied in the most anxious care of their fawns. It is not until some weeks after their birth that these beautiful little creatures are seen in any number by the chance visitor to the park. Though both the red and fallow fawns can follow their hinds within a few minutes of their birth, the careful mothers hide them in the tall fern or patches of rushes and nettles, and it is only the older fawns that are seen lying in the open ground or trotting with the herds. When the fawn is born the mother gentley pushes it with her nose until it lies down in the fern, and then goes away and watches from a distance, only returning at intervals to feed it, or, if the wind changes or rain threatens, to draw it away to more sheltered ground. They are not only most affectionate, but also most courageous mothers. Not long ago, a carriage was being driven along the road which skirts the wooded hill upon which the White Lodge stands. There is a considerable space of flat, open ground between the wood and the road; but a young red deer hind which was watching her first calf was so excited by the barking of a collie dog which accompanied the carriage, that she ran down the hill and attacked and wounded the dog with her forefeet, until she drove it for refuge under the carriage. As she continued to bar the road, the carriage was turned round and driven back, but was all the way followed by the hind until it left the park by the Robin Hood Gate. Gilbert White mentions a similar attack made on a dog in defence of her fawn by one of the half wild hinds in Wolmer Forest. "Some fellows," he writes, "suspecting that a calf new-fallen was deposited in a certain spot of thick fern, went with a lurcher to surprise it, when the parent-hind rushed out of the break, and taking a vast spring, with all her feet close together, pitched upon the neck of the dog, and broke it!"

The oak-grove upon the sides, and the thick fern upon the flat top of the White Lodge Hill, are the most likely spots in which to find the hidden fawns. The red-deer seem to prefer the patches of tall rushes which grow among the oaks; and the fallow, the thicker shelter of the fern. There are also tall nettle-beds round the enclosure, in which the deer are fed in the winter, and where in summer lumps of rock-salt are laid for them to lick. These uninviting nettle-beds are, strange to say, favorite *layettes* with the fallow hinds, and in them the writer has more than once found a sleeping fawn.

It would be difficult to see a prettier picture of young sylvan life than a red deer fawn lying in one of the patches of rushes among the oaks. Unlike the full grown red deer, the fawns are beautifully spotted with white, and the color of the coat is a bright tan, matching the dead oak leaves which are piled among the rushes. If the spectator approaches from the leeward side, he may come within a few feet of the fawn, which lies curled up, with its head resting on its flank. Presently it raises its head, and looks at its visitor with grave, wide open eyes, and if not disturbed, will go to sleep again. Otherwise it bounds up and is at once joined by the mother, who has been standing "afar off to wit what would be done to him." As the hind and fawn trot away side by side, the greater grace of the young animal is at once apparent. The head is smaller, the neck and back straighter, and the ears shorter in the fawn, and the eye is larger and even more dark and gentle. The fawns of the fallow deer are quite as distinct in appearance from those of the red deer as are the full-grown animals of either kind, both in color and shape. There are three varieties of fallow-deer, and though these are often members of the same herd, the fawns of each seem generally to retain the color of the mother, the dark, mouse-colored hinds having dark fawns, the white hinds cream-colored fawns, while the young of the common spotted variety are white, mottled with light-fawn color, which gradually takes later the dappled hue of the parent-hind. Occasionally a very light fawn may be seen, which is probably a cross between the white and dappled varieties. But none of the fallow deer fawns have the grace of the red-deer calf; they are less deer-like, and, in some respects, especially by their long, thick legs, they suggestt a week-old lamb; while the head is more rounded, and the muzzle less pointed than in the red-deer. They seem to leave the fern and join their mothers earlier than their larger cousins, and are shyer and less easy of approach,—a wildness which seems difficult to account for in the young of a species which has been domesticated for so many centuries. In order to approach them nearly, it is as well to take the precaution of walking up from the leeward side. Even park deer seldom become wholly indifferent to the scent of man; a score of hinds and fawns may be lying scattered under the oaks on the hill-side during a hot June day, enjoying the breeze and shade, and plainly unwilling to move. Yet if a stranger pass to windward of them, they will all rise, and when he comes in sight, move off to a distance. So when in the winter, the keeper whom they know brings the hay to their feeding enclosure, they will scent him from a distance, and gather round the feeding-pen almost like cattle, some even venturing to pick up the hay as he throws it from the fork. But if a stranger be with him, not a deer will enter the enclosure, and few will appear in sight. Like wild deer, they seem to have greater mistrust of the danger which they can scent than of any object which they can see.

At the end of summer, when the fawns are weaned and the stags have grown their antlers, the herds re-unite, and in September the battles begin among the stags for the mastery of the greatest number of hinds. Then among the oaks of Richmond Park there are forerunners of the fights between the stags which are seen a month later on the Scotch mountains. The writer once witnessed a struggle of the kind, when belated in Richmond Park, about 9 o'clock on a moonlight night in September. The moon was up over the Wimbledon hills, and the scene near the pool by the Sheen Gate was beautiful, and he sat down by a tree to watch the night. In a few minutes a stag came up to the pool and challenged, and was answered by another from the valley, which soon trotted up to the other side of the pond. In a few minutes they charged, and the crash of horns was loud and startling in the still autumn night. After a long scuffle the newcomer was defeated and chased down the slope towards the brook. It is on the flats by the brook between the Roehampton and Robin Hood Gates that the most formidable battles usually take place. A large stag generally takes possession of the ground on either side of the stream, and any invasion of their territory is so keenly resented that the keeper of the Roehampton Lodge has occasionally preferred to make a very wide circuit by the southern path to crossing the small bridge that leads directly over the brook to his usual beat in the park. When a stag is seem to put out his tongue and let it play rapidly round his lips, it is safe to infer that his temper is dangerous, and in that case it is always well to avoid disturbing the hinds. When the red-deer stag reach a certain size they are removed from Richmond and placed in Windsor Park, for greater safety to the public. There, in September, the writer has seen as many as eighty hinds kept in sole possession by a single stag. At Richmond there are no such predominant masters of the herd, but no one can return from a day spent in observing them without feeling grateful to those who prevented the park being turned into a vast volunteer camp during the "female months."—[London Spectator.

When you have spilled anything on the stove, or milk has boiled over and a suffocating smoke arises, sprinkle the spot with salt and it will disappear immediately.

The Washington correspondent of the *Globe*, after warning the public against supposing that all the experiments now being made by the Navy Department are with plates made of nickel steel, and pointing out that the purpose of the department is to experiment with all plates that seem available and appear to be at all adapted to the purpose, says: "Thus far the plates from Canadian nickel have given most satisfaction." This will be welcome news to Canadians, who have just now more nickel than they know what to do with. Should future experiments confirm the trials already made, it is certain that a great impetus will be given to the Canadian industry.

The Ideal Pastor.

Clergymen and the relations that exists between them and the people of their congregations has always been a fruitful subject for discourse, and wide apart have been the opinions of writers in all ages. The chief point of contention has been as to whether the ministers should confine their labors to the spiritual, or whether they should go beyond and interest themselves in the temporal welfare of their people.

The Rev. Dr. Herman Adler is out with an article on "The Ideal Jewish Pastor," and he offers some suggestions that have a direct bearing to the minister of creed. Dr. Adler says: "It has been truly said that the worth of a man in relation to his fellows depends upon the ideal which he cherishes. A pastor to do his duty must ever meditate but he must not judge of events and decide upon his course of action with the assumption of sacredotal infallibility. He must humbly bring the cause before God, so that striving for the divine light he will not be wise in his own conceit; before him who is the son of righteousness so that despising the soft flatteries of an easy popularity, he will consider not what will be the easiest and pleasantest policy, but what line of action will stand the scrutiny of heaven: before him who is the God of mercy and loving kindness, so that the poor and oppressed will confidently look to him for help and for defence; before him who worketh great things, so that he will not fold his hands in idleness, but will be forever striving and toiling, acknowledging no master above him save the Lord his God.

"Momentous and paramount as are the spiritual interests of his flock, he will not confine his activity to these, but devote much anxious thought to their temporal condition. His sympathies and his energies will not be pent up within the narrow limits of his own pastorate, but will extend far beyond to the lot of his brethren in countries afar off. Imbued as he is with a fervent love for his country, he will work with gladsome energy in every cause that can tend to add to his country's welfare and alleviate the miseries of his fellow-men.

"But it is to the spiritual claims of his flocks that the ideal pastor will devote his chief solicitude. He will watch over God's house, imbued with the anxious desire that the divine service held within its walls shall enable the worshiper to realize the lofty ends to which his communion with his father in heaven shall serve, to purify, to consecrate, and to elevate to a higher plane his life outside the church. He will therefore strive that every service be characterised by dignity and reverence, by fervor and devotion. He will teach that a mere blind and mechanical fulfillment of priestly ordinances will not be acceptable in the eyes of the supreme, unless they serve as a stimulus to a higher life—a life of self-control and abstinence, a life of uprightness and integrity.

"The cause of the children he will most earnestly bear in his heart, eagerly solicitous, that they may be won for God and his law. To attain this end he will watch over the schools that they may ever remain nurseries of genuine piety and sterling virtue. Nor in his care for the children of the poor will he be unmindful of the sons and daughters of the leisured classes, who stand in need, not less, but rather more urgently, of the wise and wholesome restraints of religion. His care will not be confined to the young during the period of schooling. He will watch over the pupils at that critical period when they are launched upon the world with all its lures and enticements, endeavoring still to instruct, to guide, to mold.

"He will rally round the poor and uncultured, sympathizing with them in their struggles, mitigating their troubles, and advising them in their perplexities. Nor will he hold aloof from those who are accounted the spoiled children of fortune, but seek to shame them out of their wasteful luxury and hard selfishness.

"And thus in accordance with the scriptures he will be at one and the same time a shepherd and a watchman. A shepherd who goes out before his flock; a leader, not one who allows himself to be swayed by every passing wind of doctrine; a man of tender heart who guides his sheep to green pastures and cooling streams, carrying the young, the weary, and the footsore in his arms. And a watchman, a sentinel standing on the lofty tower, patrolling the battlements, ever alert with eye and ear, a vigilant guardian of the citidel of religion and morality against the surprise of every foe; to spread the knowledge of the unity of God, the supremacy of virtue, and the brotherhood of man."

These are the requirements that Dr. Adler considers necessary for the making of a true Jewish pastor; and it would seem that his words may be fittingly applied to the candidate who essays to preach the doctrine of any religion upon earth.

The Coming Woman.

"What will the coming woman do
To plague, perplex and interfere with us?
Will she forbid the festive chew
And cuspidore for ages dear with us?
Will she invade with uplifted nose,
Retreats where female foot ne'er went till late
Barroom cosey and courtroom close,
And force reluctant man to ventilate?"
Brother, and so I hear.

"Will the dear haunts where manhood played
At euchre bold and frisky seven-up—
Haunts where so oft our reasons strayed—
To conversation less be given up?
Must we then, all go home to dine?
And must a friend in soda pledge his mate?
How shall the coming man get wine
At all, if she's allowed to legislate?"
Brother, the case looks queer.

"Speak, O friend! has the woman's sphere
The soft-soap rainbow sphere we kept her in,
Burst and vanished, and left her here
With the world at large to wield her sceptre in
Is she up to our little game?
And can she blind us, in reality,
Down to the precepts, much too tame,
We've preached to her for pure morality?"
Brother, the worst I fear.

"Friend of my youth, I can no more.
O'ly with me this land iniquitous.
Nay, for I see, from shore to shore
The enfranchised female rise ubiquitous
Partner in purse she'll claim to be,
Logic of business she'll outwit us in;
Lost from life is the dead lat-key,
And lost from earth the white male citizen!"
Brother, the end is near.

The Emperor's Broken Knee.

The French papers have been printing all kinds of stories about the Emperor of Germany, one avowing that he was drunk when he injured his knee-cap recently, but the following told by *Paris Eclair* eclipses them all:

On the night following the departure of the Imperial yacht Hohenzollern from England the crew was beaten to quarters and was surprised to find the quarter-deck brilliantly illuminated. An altar had been erected on the deck bearing the Old and New Testaments and the Kaiser stood by, wearing a white chasuble with a crozier in his hand and a black and white mitre on his head. He read the most warlike passages from the Testaments and invited the crew to respond. He then preached a long sermon on the duty of sovereigns to their people, the whole service lasting from 11 p.m. to 2 a.m. The crew was then piped together. At 5 a.m. the Kaiser appeared on the bridge in the uniform of a high admiral, looking extremely haggard, and, addressing the commander, said: "Sir, retire to your cabin; I shall take charge."

The commander replied: "Sire, permit me to observe that we are in a dangerous passage and that it is advisable for your Majesty's safety, as well as for that of the crew, that a sailor remain in command."

The Emperor respond: "Never mind, God will inspire me."

The commander bowed and retired. The second officer remaining, the Emperor angrily bade him retire, the officer respectfully protesting.

The Emperor then said: "You resist, wretched creature! You trouble the spirit of God which is in me. This is the vengeance of God upon you!" dealing the officer a heavy blow on the cheek.

The officer turned crimson, but remained until the Emperor seized him by the throat and tried to throw him overboard. In the struggle that followed the Emperor fell and broke his knee cap.

The sailors watched the scene, paralyzed with fear. The occurrence was one that cannot be forgotten. The Emperor howled with pain, his eyes started from their sockets, he foamed at the mouth, he swore terribly, and in fact displayed all the symptoms of madness. The officers, after a brief consultation, carried him into a cabin padded with mattresses. Nobody was admitted except the doctor and the Empress. Men were necessary to help restrain him until his leg was bandaged and a straight jacket was put on him. The crisis lasted three days.

No class of human beings suffer so much from the poison of foul air as infants. Older children and grown-up persons are seldom so much shut up, and the diseases by which so many infants die, infantile diarrhœa, convulsions, and infantile pneumonia, strongly suggest the irritation likely to be produced by breathing these waste-poisons; though improper food must also bear a large share of the blame. Of all the evil consequences, however, of foul air none can be traced, more surely than phthisis or pulmonary consumption.

THE SNOW STORM.

Toward the end of 1811, at a memorial period for Russians, lived on his own domain of Nenaradova the kind-hearted Gavril R. He was celebrated in the whole district for his hospitality and his genial character. Neighbors constantly visited him to have something to eat and drink and to play at five co-peck boston with his wife, Praskovia. Some, too, went to have a look at their daughter, Maria, a tall, pale girl of 17. She was an heiress, and they desired her either for themselves or their sons.

Maria had been brought up on French novels, and consequently was in love. The object of her affection was a poor ensign in the army, who was now at home in his small village on a leave of absence. As a matter of course, the young man reciprocated Maria's passion. But the parents of his beloved, noticing their mutual attachment, forbade their daughter to even think of him while they received him worse than an ex-assize judge.

Our lovers corresponded, and met alone daily in the pine wood or by the old roadway chapel. There they vowed everlasting love, inveighed against fate, and exchanged various suggestions. Writing and talking in this way, they quite naturally reached the following conclusion.

If we cannot exist apart from each other, and if the tyranny of hard-hearted parents throws obstacles in the way of our happiness, then can we not manage without them?

Of course this happy idea originated in the mind of the young man, but it pleased immensely the romantic imagination of Maria.

Winter set in and put a stop to their meetings. But their correspondence became all the more active. Vladimir begged Maria in every letter to give herself up to him that they might get married secretly, hide for a while, and then throw themselves at the feet of their parents, who would, of course, in the end be touched by their heroic constancy and say to them, "Children, come to our arms!"

Maria hesitated a long while, and out of many different plans proposed that of flight was for a time rejected. At last, however, she consented. On the appointed day she was to decline supper and retire to her room under the plea of a headache. She and her maid, who was in the secret, were then to go out into the garden by the back stairs, and behind the garden they would find a sledge ready for them, would get into it and drive a distance of five miles from Nenaradova to the village of Jadrino, straight to the church, where Vladimir would be waiting for them.

On the eve of the decisive day Maria did not sleep all night; she was packing and tying up linen dresses. She wrote, moreover, a long letter to a friend of hers, a sentimental young lady, and another to her parents. Of the latter she took leave in the most touching terms. She excused the step she was taking by reason of the unconquerable power of love, and wound up by declaring that she should consider it the happiest moment of her life when she was allowed to throw herself at the feet of her dearest parents. Sealing both letters with a Toula seal on which were engraved two flaming hearts with an appropriate inscription, she at last threw herself upon her bed before daybreak, and dozed off, though even then she was awakened from one moment to another by terrible thoughts. First it seemed to her that at the moment of entering the sledge in order to go and get married, her father stopped her, and with cruel rapidity dragged her over the snow, and threw her into a dark, bottomless cellar—down which she fell headlong with an indescribable sinking of the heart. Then she saw Vladimir lying on the grass, pale and bleeding, with his dying breath he implored her to make haste and marry him. Other hideous and senseless visions floated before her one after another. Finally she rose paler than usual and with a real headache.

Both her father and her mother remarked her indisposion. Their tender anxiety and constant inquiries, "What is the matter with you, Masha—are you ill?" cut her to the heart. She tried to pacify them and to appear cheerful, but she could not. Evening set in. The idea that she was passing the last day in the midst of her family oppressed her. In her secret heart she took leave of everybody, of everything which surrounded her.

Supper was served; her heart beat violently. In a trembling voice the declared that she did not want any supper, and wished her father and mother good night. They kissed her and as usual blessed her.

Reaching her own room, she threw herself into an easy chair and burst into tears. Her maid begged her to be calm and take courage. Everything was ready. In half an hour Masha would leave forever her parents' home, and her own home, her peaceful life as a young girl.

Out of doors the snow was falling, the wind howling. The shutters rattled and shook. In everything she seemed to recognize omens, and threats.

Soon the whole house was quiet and asleep. Masha wrapped herself in a shawl, put on a warm cloak, and with a box in her hand passed out on to the back staircase. The maid carried two bundles after her. They descended into the garden. The snowstorm raged; a strong wind blew against them, as if trying to stop the young culprit. With difficulty they reached the end of the garden. In the road a sledge awaited them.

The horses, from cold, would not stand still. Vladimir's coachman was walking to and fro in front of them, trying to quiet them. He helped the young lady and her maid to their seats, and packing away the bundles and dressing-case, took up the reins, and the horses flew forward into the darkness of the night.

Having entrusted the young lady to the care of fate and of Tereshka, the coachman, let us return to the young lover.

Vladimir had spent the whole day in driving. In the morning he had called on the Jadrino priest, and with difficulty came to terms with him. Then he went to seek the witnesses from among the neighboring gentry. The first on whom he called was a former cornet of horse, Dravin by name, a man in his forties, who consented at once. The adventure he declared, reminded him of old times and of his larks when in the Hussars. He persuaded Vladimir to stop to dinner with him, assuring him that there would be no difficulty in getting the other two witnesses. Indeed, immediately after dinner in came the surveyor, Schmidt, with a mustache and spurs, and the son of a captain-magistrate, a boy of 16 who had recently entered the Uhlans. They not only accepted Vladimir's proposal, but even swore they were ready to sacrifice their lives for him. Vladimir embraced them with delight, and drove off to get everything ready.

It had long been dark. Vladimir dispatched his trustworthy Tereshka to Nenaradova with his two-horsed sledge, and with appropriate instructions for the occasion. For himself he ordered the small sledge with one horse and started alone without a coachman for Jadrino, where Maria ought to arrive in a couple of hours. He knew the road, and the drive would only occupy 20 minutes.

But Vladimir had scarcely passed from the enclosure into the open field when the wind rose, and soon there was a driving snowstorm so heavy and so severe that he could not see. In a moment the road was covered with snow. All landmarks disappeared in the murky yellow darkness, through which fell white flakes of snow. Sky and earth became merged into one. Vladimir, in the midst of the field, tried in vain to get to the road. The horse walked on at random, and every moment stepped either into deep snow or into a rut, so that the sledge was constantly upsetting. Vladimir, tried at least not to lose the right direction, but it seemed to him that more than half an hour had passed, and he had not yet reached the Jadrino wood. Another 10 minutes passed, and still the wood was invisible. Vladimir drove across fields intersected by deep ditches. The snowstorm did not abate, and the sky did not clear. The horse was getting tired, and the perspiration rolled from him like hail, in spite of the fact that every moment his legs were disappearing in the snow.

At last Vladimir found that he was going in the wrong direction. He stopped; began to reflect, recollect and consider; till at last he became convinced that he ought to have turned to the right. He did so now. His horse could scarcely drag along. But he had been more than an hour on the road, and Jadrino could not now be far. He drove and drove, but there was no getting out of the field. Still snowdrifts and ditches. Every moment the sledge was upset, and every moment Vladimir had to raise it up.

Time was slipping by, and Vladimir grew seriously anxious. At last in the distance some dark object could be seen.

Vladimir turned in its direction, and as he drew near found it was a wood.

"Thank heaven!" he thought, "I am now near the end."

He drove by the side of the wood, hoping to come at once upon the familiar road, or, if not, to pass round the wood. Jadrino was situated immediately behind it.

He soon found the road, and passed into the darkness of the wood, now stripped by the winter. The wind could not rage here; the road was smooth, the horse picked up courage and Vladimir was comforted.

He drove and drove, but still Jadrino was not to be seen; there was no end to the wood. Then, to his horror, he discovered that he had got into a strange wood. He was in despair. He whipped his horse, and the poor animal started off on a trot. But it soon got tired, and in a quarter of an hour, in spite of all poor Vladimir's efforts, could only crawl.

Gradually the trees became thinner, and Vladimir drove out of the wood, but Jadrino was not to be seen. It must have been about midnight. Tears gushed from the young man's eyes. He drove on at random, and now the weather had abated, the clouds dispersed, and before him was a wide stretch of a plain, covered with a white billowy carpet. The night was comparatively clear, and he could see a small village a short distance off, which consisted of four or five cottages. Vladimir drove toward it. At the first door he jumped out of the sledge, ran up to the window, and tapped.

After a few minutes a wooden shutter was raised and an old man stuck out his gray beard.

"What do you want?"

"How far is Jadrino?"

"How far is Jadrino?"

"Yes, yes. Is it far?"

"Not far; about 10 miles."

At this answer Vladimir clutched hold of his hair and stood motionless, like a man condemned to death.

"Where do you come from?" added the man. Vladimir had not the courage to reply.

"My man," he said, "can you procure me horses to Jadrino?"

"We have no horses," answered the peasant.

"Could I find a guide. I will pay him any sum he likes."

"Stop," said the old man, dropping the shutter; "I will send my son out to you; he will conduct you."

Valadimir waited. Scarcely a minute had passed when he again knocked. The shutter was lifted and a beard was seen.

"What do you want?"

"What about your son?"

"He'll come out directly; he is putting on his boots. Are you cold? Come in and warm yourself."

"Thanks; send out your son quickly."

The gate creaked, a youth came out with a cudgel, and walked on in front, at one time pointing out the road, at another looking for it in a mass of drifted snow.

"What o'clock is it?" Vladimir asked him.

"It will soon be daylight," replied the young peasant. Vladimir spoke not another word.

The cocks were crowing and it was light when they reached Jadrino. The church was closed. Vladimir paid the guide, and drove into the yard of the priest's house. In the yard his two-horse sledge was not to be seen. What news awaited him!

But let us return to the kind proprietors of Nenaradova, and see what is going on there.

Nothing.

The old people awoke, and went into the sitting-room, Gavril in a nightcap and flannel jacket, Praskovia in a wadded dressing gown. The samovar was brought in, and Gavril sent the little maid to ask Maria how she was and how she had slept. The little maid returned, saying that her young lady had slept badly, but that she was better now, and that she would come into the sitting-room in a moment. And indeed the door opened and Maria came in and wished her papa and mama good-morning.

"How is your headache, Masha?" (familiar for Mary), inquired Gavril.

"Better, papa," answered Masha.

"The fumes from the stove must have given you your headache," remarked Praskovia.

"Perhaps so, mamma," replied Masha.

The day passed well enough, but in the night Masha was taken ill. A doctor was sent for from town. He came toward evening and found the patient delirious. Soon she was in a severe fever, and in a fortnight the poor victim was on the brink of the grave.

No member of the family knew anything of the flight from home. The letters written by Masha the evening before had been burnt, and the maid fearing the wrath of her master and mistress, had not breathed a word. The priest, the ex-cornet, the big mustached surveyor, and the little lancer were equally discreet, and with good reason. Tereshka, the coachman, never said too much, not even in his drink. Thus the secret was kept better than it might have been by a half a dozen conspirators.

But Maria, herself in the course of her long fever, let out her secret. Nevertheless, her words were so disconnected that her mother, who never left her bedside, could only make out from them that her daughter was desperately in love with Vladimir, and that probably love was the cause of her illness. She consulted her husband and some of her neighbors, and at last it was decided unanimously that the fate of Maria ought not to be interfered with, that a woman must not ride away from the man she is destined to marry, that poverty is no crime, that a woman has to live not with money but with a man, and so on. Moral proverbs are wonderfully useful on such occasions, when we can invent little or nothing in our own justification.

Meanwhile the young lady began to recover. Vladimir had not been seen for a long time in the house of Gavril, so frightened had he been by his previous reception. It was now resolved to send and announce to him the good news which he could scarcely expect, the consent of her parents to his marriage with Maria.

But what was the astonishment of the proprietors of Nenaradova when in answer to their invitation they received an insane reply. Vladimir informed them he could never set foot in their house, and begged them to forget an unhappy man whose only hope now was in death. A few days afterward they heard that Vladimir had left the place and joined the army.

A long time passed before they ventured to tell Masha, who was now recovering. She never mentioned Vladimir. Some months later, however, finding his name in the list of those who distinguished themselves and been severely wounded at Borodino, she fainted, and it was feared that the fever might return. But, heaven be thanken! the fainting fit had no bad results.

Maria experienced yet another sorrow. Her father died, leaving her the heiress of all his property. But the inheritance could not console her. She shared sincerely the affliction of her mother, and vowed she would never leave her.

Suitors clustered round the charming heiress; but she gave no one the slightest hope. Her mother sometimes tried to persuade her to choose a companion in life; but Masha shook her head and grew pensive.

Vladimir no longer existed. He had died at Moscow on the eve of the arrival of the French. His memory was held sacred by Maria, and she treasured up everything that would remind her of him; books he had read, drawings which he had done, and the pieces of poetry which he had copied out for her.

The neighbors, hearing all this, wondered at her fidelity, and waited with curiosity the arrival of the hero who must in the end triumph over the melancholy constancy of this virgin Artemis.

Meanwhile, the war had been brought to a glorious conclusion, and our armies were returning from abroad. The people ran to meet them. The music played by the regimental bands consisted of war songs, "Vive Henri-Quatre," Tyrolese waltzes and airs from Joconde. Nourished on the atmosphere of winter, officers who had started on the campaign mere striplings returned grown men and covered with decorations. The soldiers conversed gayly among themselves, mingling German and French words every moment in their speech. A time never to be forgotten—a time of glory and delight! How quickly beat the Russian heart at the words, "Native land!" How sweet the tears of meeting! With what unanimity did we combine feelings of national pride with love for the Tsar! And for him, what a moment!

The women—our Russian women—were splendid then. Their usual coldness disappeared. Their delight was really intoxicating when, meeting the conquerors, they cried "Hurrah!" And they threw up their caps in the air.

Who of the officers of that period does not own that to the Russian women he was indebted for his best and most valued reward? During this brilliant period Maria was living with her mother in retirement, and neither of them saw how in both capitals, the returning troops were welcomed. But in the districts and villages the general enthusiasm was, perhaps, even greater.

In these places the appearance of an officer became for him a veritable triumph. The accepted lover in plain clothes fared badly by his side.

We have already said that, in spite of her coldness, Maria was still, as before surrounded by suitors. But all had to fall in the rear when there arrived at his castle the wounded young captain of Hussars—Bour-

min by name—with the order of St. George in his button-hole, and an interesting pallor on his face. He was about 26. He had come on leave to his estates, which were close to Maria's villa. Maria paid him such attention as none of the others received. In his presence her habitual gloom disappeared. It could not be said that she flirted with him. But a poet, observing her behavior, might have asked, "S'amor nonche, dunque?"

Bourmin was really a very agreeable young man. He possessed just the kind of sense that pleased women; a sense of what is suitable and becoming. He had no affection and was carelessly satirical. His manner toward Maria was simple and easy. He seemed to be of a quiet and easy disposition; but rumor said that he had at one time been terribly wild. This, however, did not harm him in the opinion of Maria, who (like all other young ladies) excused with pleasure vagaries which were the result of impulsiveness and daring.

But above all—more than his love-making more than his pleasant talk, more than his interesting pallor, more even than his bandaged arm—the silence of the young Hussar excited her curiosity and imagination. She could not help confessing to herself that he pleased her very much. Probably he too, with his acuteness and his experience, had seen that he had interested her. How was it, then, that up to this moment she had not seen him at her feet; had not received from him any declaration whatever? And wherefore did she not encourage him with more attention, and, according to circumstances, even with tenderness? Had she a secret of her own which would account for her behavior?

At last, Bourmin fell into such deep meditation, and his black eyes rested with such fire on Maria, that the decisive moment seemed very near. The neighbors spoke of the marriage, as an accomplished fact, and kind Praskovia rejoiced that her daughter had at last found for herself a worthy mate.

The lady was sitting alone once in the drawing-room, laying out grande-patience, when Bourmin entered the room, and at once inquired for Maria.

"She is in the garden," replied the old lady; "go to her, and I will wait for you here." Bourmin went, and the old lady made the sign of the cross and thought, "Perhaps the affair will be settled to-day!"

Bourmin found Maria in the ivy-bower beside the pond, with a book in her hands, and wearing a white dress—a veritable heroine of romance. After the first inquiries, Maria purposely let the conversation drop; increasing by these means the mutual embarrassment, from which it was only possible to escape by means of a sudden and positive declaration.

It happened thus: Bourmin, feeling the awkwardness of his position, informed Maria that he had long sought an opportunity of opening his heart to her, and he begged for a moment's attention. Maria closed the book and lowered her eyes, as a sign that she was listening.

"I love you," said Bourmin, "I love you passionately!" Maria blushed and bent her head still lower.

"I have behaved imprudently, yielding, as I have done, to the seductive pleasure of seeing and hearing you daily." Maria collected the first letter of St. Preux in "La Nouvelle Heloise." "It is too late now to resist my fate. The remembrance of you, your dear incomparable image, must from to-day be at once the torment and consolation of my existence. I have now a grave duty to perform, a terrible secret to disclose, which will place between us an insurmountable barrier."

"It has always existed!" interrupted Maria; "I know," he replied, quickly; "I know that you once loved. But death and three years of mourning may have worked some change. Dear, kind Maria, do not try to deprive me of my last consolation; the idea that you might have consented to make me happy if——. Don't speak, for God's sake don't speak—you torture me Yes, I know, I feel that you could have been mine, but—I am the most miserable of beings—I am already married!"

Maria looked at him in astonishment.

"I am married," continued Bourmin; "I have been married more than three years, and do not know who my wife is, or where she is, or whether I shall ever see her again."

"What are you saying?" exclaimed Maria; "how strange! Pray continue."

"In the beginning of 1812," said Bourmin; "I was hurrying on to Wilna, where my regiment was stationed. Arriving one evening late at a station, I ordered the horses to be got ready quickly, when suddenly a fearful snowstorm broke out. Both station-master and drivers advised me to wait until it was over. I listened to their advice, but an unaccountable restlessness took possession of me, just as though some one was pushing me on. Meanwhile the snowstorm did not abate. I could bear it no longer, and again ordered the horses and started in the midst of the storm. The driver took it into his head to drive along the river, which would shorten the distance by three miles. The bank was covered with snowdrifts; the driver missed the turning which would have brought us out on the road, and we turned up in an unknown place. The storm never ceased. I could discern a light, and told the driver to make for it. We entered a village, and found that the light proceeded from a wooden church. The church was open. Outside the railings stood several sledges, and people passing in and out through the porch.

"'Here! here!' cried several voices. I told the coachman to drive up.

"'Where have you dawdled?' said some one to me. 'The bride has fainted; the priest does not know what to do; we were on the point of going back. Make haste and get out!'

"I got out of the sledge in silence, and stepped into the church, which was dimly lighted with two or three tapers. A girl was sitting in a dark corner on a bench; another girl was rubbing her temples. 'Thank God,' said the latter, 'you have come at last! You have nearly been the death of the young lady."

"The old priest approached me, saying:

"'Shall I begin?'

"'Begin—begin, reverend father,' I replied, absently.

"The young lady was raised up. I thought her rather pretty. Oh, wild, unpardonable frivolity! I placed myself by her side at the altar. The priest hurried on.

"Three men and the maid supported the bride, and occupied themselves with her alone. We were married!

"'Kiss your wife," said the priest.

"My wife turned her pale face to me. I was going to kiss her, when she exclaimed, "Oh! it is not he—not he!" and fell back insensible.

"The witnesses stared at me. I turned round and left the church without any attempt being made to stop me, threw myself into the sledge, and cried, "Away!"

"What!" exclaimed Maria. "And you don't know what became of your unhappy wife!"

"I do not," replied Bourmin; "neither do I know the name of the village where I was married, nor that of the station from which I started. At that time I thought so little of my wicked joke that, on driving away from the church, I fell asleep, and never woke till early next morning, after reaching the third station. The servant who was with me died during the campaign, so that I have now no hope of discovering the unhappy woman on whom I played the cruel trick, and who is now so cruelly avenged."

"Great heavens!" cried Maria, seizing his hand. "Then it was you, and you do not recognize me?"

Bourmin turned pale—and threw himself at her feet.—[From the Russian of Alexander Pushkin.

The Emperor's Tribute.

One of the prettiest speeches I have listened to was delivered by the Emperor in answering the toast to his wife in the province where she was born. It was during the great combined naval and military manœuvres of 1890.

The Emperor's words were: "I desire to express to you, my dearest sir, the gratitude felt by the empress and myself for the kind words we have just heard: at the same time our thanks to the whole for the day we have passed, and for the reception which the province has prepared for us. This day was, however, not needed in order to assure us of the warm friendship we have found here. The bond that unites me to this province, and chains me to her in a manner different from all others of my empire, is the jewel that sparkles at my side, her Majesty the empress. Sprung from this soil, the type of the various virtues of a German princess, it is to her that I owe it if I am able to meet the severe labors of my office with a happy spirit, and make head against them."

The words of the Emperor were unexpected, and to none more so than his wife, whose face beamed with happiness at the compliment she so publicly received. Nor did any one who listened to the speaker at that dinner think to question the spontaneity and honesty of the language.

Gray Gowns for Autumn

You must have a gray gown. There is no other course open to you if you expect to be in the procession this Fall. Not only must you have a gray gown, but you must be a symphony in gray. Shoes, gloves, ties, parasol, all must match, and this gorgeous array will cost you from $4 up to $40, according to the taste, time and ingenuity you can give to it. This is fashion's edict and it behooves you to look about.

A very good quality of tweed can be obtained for a small sum, and if you are at all a home dressmaker, a very good outing dress, with loose blazer-shaped waist and plain skirt can be fashioned—all for the sum of $4. Silk shirts are to be worn with this. But if you do not care to go to the expense of buying silk shirts a very good substitute can be found by using silk shirt fronts. These come ready made in stores in all colors at the cost of $1.50 each. They are easily made at home, however, and by buying one silk shirt front to serve as a pattern for the others, any woman with a spark of ingenuity can make a very good and pleasing variety for use this Fall.

The pale, poetic gray, which was fashionable in the Spring, will reign supreme in September and October. But the August gray differs from the June gray in that it is more poetic and more idealized, so to speak. There is a shimmer and sheen and a shine about it which did not appear in the Spring grays. The Spring grays were made of broadcloth, ladies' cloth, cashmere or some other like material, which will also be used next month, but the August grays are of the finest, light silk. They seem scarcely more than a film, so sheer are they and so graceful.

Gray and white-striped China silk is extremely pretty for these light gray suits, because a dress made of it requires no trimming at all, and the white renders it less trying to the complexion than the plain gray. A very lovely suit of gray and white with a little gray and white toque, appeared a few days ago.

The wearer of this carried a little silver and gray shopping bag. She also had a white parasol with a silver handle, and from her belt there hung at least a dozen of those little silver things which are the delight of every woman who can afford to buy them. Bonnets too, must be gray.

The favorite form for little French bonnets is the capote-galette. Galette is a term employed by the French, which, upon being interpreted into our language, would mean "flat as a pancake." Only it sounds pretty to say "galette." The capote-galette is therefore simply a flat little capote. The one which seems to be in highest favor just now is made of large gray beads threaded on wire. The wire is twisted around to form little circles. There are enough of these circles to entirely cover the top of the head. Of course only the top is covered, because the capote is very flat and nothing in the way of ever so gentle a curve is allowed. On top of the whole thing there is a bunch of natural roses, preferably pink ones, because pink and gray is such a Frenchy combination. Tiny gray velvet strings are brought down and knotted loosely far below the chin.

A Home Wedding.

"It's just a year ago to-day," said she who told the story. "We had been schoolmates, and she asked me to come by an early train and help her and her mother through the day. It was 9 in the morning when I stepped under the thick woodbine that grew about the door of that angular little house on the edge of a Canadian village. She had a broad hat on and she said, 'Come.'

"We went out into the pasture land beyond the village and we filled our arms with golden-rod and cardinal flowers. Then we walked back to the house and her mother fetched jars and vases and big bowls, and we put our flowers about in the rooms.

"He came by the noon train and she went to the gate in her print dress and her broad hat to meet him. We had a little dinner together, her mother, he she and I.

"Then she went to dress and came downstairs again in half an hour in a simple little white gown. It was 2 o'clock when the neighbors began to arrive. She went to the door to meet them herself, and she took the minister's hat and showed the minister's wife where to put her things.

"Then by and by the minister said: 'Are you ready?' And she said, 'Yes;' and then the two of them stood before the minister, and she put one hand behind her and into the hand of her mother, who sat just there on the sofa. And when the minister began. 'Will you,' she said 'I will' before he got half through.

"After that she put on a white apron and saw that we all had cake and ice cream. Then when it was time for her to go away she changed her dress again and we all walked to the railway station to see her started. When the train came puffing up she turned to me: 'Stay with mother till to-morrow, and I'll get a letter to her by that time. She'll be lonely this evening.'

"I never expect to attend again so pretty a wedding."

How to Clean a Hard Wood Floor.

Brush off the dust with a soft hair or feather brush, or wipe it with any cloth of a soft texture. If the cloth is slightly moist the dust will adhere to it more readily, but wipe with a dry cloth afterward.

If there be any dirt that will not come with wiping, wash it off thoroughly with clean water, using soap if necessary, which also cleanse off with clean water as quickly as possible and wipe dry.

When the face of the floor begins to look worn and shabby after cleansing of the dirt and wiping dry, if water has been used, rub the surface all over nicely with a cloth moistened with a few drops of oil, if the floor has a hard oil finish, or brush it lightly with thin shellac if it has a shellac surface.

After the finish is worn down to the surface of the wood, sandpaper the floor all over evenly and give it another coat of shellac or hard oil finish, after which continue to keep as before.

Waxed floors can be cleansed by washing off thoroughly with turpentine or benzine after which they can be rewaxed if desired.

Orders Open to Women.

When you come to look into the matter there are a good many orders, badges and more or less valuable decorations of one kind and another, either instituted to commemorate the patriotism of women or to which women as well as men are eligible. It is true that the British Parliament, before Victoria gave the Red Cross to Mrs. Grimwood, ransacked its records to find some honor it could bestow on the heroine of Manipur without lighting on any. It is also true that the general public displayed a general ignorance as regards the Red Cross by circulating the statement that Florence Nightingale was the only other woman who had received it; the fact being that it is worn by some forty princesses and noble ladies connected with the English royal family, though, to be sure, princesses are hardly to be reckoned as in the running. They do not need to show special devotion or heroism in order to cover their frock fronts over with medals.

The Shah's Gallantry.

That interesting potentate, the Shah of Persia, has conferred the Order of the Sun on several women. The order was founded in 1808 by Feth Ali, and in 1878 the Shah sent the badge to Paris to be given by the Persian Minister to Mme. la Marechale MacMahon.

King John of Saxony founded the Order of Sidonia in 1871, in memory of the Duchess Sidonia and designed it especially for the reward of women's services in war. It is a Maltese cross of white enamel edged with gold, and is worn on a scary of violet ribbon. In the same year Charles XII. of Wurtemburg instituted the Olga for his wife's sake, a silver cross conferred like the Sanatory Cross of the Grand Duchy of Hesse on both men and women.

The list is too long to carry it forward to completion, and it would not be worth while. Clara Barton has badges enough to cover herself over with stars and crosses, but they make her neither more nor less of a woman.

An Old Love Letter.

A Leominster housekeeper, while looking over some old letters of her great-grandmother, ran across the following. "Dear, Good John: We shall have to put off our marriage, mother is making such an awful fuss about it. I don't want to a bit now we are published, but I have to. She says you ain't old enough, and I don't know anything and then there is so much exp rs about it. Now, John, just think of it. My dress will be only 9 shillings ($1.50), and my new calfskin shoes would do. She says you shan't marry me until you can keep two cows of your own. Father is willing and says he will give us the sheep, but mother says he shan't, and you know she always carries the day. Darn it! I wish she could never have got married herself. Now, John, let us stick to each other. I shall be 18 in about ten months more. Now you will hold on, won't you, John? Come Sunday night with the gray horse and shay and we will ride out and talk it over. Good night."

Mary.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

At one of the locomotive manufacturing establishments in Philadelphia—the shops covering an area of 337 by 156 feet—there are in operation two immense travelling cranes worked by electricity, being the largest pair of cranes in the world, but one crane, that in the gun works at the arsenal in Washington, excelling either of these in power. Each of the cranes is of twenty-eight feet span, and fitted with two trolleys capable respectively of lifting fifty tons, thus giving to each crane a power of 100 tons; the electric power is furnished by two 100-horse power generators, driven by Westinghouse compound engines. The shops turn out an average of 500 locomotives a year, and two men, by means of these cranes, can handle the entire output, the adjustment of the cranes being such that they can be raised or lowered at will so short a distance as a half an inch, and they can lift one engine completely over another. In the boiler and electric houses there are four smaller cranes, stationary, with a capacity of 6,000 pounds each, possessing the same character as to nice adjustment and ready response to the touch of wheel or lever as the more elaborate ones. This arrangement of wheels is simple—the lowest lowers, the highest lifts, and the central fixes.

A paper on the superior value of cork coverings for steam pipes and as a protection of water service pipes from frost has recently been published by a French engineer. According to this paper, one variety of these coverings which is found to be very efficient consists of pieces of cork, shaped to fit the different sizes of pipes, with radial joints, similar to the staves of a barrel, which are placed around the pipe and for the time bound to the pipe by strings. After the pipe so covered has been used with steam for some time and the cork been sufficiently dried, the crevices are filled in and the string replaced by wire—elbows being also covered in the same manner—and after the covering is finally fixed, the pores and crevices are closed by a coat of paint or lime wash. In another arrangement, as proposed, rectangular blocks of cork, about one and a fourth inch wide, and varying in thickness from one-fourth of an inch for small pipes to five-eighths of an inch for pipes from four inches in diameter and upward, and cemented to strips of cloth by an India rubber solution, are used; the bands are lapped spirally around the pipes and elbows, and covered by another band of waterproofed canvas lapped in the same manner, so as to cover the joints of the cork bands, the whole being afterward covered by a thick coating of paint or tar.

The assertion is made by workers in ornamental wood that yellow pine, hard finished in oils, is the rival in beauty of appearance of any wood that grows, not excepting the costliest of the well-known hard species, it being susceptible of receiving and maintaining as high a degree of polish as any known wood, while, when impregnated with oil, it is well nigh indestructible. In such a condition it is found, in fact, to possess the valuable property of being impervious even to hot grease and other substance that leave an ineffaceable stain upon such a great variety of woods, including white pine, maple, &c. The yellow pine characterized by the valuable quality referred to is the long-leaf pine, or *pinus australis* in technical classification, and which grows so abundantly in parts of the South; and, as trees are found in this species having a curled grain somewhat similar to that of "curly maple," no other wood it is asserted, is capable of being fashioned into more beautiful work for cabinet purposes.

A short time ago a boiler was constructed in Manchester, Eng., with a view to testing the practice advised by some, in case of shortness of water being discovered, of turning on the feed water—a somewhat startling method of procedure according to some. In these tests the furnaces were bared of water by opening the blowoff cock and allowing the water to escape while good bright fires were burning, which could not fail to overheat the plates. When sufficiently heated to melt disks of lead, tin, and zinc, the feed was suddenly turned on through special pipes, which injected the water directly on to the heated plates, but in no case, as is often assumed, was this followed by a sudden generation of steam at an excessive pressure, but in one case actually a reduction of pressure took place. The one mishap which took place proved, it seems, to have been due to the feed not having been turned on soon enough. Again, the bagging upward of the flue tubes, which was accurately ascertained by means of rods, was in some cases found to be as much as one-half inch. The inadvisability of hurrying fires when raising steam was demonstrated as beyond question.

A machine for cutting shingles has been devised. As described, the cedar bolts are steamed five hours, then run through a trimmer, after which they go to the cutting knife, a heavy knife running 170 strokes a minute, the shingles being cut off with ease at this rate, coming from the machine almost too rapidly, in fact, to be counted. They are hot and steaming and cut smooth, and are afterward treated the same as other shingles. It is claimed that the steaming drives out all sap and prevents all liability of warpings, there is also no sawdust, hence no waste. The highest cut made in a ten hours' run is stated at ninety-six thousand.

Several of the most prominent manufacturers of iron in Sheffield, Eng., have been endeavoring to ascertain definitely whether, after all, oil hardening and annealing, or some such process, is really necessary for steel plates, the result of the trials thus far made showing that, in respect to compound armor, the necessity is obvious. A nine-inch plate of steel was for this purpose manufactured and cut into two plates, each four feet square, one piece being left untreated and the other oil hardened and annealed. These were fired at by a six-inch gun with Firth steel projectiles weighing 100 pounds, the striking energy of the blow upon the untreated plate being 2,389-foot tons, and the energy of the blow upon that which had been treated was 2,378-foot tons. In the latter case the projectile made an indentation of ten and one-half inches, so that light was just visible through the centre of the bulge at the back of the plate; the projectile rebounded, breaking into three pieces, and the plate, though cracked through, was whole, nor was any material splintered out either at the back or front. In the case of the non-treated plate, the shot passed through, and the splintering of the steel around the hole in front of the plate spread over a space of fifteen inches across. The splintering around the hole at the back of the plate covered a space of thirty-three inches across, and the plate went into six pieces.

French ingenuity has contrived a remedy for the inefficiency of ordinary combination locks for houses and apartments, these contrivances being usually of so little avail against professionals who, wasting no time in efforts to raise the tumblers and move the bolt, simply insert the end of a short iron lever, or "jimmy," between the door and its rabbet, forcing the whole affair inward, tearing out both locks and bolts on the wyn. According to the new device for meeting this difficulty a combination is resorted to of the iron shore with the ordinary lock in such a manner that locking the door sets a shore in place which will resist an enormous strain, but on the return of the proprietor the unlocking of the door in the usual way shifts the upper end of the shore from the door to the frame, where it presents no obstacle to the opening of the door. The mechanism of the lock itself need not be very elaborate, although the picking of the lock would move both the bolt and the shore, for if there are tumblers enough to prevent picking with a bit of wire, and if the jimmy is insufficient for the purpose, the point of security is attained.

In silvering iron a recent process introduced in Austrian workshops consists in plunging the iron article into hot dilute hydrochloric acid, whence it is removed to a solution of mercury nitrate and connected with the zinc pole of a Bunsen element, gas carbon or platinum serving as the other pole. It is rapidly covered with a layer of quicksilver, when it is removed, washed, and transferred to a silver bath and silvered. By heating to 300° cent., the mercury is driven off, and the silver firmly fixed on the iron. To save silver the wire may be first covered with a layer of tin, one part of cream of tartar being dissolved in eight parts of boiling water, and one or more tin anodes joined with the carbon pole of a Bunsen element. The zinc pole communicates with a well-cleaned piece of copper, and the battery made to act until enough tin has deposited on the copper, when this is taken out and the ironware put in its place. The wire thus treated is much cheaper than any other silvered metals.

From a number of careful tests lately made to ascertain the precise strength of anchor bolts set in Portland cement in the ordinary way, the fact appeared that the joint was really stronger than a stone. In this demonstration, two-inch iron rods were set into the stones some eleven and one-half inches, and then subjected to the test. The first rod had a screw thread to improve the grip of the cement, and the cement began to yield at a load of 32,000 pounds, the breaking of the stone taking place at 50,000 pounds. With a plain, smooth rod, it was found that the cement began to yield at a load of 34,000 pounds, but the rock broke at 67,000 pounds. Thus, though the strength of the cement joint was not developed, it was inferred that, in a suitable setting, the cement joint on a smooth rod might be made to break the rod.

A short time ago, the French Government caused to be instituted a series of tests of gun steel at a low temperature, that is from 75° to 100° below zero Fahr., part of the bars being hardened and part unhardened, and the breaking load was increased by the cooling—3 per cent, in the instance of the unhardened bars and 6 per cent, in the case of the hardened ones. It seems that in a shock such as a gun would be subjected to the unhardened bars—cooled—broke on an average with 5.9 blows, against 14.9 blows under ordinary conditions. With the hardened bars the difference was less, 12,57 blows being required for the cold bars, against 14.4 at the normal temperature. The various bars employed in these tests, both hardened and unhardened had their elastic limit raised eleven per cent, by the cold, and their elongation was diminished twelve to fourteen per cent.

Very satisfactory results are now being obtained by some of the English paper manufacturers in bleaching paper by electricity, the process rendering the paper perfectly white, without in the least injuring its strength. This process in question depends on the use of a solution of magnesium chloride, which is decomposed by the action of a strong electric current into chlorine and oxygen on the one hand, and into magnesium and hydrogen on the other. Plates of platinum are used as electrodes.

Machines for opening and cleaning cotton have recently been improved by an automatic feeding apparatus, applied to the feed apron, and by means of which one man can tend two machines when being fed with raw or bail cotton easier than he could heretofore tend one. A large amount of seeds and leaf is extracted by this device.

Experiments lately made in Hartford, Conn., show that light can be seen throug a clean cut opening of not more than one forthousandth of an inch. This fact was determined by taking two thoroughly clean straight edges, placing a piece of paper between the surfaces at one end the opposite end being allowed to come together. The straight edges being placed between the eye and a strong light in a dark room, a wedge of light was perceived from the ends between which the paper was placed and the opposite, which were brought together. The thickness of the paper being known, the distance a part at the two edges of the small end of the wedge of light was easily calculated, and the result was shown as above.

Watkins' Eiffel Tower.

Sir Edward Watkin's project of an "Eiffel" Tower for London has assumed substantial form. An estate of 280 acres has been purchased, a company formed without application to the public, a plan has been approved, a station erected on the contiguous railway, the foundations of "The Tower" have been commenced, and on Saturday a large party of representatives of the press were conveyed from Baker-st. to Wembley Park in twelve minutes to see what was going on. The ground acquired is undulating and woody. The estate is nearly divided between the building property and the ornamental park, with its "Tower" and Winter Garden. A fine lake of over five acres is being formed by the aid of the Upper Brent River, which will be pleasant for boating in summer and the scene of curling, rinking and skating in winter. The tower will stand on the highest eminence in the park, from which, at present, pretty views are to be seen extending some miles beyond the immediate surroundings. The design of Mr. Stewart, one of the competitors for the prize awards, has been adopted as the basis of the plan, and Sir Benjamin Baker has been associated with him in the construction. The tower will be mainly supported on four large concrete blocks, in dimensions 26 feet long by 20 feet bread, and 25 feet deep. The excavation for one of these blocks is nearly completed, the geological formation of the hill being stiff clay. The elevation of the site is about 140 feet higher than the site of the Paris tower, and the ironwork of the Wembley tower will be 1,000 feet. As this will stand on a sort of pedestal portion of 150 feet, the total height will be 1,150 feet, or 350 feet above the Paris example. The roads and ornamental grounds are being prettily laid out by Mr. Miller, and there is undoubtedly an attractive settlement being formed which if it can be always reached with the promptitude of Saturday's journey, should prove a popular place of resort as well as residence.

"August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels blue, a deep, dark, unfading, dyed-in-the-wool, eternal blue, and he makes everybody feel the same way—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels a headache, generally dull and constant, but sometimes excruciating—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels a violent hiccoughing or jumping of the stomach after a meal, raising bitter-tasting matter or what he has eaten or drunk—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels the gradual decay of vital power; he feels miserable, melancholy, hopeless, and longs for death and peace—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels so full after eating a meal that he can hardly walk—**August Flower the Remedy.**

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer,
Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

The Practical Side.

Many farmers have a great deal to say about advice being *practical*. Call their attention to something in an agricultural journal which, may be, you think is of real value, and often they will turn up their noses at it and say "It isn't practical." In consequence of so much use being made of this word one would naturally think that the general average of farmers are among the most practical men in the world. On the contrary, we believe, measured by good business standards, that no calling furnishes more unpractical men than farming.

Practical means doing things in the best manner and according to the best profit. To be "practical" calls for the putting in *practice* of sound theories and the use of the most intelligent methods. Is the practice of our Western farmers in wasting the fertility of the soil or in the breeding of their farm animals really and squarely practical?

Take the dairy farmers of any section of the country. Can we believe that the majority of them are governed by sound practical ideas concerning cows when the average yield of milk per cow is only 3,000 pounds a year? If a man is really practical will he not set to work in dead earnest to milk and feed a practical cow? Can men be called practical who have kept a herd of twenty or forty cows for years and yet have never taken pains to know by a simple test which cows were not paying their keep? Would a practical manufacturer allow himself to remain in very expensive ignorance for years concerning some machine, and never show energy sufficient to test it to see if it is not running him in debt? Think of a dairy farmer who pretends to do business for profit; who sneers at the agricultural papers because they are not practical, going along year after year with half the cows in his herd absolutely not paying for the food they eat at market prices. Men who talk so much about other men being practical should first establish clear, well defined standards of what is practical.

The fact is, what is practical with one man may not be with another.

M. Henri Lecomte, the director of the Meteorological School of Aerostation at Paris, proposes to endeavour to cross Africa by balloon, starting from Mozambique. The balloon is to be furnished with a special apparatus for making hydrogen gas during the night time, is to carry provisions for 100 days, and have a capacity of 10,000 cubic metres. Many experienced aeronauts have expressed their opinion that the attempt is a rash one and the aim is quite impracticable. But nearly all advances in means of travelling have from the days of Stephenson been so spoken of.

The Holy Coat.

At this moment hundreds of thousands of people of all nationalities are wending their way to Treves in Germany, there to pay their respect to the Holy Coat, which is now on exhibition in the Cathedral of Our Lady. A correspondent at present making a pedestrian tour of Europe under date of Treves, August 8th, writes:

During a ramble along the Mosello River, I could not resist the temptation of visiting the quaint, ancient town of Treves, that lies so beautifully cradled between two ridges of vineyards.

Leaving my knapsack and staff at an humble inn, I went out in search of the remains of old Roman monuments, for which the town is famous. Returning in the evening, tired and dusty, the innkeeper, a stout, jovial German with a round, pock-marked face, enticed me into a conversation about how I liked the town, of which he seemed to be not a little proud. He asked me if I had seen the "Holy Coat." I shook my head. "Go there by all means," he said, shaking his huge pipe; "don't leave Treves without seeing the 'Holy Coat.' It was exhibited in 1844—before you saw the light—and drew one million pilgrims from all part of Europe to Troves." He had become quite excited during the preceding conversation and asked his wife to bring us some genuine Moselle wine from his cellar. We drank it out of ordinary water glasses, according to the custom there, and excellent it was indeed.

"At the time of the exhibition of 1844 I was only a mere boy!" Then he denounced in bitter words the enemies of the church who also wished to do away with the "Holy Coat." It seems that in 1844 a chaplain named Ronge, who had been excommunicated from the church for his liberalism, published an open letter to the Pope denouncing the worship of the "Holy Coat" as idolatry. Through his endeavors he originated the German Catholic Church, which split into different sects and eventually died out.

My host was a stanch Catholic, like almost all the population, and crossed himself fervently every time he mentioned anything sufficiently pious to deserve it.

"And," continued the jovial innkeeper, "why should I not, above all others, believe in the miraculous power of the 'Holy Coat,' as it brings me so many visitors during the summer season. If you have no objection, my daughter, Lisbeth, will accompany you to the cathedral, where it is preserved; we are acquainted with the chaplain!"

Early the next day I set out, under the guidance of Lisbeth, who, although no great beauty, boasted two heavy plaits of blonde hair neatly combed back, and fair skin and red cheeks; she was neatly dressed in a white chintz dotted with little rosebuds, that made quite a pretty effect.

I asked her if she thought the "Holy Coat" was genuine.

"Oh, there is no doubt about it. Some society in Frankfort, who can be depended upon, examined the coat and agreed that St. Helena must have brought the coat back with her from Jerusalem, where she had made a pilgrimage, and presented it to Agrotius, who was bishop of Treves at that time." Then she gave me a suspicious look, considering me quite a pagan, no doubt, as I was ignorant of things which were as familiar to her as the alphabet.

We called at the chaplain's house. He was a little old man, rather shabbily dressed, with a wrinkled, clean-shaven face, a shuffling gait, continually coughing and murmuring to himself. He was not over polite to us, only honoring us with a scrutinizing glance as to whether the remuneration would be worth his labor.

The cathedral, looming up with its old, weather-beaten walls, that have resisted centuries of religious wars, recalled to me the struggle that the Christian church had to go through until its name became identical with civilization. Then we entered. Only a few peasant girls and some old men and women were kneeling in the aisles,

We went went straight up to the high altar. "There it is," said Lisbeth, pointing to a beautiful shrine of wrought gold, half hidden from the curious gaze.

The chaplain opened it and disclosed a very old, threadbare, hand-woven piece of cloth, supported by a lining, and apparently repeatedly patched up. It hung from a golden rod which ran through it from arm to arm. The little old chaplain began to tell us in a monotonous voice, often interrupted by his hectic cough, what is known to all travelers. "The coat had been spun from lambs' wool by the Blessed Virgin and woven into a garment by Mary Magdalen on the Mount of Olives. It is seamless—as the Scriptures describe it, with the words: "The coat was without seam, woven from the top throughout."

I scrutinized the coat in the meantime. The color was hardly discernible, but seemed to have been originally gray. It had short sleeves, a round opening for the head, and resembled somewhat the tunic of a priest, being without any ornament.

The chaplain talked for half an hour, for the coat boasts of a long history, intermingled with all sorts of pious legends and old-time traditions, which the student should look up in some religous encyclopedia.

It occurred to me that in any other but its gorgeous surroundings the coat would not be thought worthy of a glance and would soon find its way to a junk shop. I also thought it strange that garments could be preserved for so long a time and then the shortness of the coat made me suspicious as to whether it could ever have been a Jewish garment.

A fit of coughing, more ardent than the preceding, finished the chaplain's discourse. He closed the shrine carefully and then showed us some other relics, among them some hand-written documents in which the "Holy Coat" was mentioned for the first time, a small piece of ivory with a curious carving representing the ceremony attending the arrival of the coat in the cathedral of Treves. As yet this is the most important evidence which proves the genuineness of the Holy Coat beyond all doubt.

"But how is it there are twenty different 'Holy Coats' existing?" I queried.

"Why shouldn't there be? Do you think our Saviour only wore one coat in his lifetime?" was the blunt reply.

Then I handed him a fee which he accepted with a faint smile and grumblingly shuffled away through the half dark aisles.

"Will the coat ever be exhibited again?" I asked Lisbeth.

"Yes, they expect to soon, but our holy father, the Pope, is tardy in giving his consent. His Holiness is trying his best to bring it about. It would be a real blessing for the folks of Treves."

And apparently the present bishop, D. Rorum, has succeeded in gaining the Pope's approval, as an exhibition is announced beginning probably on the same day of St. Helena, 16th of August, and lasting for six weeks during this summer.

"My grandma could tell you a good deal about it," my companion informed me. "I should like to hear as much as I can about the "Holy Coat," I answered, and so it happened that we went to see her grandma. We found her in a humble but sunny little room, with old fashioned furniture and sand strewn over the white floor. She sat knitting at the window, peering out over the flower pots.

"Oh, my, you want to hear about the great pilgrimage in 1844. I really don't know where to begin. Eleven bishops were here, and every day somebody arrived of whom the people could say: "Oh, he is a well-known man, you must know." I have forgotten their names. What a crowd there was. Oh, my, one saw so many strange looking people. Times will never see anything like it again. There were Russians, with long straight hair and flowing beards. We hadn't the fine hotels then that we have now, but even they would not have been large enough to shelter the crowd. But all the private families took in boarders, for they paid very well.

"Give the gentleman a glass of wine," she told Lisbeth, with the hospitality of the Germans who offer something to eat and drink whenever they find an opportunity.

"Arnoldi was our bishop in 1844. He said high mass almost every other day. The cathedral was always decorated with fresh flowers. Special altars were erected. The priests put on beautiful vestments, the choir of boys was enlarged. The processions were gogeous—everything glittered in gold and precious stones. The holy coat was carried under a baldaquin, with great ceremony, from altar to altar. Beautiful little children in white dresses strewed flowers and the altar boys swung the censers, and the incense was such an expensive one—oh my, yes! And thousands kneeling and praying—it was a great sight! and as for the miracles that were performed, they are too many to be counted. Many old people in this town could quiet all disbelievers. I had a friend myself who was ailing with consumption—the doctors had given her up. 'Bottie,' I said to her, 'you go and pray to the holy coat: that will cure you.' So she did."

"Did she get better?" I asked.

"She lives across the way. There she is at the window!"

So we chatted for hours.

The following morning I again seized my "knapsack and staff," took a hearty leave of my kind host and his family and pursued my pedestrian tour. Walking along the Mosello River I could not help thinking of the Holy Coat and all the legends and traditions attached to it, and so strange to me that since the death of St. Helena, 326 A. D., I believe, until its first exhibition in 1196—a lapse of 800 years almost—nothing can be said for or against its origin. Suddenly it is mentioned as lying hidden in a stone crypt. Who knows if the whole legend has not been invented by some witty monks and endorsed by some ambitious bishops, who wished to raise his diocese in importance.

Of course the great feature of Treves nowadays, and the one thing with which it is always associated, is the Holy Coat, or seamless garment of Christ. This celebrated relic is now in the treasury of the cathedral. The legend of its origin is as follows: It was found by St. Helena, a British lady and the mother of Constantine the Great. St. Helena was born at Colchester. She became a Christian at the age of 18. It was she who discovered the true cross and the other instruments of the passion. The true cross was distinguished from those of the two thieves by a miracle, namely, the healing of a sick person who was touched by the three crosses in succession. The nails used in the crucifixion were also found. These were three in number. For this reason many pictures of the crucifixion represent Christ's feet nailed to the cross by one nail only. One of the nails St. Helena put in the helmet of her son Constantine. Another one was thrown in the sea to appease a storm and was afterward recovered by a miracle. St. Helena presented the seamless garment, said to have been woven by the Virgin Mary herself, to the city of Treves, where she had resided for many years. The earliest written testimony to this effect is found in the "Lesta Trevirorum." St. Helena is said to have presented the relic to the Church of Treves during the episcopate of Agrilius, 314-334. Several other notices of the Holy Coat are found in documents mounting nearly up to the twelfth century. But the most remarkable and interesting piece of evidence given in support of the authenticity of the relic is an ancient ivory belonging to the cathedral This ivory was for some time lost, but was recovered in 1844. The Emperor is represented on it seated at the church door and awaiting the arrival of a procession closed by a chariot in which are two ecclesiastics guarding a chest. Above the chariot is the face of Christ, by which some relation between the Savior and the contents of the chest seem indicated. The ivory was examined in 1846 by the Archeological Society of Frankfort, with the result of fixing its date at the end of the fourth or the beginning of the fifth century. The relic was translated from the choir to the cathedral in 1196. After an interval of more than 300 years from 1312 to 1512 and on several other occasions in the sixteenth century, for the veneration of the faithful. During the wars of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the relic was deposited in the Castle of Ehrenbreitstein, and afterward at Augsburg. In 1810, by permission of Napoleon, the Bishop of Treves, Mgr. Mannay, took the relic back from Augsburg to his own city, and, in spite of the confusion of the times, many pilgrims, numbering over 200,000, visited Troves. But the most striking and successful exposition was that of 1844, when eleven bishops and more than a million of the laity flocked to Treves from all sides during the period from Aug. 18 to Oct. 6, for which the Holy Coat was exhibited. Several miraculous cures were reported, together with the joy and the piety of the throng. Certain Catholics took offense and wrote against the authenticity of the relic. Among these were Czerski, an ecclesiastic of Posen, and Ronge, a suspended priest of Breslau. A long controversy ensued, in the course of which many seceded from the Church and formed a German Catholic Church. The historian, Herr Von Sybel, published a book showing that there are no less than twenty seamless garments, each claiming to have been that worn by the Saviour. The most celebrated of these are in Argenteuil and in the Church of the Lateran at Rome.

His Vacation.

"Did I have a good time on my vacation?" echoed Fogg. "Of course I did. To be sure, I nearly starved to death and tried to sleep in a bed which it would be a flattery to call a rack. But what of that? I had my name in the paper! I won't deny that they spelled my name wrong and gave me brand-new initials; but then you can't expect to have every thing perfect in this world."

When you have spilled anything on the stove, or milk has boiled over and a suffocating smoke arises, sprinkle the spot with salt and it will disappear immediately.

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And by so doing Hood's Sarsaparilla cures scrofula, salt rheum, and all other blood diseases, aids proper digestion, cures dyspepsia, gives strength to every organ of the body, and prevents attacks of that tired feeling or more serious affection. The fact that it has cured thousands of others is sufficient reason for belief that it will cure you.

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Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

A Pet Tiger.

(From The Art Journal.)

In 1837 two officers of the Fifth Lancers while on a shooting expedition in the Lerar encountered a fine tigress with cubs. They killed the tigress, but not before she had severely lacerated Captain Thackwell's arm, so severely, indeed, as to render amputation necessary, the operation, unhappily resulting in the death of the unfortunate officer. The two cubs were captured and taken to Lucknow, where they used to play about the Fifth Lancers' mess. One, however, choked himself with a lump of raw meat which he had purloined. The surviving cub was presented by Captain Chally to the Madras Fusiliers, who gave him the name of "Plassey," and constituted him their regimental pet.

Plassey became very tame, and was on most friendly terms with the men. He lived at the officers' mess, and when allowed to be at large he amused himself by stalking a small donkey which was wont to wander about the mess compound. He was also introduced to an antelope and a dog, with whom he lived amicably while the regiment remained in India. Plassey accompanied the One Hundred and Second to England, being granted a free passage by the captains of Her Majesty's ships Jumna and Himalaya. Two young leopards and his canine ally were his fellow passengers. Plassey landed with the regiment at Dover, where suitable quarters were provided for him in the main fosses of the citadel beneath the officers' mess.

There, Plassey lived a happy life with his friend, the dog, his "personal attendant" being the adjutant's groom, who fed and looked after him. At meal time Plassey always allowed the dog to have the first "go-in," but when he thought his canine companion had taken a fair share he would give him a gentle pat with his paw as a reminder. When Plassey was nearly full-grown, and in the zenith of his popularity with the Fusiliers, an old lady resident of Dover wrote to the General, commanding the district, and stated that she had seen Plassey disembark, and that ever since she had remained a prisoner in her house, fearing to go out lest Plassey should have escaped and be roaming about town.

So frequent were this old lady's letter and complaints that at last the General felt compelled to take notice of them, and so poor Plassey was sent off to the Zoological Gardens, accompanied in his exile by his faithful dog. Plassey developed into a magnificent animal, and never outgrew his amiability. He was several times visited by an officer of the One Hundred and Second (from whom the writer obtained the above particulars), whom he invariably remembered with affectionate remembrance. Plassey died at the "Zoo" in the Spring of 1877, and his head and skin were long preserved in the officers' mess of the One Hundred and Second

For sleeplessness, a physician recommends a light meal of plain food just before retiring.

"Why, what hour is this to be coming to bed, Mary?" her mother cried out, as she tried to sneak past her door. "Well, George said 'good-night,' four hours ago, and then I said 'goodnight.' Then he told me he wouldn't let any woman have the last word and I wouldn't let him have the last word, so we kept it up." "Well, how did it end?" "We both simply said 'good-morning.'"

English Haunted Houses.

Apart from any useful purpose they may be made to serve or from any moral they may convey, the local customs, prejudices, and traditions of English rural folk constitute a delightful study, and there is scarcely a parish that does not furnish abundant material. About a couple of miles north of Stratford is "Dead Man's Hole." Some half century since a murder was committed here, the victim being found early in the morning with his head lying in a hole, which has ever since defied all efforts to fill it up. Cover the cavity at night, and the next morning will find it empty and bare—a silent immutable witness of the murderer's guilt. Go to Clopton House, half a mile from Stratford, and there you may behold the blood-stained corridor where, as tradition hath it, a foul deed was perpetrated in the "good old days." The sanguinary streak may be traced on the wainscoting, marking the course along which

THE UNHAPPY VICTIM

was dragged, and like the stain on the hands of Lady Macbeth it continues to defy all the perfumes of Arabia supplemented by the latest patent soap. Of course Clopton is haunted, and natives are not wanting who are willing to entertain the credulous stranger—over a mug of ale—to weird stories of ghosts seen and heard at divers times. The house boasts a couple of portraits, both of goodlooking girls, and to each fair maid a bloodcurdling romance is attached. The end of one was that she drowned herself in a well at the back of the premises in consequence of disappointment in "an affair of the heart;" while the other was buried alive by mistake, and was subsequently found to have turned over in her coffin. A former proprietor of the place was a Roman Catholic, and the room then used as an oratory contains some quaint inscriptions cut in black-letter on the panelling. One inscription comprises the following pious exhortation:—

Whether you rise yearlye or goe to bed late,
Remember Christ Jesus, who died for your sake.

It is this chamber that the murdered victim and the two damsels are said to haunt, as though the memory of its former pious purpose afforded some consolation to their restless spirits. A guest who slept in the same room some years ago declared that the noises he heard throughout the night were of an "infernal description," and he hoped his nocturnal experience might never be repeated. In the days of the wily Guy Fawkes Warwickshire witnessed some stirring scenes, and many

CURIOUS TALES ARE TOLD

of the "racing and chasing" that ensued when the historic plot, and not the powder, was prematurely exploded. The county of Wilts is particularly rich in old associations—some fabulous and fantastic, others historic. Within a radius of ten miles of Salisbury sufficient matter in the shape of tradition and superstition could be collected to fill a respectable book. There is a certain desolate spot where the hard, white dusty road, little better than a cattle track, winds like a serpent across a portion of the famous plain and passes between two disused pits. The sides are not guarded in any way, and to walk over the raised turf on either side of the road means falling a considerable depth. At a certain season of the year—and of course after midnight, when the moon is up—the weary traveller passing this uncanny spot is startled to descry a hare, which rises apparently from the earth on one side of the road, and limps slowly and painfully across to the other side. Even a weary pedestrian, joyfully anticipating a savoury meal, may be tempted to follow puss; but woe betide him in such event. Barely eluding its pursuer's grasp, the little animal climbs laboriously over the slight embankment, followed by the eager stranger, whose mangled remains are found at the bottom of the quarry on the following day. At another place, not many miles distant, the midnight wayfarer has been staggered by the sight of a black, misty ball rolling down a steep hill, threatening to crush him. If an active man, he escapes to the roadside or through the hedge; if not, he passes through it, or rather it envelopes him for a moment, like the dust cloud of the desert, and passes on. Hereabouts, too, may be met in the small hours the noiseless coach and pair dashing along the downs at breakneck speed, with not the faintest sound save the sharp crack of the spectral postillion's whip, which is declared to be distinctly audible.

THE GHOSTLY OCCUPANTS

of this vehicle have been on the way to Gretna Green for the last century or so, and have not arrived yet. It is said that an infuriated kinsman overtook the unfortunate pair about this spot and wedded the bridegroom-elect to King Death, thereby driving the disconsolate young lady to suicide. These are but a few stories taken at random from many which are religiously believed by the dwellers in "outlandish" parts in spite of the advancing tide of education. Nor is it alone in remote localities that such superstitutions are fostered. The centres of wealth and culture, of life and activity, are not proof against them. On Coombe Down, near Bath, where many a sanguinary duel was fought in the days of Beau Nash, and where the notorious "Fighting Fitzgerald" is said to have "winged" more than one opponent, spectres of various sorts and sizes have been seen, from the fierce Sir Lucius O'Trigger type downwards, and the vicinity of the "Brass Knocker" has an especially evil reputation. Only a few years ago the village of Batheaston was all agog for weeks concerning a ghost that was nightly observed flitting about the churchyard. It became known as the "Batheaston Ghost," and many blood-curling stories were related of it, till some sceptical fellow brought it down with an old blunderbuss and found it to be a healthy specimen of the harmless though perhaps unnecessary owl, and even then its reputation survived in the shape of sugar representations, which were sold in the Bath sweetmeat shops to wondering youngsters. At Cheltenham the visitor may still behold "Maud's Elm," a gigantic hollow tree on the road to the little village of Swindon. A reasonable picnic party could encamp in the hollow trunk, and many a bonfire have the local youngsters built there. According to local tradition, a girl, a baby, and a donkey are

BURIED BENEATH THIS TREE.

The baby and the young woman were related, but record is silent with respect to the gentle ass. A mile or so away on the Tewkesbury road is the "Cross Hands" public-house. This spot was the scene of a tragedy in days gone by, and so many impressable market women were frightened to death by the nightly appearance of the victim's spectre that the journey to Tewkesbury from Cheltenham or *vice versa* was by many made through the village of Swindon, a much longer route. The spectre was only laid by the united efforts of seven clergymen of the Church of England from seven different parishes, who attended *en masse* one night for that special purpose. Adjoining to the Cheltenham High Street, nearly opposite the Fleece Hotel, where the authoress of "John Halifax, Gentleman," passed her first night in the town, stands the old parish church of St Mary, an ancient structure, now eclipsed in point of utility by the new and commodious church of St. Matthew close by. The favorite songster of our grandmothers, Thomas Haynes Bayley, lies in St. Mary's Churchyard, and not many yards from his grave which is distinguishable by the butterfly carved on the stone, there is a door leading into the church. It is a small, rusty looking door, and, according to popular belief, has never been opened. To what part of the edifice it leads no one appears to know, for it defies all efforts to open it. The superstition is that in the "No Popery" days the Catholics of Cheltenham fared very badly, and on one occasion, when the mob were amusing themselves by stoning a priest, the reverend gentleman sought refuge in the churchyard, and, being pursued thither, he rushed to this tiny door, which, though locked and barred, at once yielded to his touch, and he passed through, slamming it after him. A portion of his vestment was caught in the closed door, and there it has remained to this day. The priest himself was never more heard of.—*Manchester Guardian.*

The right arm is always a little larger than the left, but the left foot is almost always larger than the right, presumably because, while nearly every man uses his right arm to lift a weight or strike a blow, he almost invariably kicks with his left foot, while the lounger stands on his left leg and lets his right fall easily, because he has learned by experience that this is the best attitude he can assume to prevent lassitude and fatigue. This constant bearing of the weight on the left foot makes it wider than the right, and it often happens that a man who tries on a shoe on the right foot and gets a close fit has to discard the shoes altogether because he can not endure the pain caused by the tightness of the left. If when riding on a street car you will take the trouble to notice, you will see that in laced shoes the gap is much smaller on the right foot than on the left, while with button shoes the buttons have to be set back ten times on the left shoe to once on the right.

London Police Statistics.

An impressive view of the magnitude of the British metropolis is presented in the annual report of the Commissioner of police, which has just been published, covering the operations of that Department for the year 1890. The authorized strength of the force was as follows: 31 superintendents, 858 inspectors, 1,534 sergeants and 12,841 constables, total 15,264; being an increase of one superintendent, 11 inspectors, 82 sergeants and 445 constables since 1889. Of these 4 superintendents, 54 inspectors, 197 sergeants, and 1,423 constables were employed on special duties for various Government departments, including special protection posts at public offices and buildings, dockyards and military stations, and by public companies and private individuals. The number of police available for service in the metropolis, exclusive of these especially employed and whose services were paid for, was 27 superintendents, 804 inspectors, 1,337 sergeants and 11,432 constables, total 13,600. An average of one-fourteenth of the force, except special duties, sick, etc. (362) is daily on leave in accordance with the regulation granting one day's leave of absence to each man every fortnight. Casualities caused by men sick and on detached sick leave averaged 549 daily. The Metropolitan Police District extends over a radius of fifteen miles from Charing Cross, exclusive of the city of London, and embraces an area of 688. 31 square miles, extending from Colney Heath, Hertfordshire, on the north, to Mogadore, Todworth Heath, in the south, and from Lark Hall, Essex, in the east, to Staines Moor, Middlesex, in the west. The total amount of police rate levied on the parishes for the year ended March 31, 1991, produced $3,693, 015, and the local taxation account contributed $2, 953,405 to the police fund during the year.

The criminal returns for 1890 disclose a most satisfactory record for the year. The felonies relating to property number 17,491 or 2,053 fewer than in 1889 were a marked improvement on those for the preceding year. There were fewer offences of this kind committed in the metropolis during 1890 than in any year since 1875. But in 1875 the felonies of this class were, relatively to the population, in the ratio of 4.182 per thousand, whereas last year the proportion per thousand was only 3.002, or less than half the number considered normal twenty years ago. It thus appears that there was greater security for persons and property in the metropolis during 1890 than in any previous year included in the statistical returns. It should be remembered that in relation to police work, the difficulties of dealing with crime, as each decade adds a million to the population of the metropolis, are augmented in a ratio far greater than that of the arithmetical increase. The facilities for the commission of crime, and the chances of immunity relied on by professional criminals, are very much greater in a population bordering on 6,000,000 than they were in 1875, when the population of London was only about 4,000,000. In ten of the sixteen murder cases recorded in which apprehensions were effected by the Metropolitan Police, convictions were obtained against the perpetrators of the crimes. In seven of these the prisoners were sentenced to death, and in the other three the accused were found to be insane, and were ordered to be confined during Her Majesty's pleasure. Six murder cases remain to be accounted for. In one of these the author of the crime was removed to a lunatic asylum without being brought to trial. In another the murderer committed suicide. In a third the accused was acquitted of the capital charge on the medical evidence adduced as to the cause of death. In the Chiswick case of January 1 it was ultimately established that the death was wholly unconnected with homicidal violence. And in the case of the Italian Pompeo, who was murdered by another Italian on February 13, the accused escaped to Italy, and the evidence of his guilt was remitted to the Italian Government in the usual way. The only capital crime unaccounted for, therefore, is that of the girl Amelia Joffs, who was murdered at West Ham on January 31, and there the evidence against the author of the crime was deemed insufficient to justify his arrest. In respect to this case it is only right to add popular suspicion did grave injustice to an innocent person.

It is said that nearly 40,000 men desert the German Army every year.

"Was your elopement a success?" "Hardly." "What went wrong?" "Her father telegraphed us not to return and all would be forgotten."

Daniel and Ezekiel.

The following extracts from the letters of Daniel Webster and his brother Ezekiel will indicate how the young men had to struggle with poverty through their college days. The reader will remember that the home farm was mortgaged to pay Daniel's expenses through college, and when it was proposed to give Ezekiel similar advantages the father and mother had a council. "The farm is already mortgaged, said the old gentleman, "and if we send Ezekiel to college it will take all we have, but the boys think they can take care of us."

It did not take the strong-hearted, sagacious woman long to decide the matter. "We can trust the boys," she said.

So the matter was settled. Daniel went back to Hanover, while Ezekiel went, bundle in hand, to Dr. Wood's and began the study of Latin, his expenses being but a dollar a week.

In November, 1882, Daniel was at home in Salisbury, while Ezekiel was struggling with poverty at Hanover. Funds getting low in the Webster homestead, Daniel writes under date of November 4:

"Now, Zeke, you will not read half a sentence—no, not one syllable—before you have thoroughly searched this sheet for scrip, but my word for it, you'll find no scrip here We held a sanhedrim this morning on the subject of cash. Could not hit upon any way to get you any. Just before we went away to hang ourselves through disappointment it came into our heads that next week might do.

"The truth is, the father had an execution against Hubbard of North Chester for about $100. The money was collecting and just ready to drop into the hands of the creditors when Hubbard suddenly died. This, you see, stays the execution till the long process of administering is completed.

"I have now by me 2 cents in lawful federal currency. Next week I shall send them, if they be all."

"We are all here just in the old way, always behind and lacking. Boys digging potatoes with frozen fingers and girls washing without wood."

"Ezekiel writes to Daniel at about the same time, the two letters probably crossing each other:

"These cold, frosty mornings very sensibly inform me that I want a warm greatcoat. I wish, Daniel, it might be convenient to send me cloth for one, otherwise I shall be necessitated to purchase one here. I do not care what color it is—anything that will keep the frost out. Some kind of shaggy cloth, I think, would be cheapest. Deacon Pettingill has written offering me $11 a month to keep school. I believe I shall take it.

"Money, Dan, money! As I was walking down to the office after a letter I happened to have 1 cent, which is the only money I have had since the second day after I came on. It is a fact, Dan, that I was called on for a dollar where I owed it, and borrowed it, and have borrowed it four times since to pay those I borrowed of."

England's Healthiest Village.

There is a village in Bedfordshire, about three miles from Dunstable, called Whipsnade, which can boast of being the healthiest spot in England. In 1868, 1880, 1887, and 1888 there was not a single death. The population of the village at the last census was a little over 200. During the last twenty-four years only three deaths have been registered between the ages of one year and twenty-nine years—one being a case brought down from London. The average age of all the inhabitants of this extremely healthy village over one year old, who have died during the last thirty years is fifty-six years. Two other very healthy places are Walmer in Kent, with a death-rate of 9·7 per 1,000, and Beeston, a village in Nottinghamshire, with a death-rate of 10·8 per 1,000 inhabitants. One of the healthiest small towns in England is East Grinstead, in Sussex, well-known for the purity of its air, and having an excellent system of drainage. For a considerable time the death-rate averaged about 9 per 1,000, and latterly has been as low as 8·4 per 1,000 of the population.

"Strange," said Mrs. Jones, as she locked up the house, "how old fashions come in again."

"What is it now?" asked Mr. Jones, yawning.

"Why Mr. Simmons passed just now, and I guess he thought it was you he was talking to, for he called out that he was going down street to get a night-cap."

And Mr. Jones didn't enlighten her, but he wished, oh, he wished, he had gone shopping with Simmons.

THE CZAR ON HIS HOLIDAY.

How the Ruler of a Hundred Millions Lives When Relieved of the Cares of Government—He is Preparing to go on His Annual Visit to the Tomb of Hamlet—Life at Fredensborg.

The above despatch, taken presumably from English sources, is printed verbatim. This is done to show how the cable nowadays has become a transmitter of lying dispatches to an indescribably idiotic extent. Imagine, if we can, the exiled Jews going to Denmark to wreak vengeance upon the Czar! The Jews have been emigrating from Russia voluntarily for the past year and a half, basing their hopes on a good future elsewhere on the promises (so far unfulfilled) of the Baron Hirsch Fund. The Czar may be a terrible despot, but so far as the present exodus of the Hebrews is concerned he has nothing at all to do with it.

The districts from which they are emigrating are at the present time suffering from a terrible famine and they should be happy to be away. The Czar arrived at Copenhagen on Tuesday, and was met by King Christian of Denmark, the Crown Prince Frederick, the King of Greece, the Queen of Denmark, the Crown Princess, the Princess of Wales, Prince Waldemar, Princes Hans and Wilhelm of Glucksberg, the King's two brothers, the diplomatic corps and the civil and military authorities of Copenhagen. He was enthusiastically cheered by the people.

THE CZAR IN DENMARK.

In spite of the grim stories told about the Autocrat of all the Russias the Czar is personally, and especially on this annual Danish trip of his, a fascinating personality and no one would imagine, watching him enjoying himself with his sons and tenderly escorting the Czarina, that he is the man who, according to such able dispatches as the above, sends yearly thousands of poor souls to Siberia and other thousands of his Jewish subjects into the cold, cold world, where they are battle-dored about from land to land, the Lord knows where.

In Denmark, however, the ruler of nearly a hundred million people can enjoy life like any other honest man, can throw off the cares of State and help his boys to make ducks and drakes on the smooth surface of the lake in front of Fredensborg, just as he used to do in all probability when he was a boy. When in Denmark, the guest of his father-in-law King Christian, the Czar occupies a little retreat built for him near to the old castle of Fredensborg. Fredensborg itself has pleasant memories for the Czar, for there it was that twenty-five years ago (Oct. 28, new style) he wooed and won the Princess Dagmar, after she had scarcely recovered from the grief caused by the death of his elder brother.

It will be remembered that when the Czarwitz Nicholas, the present Czar's brother, died, in April, 1865, at Nice, from the effects of a fall from his horse, the direct succession to the throne of Russia devolved on the Grand Duke Alexander, who, accustomed to see the heir full of strength and health, on the eve of a prosperous marriage, had never dreamed of such a contingency. No two brothers had ever been more unlike morally and physically; Nicholas was tall, pre-eminently handsome, his clear chiselled features the counterpart of his mother's; he had received an almost Spartan training, and, intellectually, a complete and advanced education under the direction of Count Sergius Strogonof, head of the Moscow University. On his deathbed, in the presence of the Emperor and Empress, he placed the hand of the weeping Dagmar in that of Alexander, saying to her: "Marry my brother, he is true as crystal." After the first uncontrollable anguish and mourning, the young people obeyed the Czarowitz's dying request, and were married in October 1866; the bridegroom was 29, the bride 19. They had hoped only to meet with mutual respect, trust, confidence, and they found more ardent love than usually falls to the share of wedded couples. So far the love story.

MEMORIES OF FREDENSBORG.

It was there on the morning of leaving the old castle the bride and Czarina scratched the words: "Farewell, beloved Fredensborg, farewell." To Fredensborg both Czar and Czarina love to return occasionally to live over again the days of courtship and to forget for a time the troubles and dangers of imperial existence. Near to Fredensborg the Czar built himself a few years ago a retreat on the brink of Lake Esrom, where he spends the portion of his time he does not give to the Czarina and his family. It was built by an architect named Stillman. Mr. Stillman had many opportunities of seeing the Czar. "I confess," he once said "the much-persecuted monarch will find himself pretty safe within the walls of his retreat. One has to run a gauntlet of Imperial Guardsmen, bodyguard Cossacks and a ferocious Russian bear dog before you can approach the Czar himself.

"Sentinels armed with muskets patrol the ground around the hermitage by day and night. In the vestibule there are six Imperial Guards under command of a trusted officer. In the anteroom leading from the vestibule to the Czar's bedroom two Cossacks armed to the teeth keep incessant vigil, and directly inside the bedroom door in front of his couch is stretched the most savage specimen of a canine that Russia can boast. So you see any intruder would meet with a rather rough reception. In addition to all these safeguards there are electric devices of various sorts and a secret communication with Fredensborg Castle. But in his bedroom there is an absolute paucity of civilized comforts. In one corner stands a camp cot with blankets and one pillow; an oak chair and a desk complete the appointments. So restless is the Czar's disposition that he frequently arises two and three times during the night to write cipher dispatches, which immediately are taken by mounted couriers to the nearest Government telegraph stations and thence wired to St. Petersburg. He has likewise given imperative orders that dispatches must be delivered to him without a moment's delay, no matter what hour of the night they arrive.

THE CZARINA'S RESIDENCE.

Fredensborg proper, the residence now of the Czarina, is not a very imposing structure. There, in fact, all the imperial Russian and royal Danish guests will be housed for some time to come. The schloss consists of a central pavilion, with a long suit of wings, the whole crowned by a dome or cupola of zinc. At the entrance are stationed two guards dressed in most picturesque blue costumes. The second story of Fredensborg contains the family apartments. To reach this one must mount a wooden staircase, painted white and covered with a well-worn carpet. Long, narrow corridors lead to tiny rooms, devoted to the ladies in waiting of the visiting princesses. Wandering about these corridors it is very easy to imagine oneself on a transatlantic steamer. At the left of the staircase is the royal antechamber and the private secretary's office. A gallery leads to the King's apartments. From the windows the view is more than beautiful. The Czar and Empress of Russia have two rooms overlooking the park, one a bedroom, the other a *salon* furnished in pale blue silk. The dressing room, which is like a closet, contains only a toilet table, covered with gray cloth. The Czar himself is a very irregular member of his family. He is often so busily engaged with dispatches that he misses the dinner hour altogether. But when he is at Fredensborg, an orchestra of sixty-two musicians plays during dinner, going to and returning from the castle by rail; otherwise the domestic arrangements of the imperial pair are very unpretending. Of all princely personages in the castle, the Emperor is the first to rise. When breakfast is served at 9 o'clock, in the rooms of Queen Louise of Denmark, the Emperor usually returns from a long morning walk. After breakfast he joins the ladies and children; while the King of Greece, or one or other of the King's brothers, plays billiards or rides out. The youngest members of the family—Danish, Greek or English—are unanimous in calling their imperial uncle the best of all uncles, and constantly gather around him. In the evening the Danish Queen and her daughters sing and play. On Queen Louise's birthday the Emperor sang last year with a few hundred children, and even led the song when the Queen desired it to be repeated. Of course, the wicked people will say that the Czar in this musical taste of his bears a striking resemblance to Nero. However, it may be said that he is a skilful player on the French horn, and is a member of his own private orchestra at Gatschina in which he takes his place like an ordinary musician and plays with intelligence.

THE GUESTS AT FREDENSBORG.

It would be quite a task to give the names of all the relatives of the royal Dane who will have to be packed into Fredensborg this year. Last year the guests, all of whom were related to King Christian in some way, were the King of Greece, with his wife, sons, George and Nicholas, and daughters, Alexandra and Maria; the Greek Crown Prince Constantine, Duke of Sparta; the Prince and Princess of Wales, and their daughters, Victoria and Maud; Maria of Orleans, young wife of Prince Waldemar, and her little sons; Princes William and Hans, the Danish King's brothers; the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark with their seven children; the Russian Emperor and Empress, with the heir to the Russian throne, Grand Duke Nicholas, and Grand Dukes Michael and George, and any number of minor stars of various magnitude, King Christian, the host, and Queen Louisa, the hostess, at Fredensborg are more famous through their family connections than for royal wisdom or other distinguished traits. They have been enabled to marry their daughters in the families of the most powerful of Europe's sovereigns. Alexandra, his eldest daughter, is the wife of His Royal Highness of Wales. Princess Thyra, the youngest of King Christian's daughters, is married to the exiled heir apparent to the Kingdom of Hanover, which Prussia confiscated at the end of the Austro-Prussian war of 1866. Crown Prince Frederick of Denmark linked his fate about twenty years ago with the Crown Princess Louise of Sweden-Norway, and a large element of the people hope that some day this may bring about a union of the three Scandinavian peoples. George, the next oldest of the Danish Princes, became, through an agreement between the leading European powers, the ruler of Greece. For more than twenty years he had resided in Athens, and once every few years visits his royal father in Copenhagen. Prince Waldemar, a lieutenant in the Danish Royal Marine and the youngest son of the King, is married to a daughter of the Duke of Orleans. Last, but by no means least, King Christian's second daughter, Dagmar, shares the throne of the White Czar, having changed her name to Marie Federowna. To mention all the relatives of the Danish royal house would necessitate half a column from the "Almanach de Gotha."

THE ANNUAL VISIT TO ELSINORE.

In a few days the imperial and royal families of Russia and Denmark will go on their annual pilgrimage to the Castle of Elsinore, the "authentic tomb of Hamlet and the parapet where the Prince of Denmark met his father's ghost." The view from Elsinore is a very lovely one, and Elsinborg in Swedon is only half an hour's distance across the sound. The Czar and the Czarina love dearly this yachting trip of theirs along the romantic shores of the Danish isles. What the imperial and royal visitors will see may be gained from a perusal of an account of Hamlet's castle, written some time ago by an unbelieving American. "The first objective point of interest naturally is the "platform of the Castle at Elsinore," the spot where, according to Shakespeare, Hamlet first had the pleasure of meeting his father's ghost and learning from his ghostship various interesting, if rather startling, facts. Possibly Hamlet on that particular evening had indulged in an extra glass of Danish bottled beer which had rendered him

THE CZAR'S RETREAT.

unusually susceptible to the subtle influences of spiritualistic phenomena. As to Hamlet's grave. Succeeding generations have been very kind to Hamlet in taking such pains to build him a grave and keep it in repair. It is necessary for the would-be visitor to this spot to pass through a garden and pay a small fee, after which he may wander at his own sweet will among the great trees in a pretty grove on a little ridge. In the furthermost rear corner is a pyramid of stone roughness, about which a sickly ivy struggles for existence. That is all there is of it; Hamlet doesn't seem to care for much style in this matter; he probably finds this rustic affair amid the trees more to his taste. Over the wall, down in a little dell, they have named a trickling stream 'Ophelia's Spring,' inasmuch as that maiden did not consider it quite the square thing that Hamlet should have a grave and she be left without any such little remembrance." It is to this "historic" spot that the Czar will go in a few days in his yacht.

FOR THE WEARY

And worn mothers and wives—how many such there are! Not worn with age—few of them have reached middle life—but with exhausting work and worry. For the majority, it is impossible to escape these hard conditions; but the means of successfully facing them are within the reach of every one. To sharpen the appetite, aid digestion, enrich and purify the blood, build up the system, and make the weak strong, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best of all medicines. Mary Henrickon, Park street, Ware, Mass., testifies: "For over twelve months I was afflicted with general debility, headache, and loss of appetite, followed by chills. I was scarcely able to drag myself about the house, and no medicine helped me so much as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Since taking this remedy I have entirely recovered my health and strength."

"I was sick for nine months, and finding the doctors were unable to help me, I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's Pills. The result has been a rapid and complete restoration of all my bodily powers."—Mrs. Lydia Randal, Morris, W. Va.

"I use Ayer's Sarsaparilla with great satisfaction in my family, and can recommend it to all who have the care of young and delicate children."—Mrs. Joseph McComber, Elton st., near Atlantic ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Cures Others. Will Cure You

Women's Good Work.

It is a good work in which the Countess of Aberdeen and her associates in the Irish Industries Association are engaged—the development of a demand in England for the genuine work of the convent and cottage in Ireland. The association has opened a depot in London for the sale of Irish work, and the goods are sold for the benefit of the workers. Besides this direct dealing between producers and consumers—or if not absolutely direct, at least without the interposition of middlemen—the scheme is an encouragement to the continuance of hand labor, spinning, knitting, weaving, lace-making and embroidery; and in each of these pursuits, with the exception of spinning, there is chance for the development of an artistic taste and of an individuality in expression which no machine-made goods can accomplish. The beauty and delicacy of Irish laces have been abundantly recognized by connoisseurs. In less fanciful fabrics, table linen, for instance, the hand looms of Ireland have long held the lead for chasteness of design as well as for excellence in weaving.

Dear Countess of Portsmouth, how the children should love her. It was her Ladyship's happy thought to send round her brake to the Shelter, in London where little victims of cruelty are taken in and nursed back to health by the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. This was done several days towards the end of the season. Each time the children were taken for a splendid drive in Hyde Park. The coachman knew his business, and behaved nobly. When the children wanted to stop, he stopped; when they wanted to go on, he went on. The children adored the Countess, and loved the coachman. By general consent the good fellow has been christened "the Children's Coachman." What waves of joy rich people could set in motion, if they would follow this lovely example. It is such a little thing, but so wise so thoughtful, and so sympathetic. It costs no money, but is worth more than a three figure cheque, as a purchasing equivalent of happiness and goodwill.

Little Girl—"I don't like this boarding-house. There is never anything to eat. They always say it's all gone—the nice deserts I mean."

Nurse—"That's because you eat at the second table. I always get plenty."

"Do you eat at the first table?"

"Oh, no. I eat with the cook and other servants at the third table."

Some Fish Stories.

A friend of ours who recently went a-fishing up Lake Superior way caught few fish, but found lots of time for moralizing and even for letter writing. One of his letters is so amusing that we am sure our readers will enjoy it, and we, therefore, herewith present them with copious extracts. He writes:

I used to believe that fishermen did experience pleasure in the sport. It was a generous illusion. It has been dispelled by close observation. I now know that the only inducement for men to go fishing is for the pleasure of lying about it afterward. This statement applies to amateurs. Men who gain their subsistences as toilers on the waters do it as a business. It is pelf, not pleasure, they seek.

The average amateur fisherman says he loves the sport. He travels off ten miles to whip a trout stream. He sits on a bank and holds a rod and line with one hand, and fights mosquitoes and black flies with the other, until nightfall. He anchors himself on a rock or a bridge with a drop line; at brief intervals he mournfully hauls in and spits on his bait, and throws it out again. He sits in a small boat in waters where striped bass or sheepshead sport in sweet communion and eat their neighbors. In solemn silence he awaits the coming of an unsuspecting fish, which he hopes will be tempted by the bait he has thrown to allure his hankering maw. He does all these things, even in a drenching rain or a pinching cold. He does them, too, with a foreknowledge that his friends will wonder when they next see him, whether he is recovering from the chickenpox, or has been applying a blanket blister plaster to his face for a toothache involving the entire force of his teeth on the retired list. He may come home without a scale of his own raising. That makes no difference. He will speak in rapturous praises of the delights felt in the silent communion with nature. He will descant on the poetic emotions inspired by gazing at the landscape or listening to the cadences of the rippling waters. He will tell of the healthful effects on mind and body that come from rest to the brain and breathing in air free from the noisome exhalations of urban surroundings. But the climax comes when he tells of the wild ecstasy he feels when the fish strikes the hook and the struggles that ensue when drawing him from his native element. How mortals do deceive themselves.

Quiet and sentiment don't pay for the loneliness, the annoyance and the fatigues inseparable from going a-fishing. Else why do fishermen never raid the waters without a pocket filled with highly concentrated fluid consolation? A man who enjoys the experience, per se, doesn't need to re-enforce the pleasure by removing the cork from the business end of a bottle. It is when his spirits droop that he invokes other spirits from the vasty shoals of that pocket companion. They bring him solace and give him courage. They prepare him for feats of romantic narrative. If he catches no fish he buys them at the market and exhibits the stock as the result of his skill. If he brings in a pitiful string of light weights, he smuggles it into the house. Then he goes outside. He tells a story in which he triples the number and quadruples the weight of the catch. That is bad enough. But no fisherman's story is believed without confirmatory proofs. In nine cases out of ten he drags wife, daughter, son, cook and chambermaid into the abyss of mendacity to sustain his story.

The chief of the department of ethics in the census bureau writes me that he was astounded himself at disclosures by the statistics of the number of wives and mothers whose home life had been beautiful and characters without reproach, who began downward careers in a reluctant affirmation of their husbands' exploits as fishermen. In each case the initial step taken, the conscience became seared and her course was down, down, until the point of abject depravity was reached. "Then," the chief writes me, "without a blush she would spend hours and hours in building zy quecraults and writing spring poetry." As the chief is not a fisherman, I believe what he says. If, by chance, a fisherman hauls in a fish of fair proportion, he will regale his companions for a half hour in describing the efforts the captive made to escape, and the dexterous skill he had to use to land him. Then he will tell about another fish twice as big and four times as gamey that got away just as he got him close to the gunwale or the shore.

A story is told of a fisherman who, for fifteen years, sat on an abutment of London bridge day by day, rain or shine, holding his rod and line. He was never seen to raise a fish. One day a man asked him if he had caught anything that day. He answered no, but that three years before he had a splendid nibble. This was told to illustrate the patience supposed to be the characteristic virtue of the ideal fisherman. I don't believe it. No man would sit, day in and day out, so many years to experience the perpetual joy of catching no fish. He could drop a line into the cistern, go off and read the Pandects of Justinian or Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted," or some other equally exciting work, and find just as many fish waiting when he should return home and pull in the line. If, for argument, I admit there is such a man, I know what his answer would have been. He would have told the marvelous number he had caught the previous day or week followed by a bill of particulars of the number and weight of the fish he had landed. If further proof of the absurdity of the story was needed, its author fails to chronicle that the man was not seen to take a drink during the whole fifteen years. That is conclusive.

I think I have shown that fishing and telling incredible stories about it are intimately connected. I am convinced, too, that the paucity of the catch and the stories told about it are always in inverse ratio one to the other. The smaller the catch, the bigger the story, until zero is reached. Then lying, ipso facto, touches the boiling point. I didn't cipher this out until I came to this place. Here and elsewhere a man can nearly always catch enough to satisfy moderate wishes, and sometimes the wildest ambition.

Ontario's Crops.

Notwithstanding the great attention paid to the crops in Manitoba and the North-West, those of Ontario are admittedly the most valuable in the Dominion. It is thus the more gratifying to learn from the latest reports that Ontario is now certain of very fine crops this year. The present wheat crop of Ontario is far larger than that of the North-West. According to the official report of the Bureau of Statistics the yield will amount to over thirty millions of bushels. It is estimated that the crop of Fall wheat will be fully six and a half millions of bushels greater than that of last year, and over three millions of bushels above the average crop of the last eight years. The yield of Spring wheat again this year exceeds last year's crop by two millions of bushels, and the average of the last eight years by one million of bushels. With the exception of rye, and hay and clover, the reports regarding other crops are no less gratifying. For instance, the crop of barley is said to exceed by four millions of bushels the average of the last eight years. Oats, again, exceeds that average (fifty-six millions of bushels) by twelve millions of bushels, and is no less than sixteen millions of bushels above the yield of last year. The crop of peas this year exceeds that of last year by two and a half millions of bushels, and tops the average by over four millions of bushels. Then the bean crop is likewise a good one, being above the average yield. There seems little doubt, however, that the crop of rye this year is not good, being only about one-half of the average. But rye is not considered an important crop in Ontario—the yield never having yet reached two millions of bushels. So, though their hay and clover crops were also under the average, the Ontario farmers will, owing to the abundance of their other crops, do very well indeed this year. An official report states that there will be a surplus in the Dominion of 33,000,000 bushels of wheat for export, and that Manitoba alone will export 25,000,000 bushels. It is now estimated that between Canada and the United States there will be an exportable surplus of 250,000,000 bushels of wheat. In the United States the actual yield of wheat has far exceeded the recent estimate of 535,000,000 bushels.

A Test of Eccentricity.

Lady (to applicant)—"How much do you want a month?"

Applicant:—"Do you use Pearline?"

Lady:—"No I never use it."

Applicant:—"Never use it. Well, I'd rather not engage myself to you; I don't like to have anything to do with eccentric people."—from *Kings' Jester*, N. Y.

An impecunious Irishman said he liked being asked out to dinner because it was flattering and nourishing.

The Hoop Snake.

He is marvelous enough to have come out of a fiery story, but he lives on solid earth and is one of its realest dangers—that is, if you live where there are deep swamps or thick woods or wild rough hillsides. That is his choice of a world to live in, and there he is peaceable enough. If you happen to invade it he will run away if possible and fight only as a last resort. He will even lie so snug that you may step over him scatheless a dozen times—if only you do not step on him. You may see him sometimes basking on a log or bare rock, blinking at the sun and looking inert and harmless as a fallen twig. He is ram-built, long and slim, rarely under 4 feet or over six. His back is dull dead brown, his belly reddish ochre, with brown lights. He has a mouthful of sharp teeth, but no fangs. At the tip of his tail you see a horny spur, for all the world like a cock's spur, but something sharper. So he creeps and blinks away the Spring and early Summer, feeding on frogs, mice, berries and small birds and their eggs. Nobody sees him unless they go a-hunting him, and then only by rare good luck. By and by midsummer dries up the marshes, the woodland pools, the hill streams run low or fail altogether, negroes and hunters begin to say apprehensively: "Better be keerful; time for hoop snake ter come whirlin' out der water, an' crazy mad at that."

Soon you hear weird tales indeed. In this midsummer madness the creature curves itself till the horned tail rests just on the back of its head, and whirls out and pastures along country road or open woodland. Woe betide whatsoever may cross its path. Vision is impossible, yet in some way the creature senses a living presence and strikes madly at it, flinging its barbed tail almost its own length in front of its head. There is a poison gland at the root of the spur full of venom so swift, so subtle, that it has no antidote. A horse struck by it falls shivering and groaning, bathed in cold sweat, and dies within the hour. Neat cattle either run bellowing for the nearest thicket in foaming frenzy or drop in their tracks as though shot. A dog dies with the quick rigors of strychnine poisoning, human beings grow blind and faint, then fall into merciful insensibility that runs rapidly into death. Luckily the snake misses oftener than it strikes. In that case it makes no second attack but whirls away in search of new victims. It cannot strike sidewise, but is so full of fight it will turn squarely on its course to deliver a straightout blow. Few things are more awesome than on a lonesome moonlit country road to encounter one of these wheels of vengeance. The name hoop snake or cartwheel snake comes from its habit of locomotion on these mad midsummer forages. The full moon of August is their usual season; sometimes, though the snake runs amuck by daylight.

Once a group in front of a roadside smithy were horror struck at sight of a tremendous fellow rolling down hill at them with the speed and force of a thunderbolt. There were three men with a tethered horse in the midst of them. Almost before they could draw breath the snake was upon them. It struck madly at the animal, which reared, plunged backward and broke rein just in time. Instead of it the snake struck the sapling to which it had been tied, and with such force that the horn penetrated the bark and held the reptile prisoner. The smith smashed it with a blow of his hammer, flung it away and set about putting a shoe on the lucky beast which had so narrowly escaped. By the time it was in place the sapling began to wilt. By morning it was black and dead as though hard frost had touched it. In fact whenever a tree suddenly and unaccountably dies the country folk will tell you that it has been stung by a hoop snake.

Clever Women

quite realize that by the great law of progress something is always being brought out to make life pleasanter. The latest thing introduced is the "Health" undervest for ladies, made from the very finest Australia wool, and which every good doctor in Canada agrees is a perfect safeguard against cold, whilst being at the same time well-fitting, warm, and luxurious. When you go down town step into W. A. Murray & Co's or any first class store and ask to see these goods. If you do not see the word "Health" plainly stamped on the garment, don't buy it, as it will not be the genuine article.

"Do you understand Latin?" asked the student. "I regret to say I do not." "Oh, well, I can make myself understood, I suppose, in German; lend me five dollars."

What Black Bass Feed On.

Last summer some workmen caught six mice, which I induced them to bring in and throw to my fish, says George Kamper.

Five of the mice were alive and kicking, and as soon as they struck the water each was promptly caught by a bass and swallowed.

The sixth mouse had been killed in the catching, but before it had stopped the motion caused from throwing it a bass had it.

The fish held the dead mouse only a second or two, when he spit it out; none of the fish would eat it.

A boy once brought me a live sparrow, full feathered and nearly full grown, which I threw into the tank. The bird was struggling in the water and within five seconds from the time it was thrown in one of the large bass caught it—and he swallowed it, too.

The sparrow was a big mouthfull for the bass, but slowly and gradually, I saw the tail feathers disappear.

The capacity of the stomach of a fish is wonderful. My oldest bass one day came to my hand seventeen consecutive times taking and swallowing a three-inch shiner each time. Sometimes when their stomachs are filled the bass continues to catch minnows, squeeze and kill them and spit them out.

What fisherman of any considerable experience has not been tantalized by having run after run, when the bass simply squeezed and killed his minnows and then dropped them? And when his tiger possesses the fish, what can equal the satisfaction the fisherman feels when he beats the bass at his own game and captures him by spinning a dead minnow?

In August, 1889, I was attacked with sickness, and for four weeks I was unable to go after food for my pets. During ten days my fish had received nothing to eat, and they were ravenous.

They certainly were hungry enough to eat fresh meat if they could be made to eat it at any time, so I tried them and threw in some pieces of fresh beef. As fast as the pieces of beef struck the water they grabbed for it like a pack of hungry wolves.

Every bass in the tank snatched a piece of beef, and every one of them spit it out again. The bass, when hungry, appear to be willing to swallow anything that wriggles, but they certainly refuse to swallow anything that does not show some signs of life.

Pickles.

Never, on any consideration, use brass, copper, or bell-metal kettles for pickling, the verdigris produced in them by the vinegar being of a most poisonous nature. Kettles lined with porcelain are the best. When it is necessary to boil vinegar do so in a stone jar on the fire. Use also wooden spoons and forks. A small lump of alum added to the vinegar in which pickles are scaled renders them crisp and tender, and if covered with cabbage or grape leaves a fresh green color will be imparted. In making pickles, cider vinegar is best, but very nice strong vinegar may be made of sorghum, as follows: one pint of sorghum to each gallon of soft water (hard water will do but soft is best), add a cake of yeast and some good "mother," if you have it. Tie a cloth tightly over the jar or keg and place it in the sun. It will be good in three or four weeks. Stir it well every few days. See that pickles are always completely covered with vinegar. It is a good rule to have one-third of the jar filled with vinegar and two-thirds filled with pickles. Vinegar should only boil five or six minutes. Too much boiling takes away the strength. Pickles will keep best by being bottled, sealed while hot, and set in a cool place. Bits of horse-radish and spices, with a handful of sugar to each gallon of pickles, assist in preserving its strength, as well as greatly improving its flavor. Ginger is the most wholesome spice for pickles; cloves are the strongest, then allspice, cinnamon, and mace. Mustard seed is also very nice. If pickles are raised and prepared at home in brine an oaken bucket should be used, and they should be kept well covered, with plenty of salt at the bottom of the cask. In making the brine for pickles it should be sufficiently strong to bear an egg. A pint of salt to every gallon of water is the usual proportion.

It has been concluded that with a balloon 330 feet long, with a maximum diameter of 55 feet, a speed of twenty-five or thirty miles an hour can be attained. At the same time it is thought that the problem of flight is more likely to be solved by means of an aeroplane than with a balloon.

Fate in a Teacup.

Here are a few old superstitions regarding the ever-friendly cup that cheers: If while the tea is being made and the lid, which has been removed to pour in the water, is forgotten, it is a sure sign that some one will "drop in to tea."

If a single person happens to have two spoons in his or her saucer, it is a prediction that the fortunate (or unfortunate?) drinker of that particular cup will be married within a year from that date.

If you put cream in your cup before the sugar it will "cross your love," so be very careful.

If a tea stock floats in the cup, it is called a "beau," and when this is seen unmarried women should stir their tea very quickly round and round and round, and then hold the spoon upright in the centre of the cup. If the "beau" is attracted to the spoon and clings to it he will be sure to call very shortly, if not the same evening, but if the stalk goes to the side of the cup he will not come.

Examine the tea leaves in your cup if you are plebeian enough to boil your tea instead of drawing it in the refined and dainty fashion for a lot of leaves mean money and fortune.

If you want to know how many years will elapse before you may expect to be married, balance your spoon on the edge of your cup, first noting that it is perfectly dry, fill another spoon partly with tea, and holding it above the balanced spoon, let the drops of tea gather to the the tip of the spoon and gently fall into the bowl of the one below. Count the drops—each one stands for a year.

It is a sign of fair weather if the cluster of small air bubbles formed by the sugar collect and remain in the centre of the cup. If they rush to the sides it will surely rain before night.

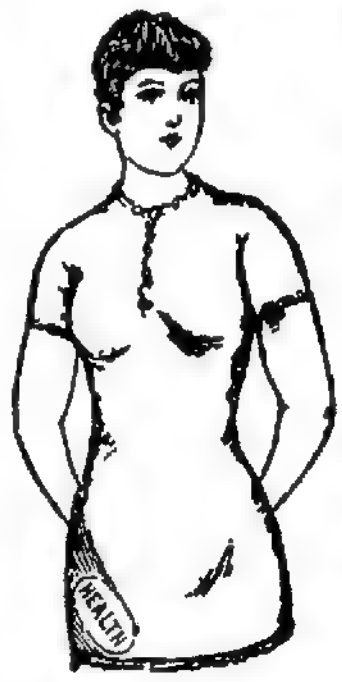
When the toast is made, three or four thin slices of bread must be cut the whole length of the loaf and placed one over the other. This done, they must all be cut in half with one sweep of the knife. If this is done by a young woman, and the slices are not severed clean through to the plate, she will not be married within the year; if the bread parts in two even heaps, she might as well order her trousseau. On no account must she take the last piece of toast or bread on the plate, unless she wishes to be an old maid.

A woman's own fame is barren. It begins and ends with herself. Reflected from her husband or her son, it has in it the glory of immortality—of continuance. Sex is in circumstance as well as in body and in mind. We date from our fathers, not our mothers; and the shield they won by valor counts to us still for honor. But the miserable little mannikin who creeps to obscurity, overshadowed by his wife's glory, is as pitiful in history as contemptible in fact.

'The husband of his wife' is no title to honor; and the best and dearest of our famous women take care that this shall not be said of them and theirs. The wild women, on the contrary, bark their husbands altogether; and even when they are not widows act as if they were.

The young who are wavering between the rampant individualism taught by the insurgent sect and the sweeter, dearer, tenderer emotions of the true woman would do well to ponder on this position. They cannot be on both sides at once. Politics or peace, the platform or the home, individualism or love moral sterlity or the rich and full and precious life of the nature we call womanly—married or single, still essentially womanly—they must take their choice which it shall be. They cannot have both. Nor can they have the ruder, rougher, "privileges" they desire in this identity of condition with man, and retain the chivalrous devotion, the admiration, and the respect of men. These are born of the very differences between the sexes. If men want the support of equality in friendship, they find that in each other; if they want the spiritual purification which goes with true and lofty love they look for that in women. When women have become minor men they will have lost their own holding and not have gained that other.—[Mrs: Lynn Linton.

A nobleman, who had spent much money in adorning his garden with statues was one day very much chagrined by hearing an Old Countryman say to his wife—"Jist see, Susan, what a waste! Here's nae less than six scarecrows in this wee bit of the garden, while ane of them would keep the crows from a ten-acre field."



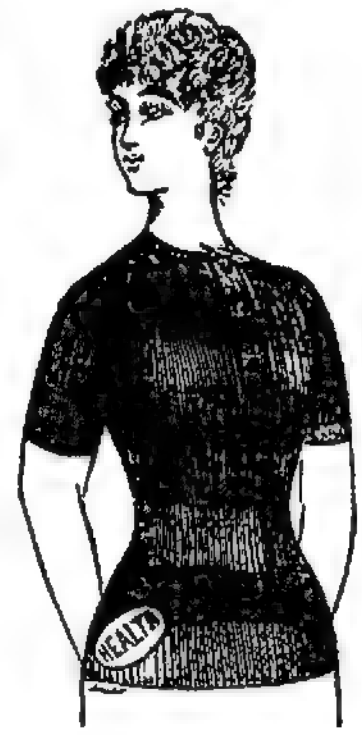
NO "GRIPPE" LAST WINTER,

We have received many letters from ladies who wore the

"HEALTH BRAND"

undervests last fall and winter stating that they themselves, and children, had been entirely free from colds or grippe during the whole season. (note by the manufacturers.)

Every first class dry goods store in the Dominion now keeps these goods for sale.



Kitchen Notions.

Next to a good range a good clock is of paramount importance in the kitchen.

Coffee cake should be wrapped, while warm, in a napkin, and there remain till cut.

Keep sharp the knives for cutting meat and bread and for peeling vegetables.

Folding towel racks set on the wall near the sink are a great convenience in drying dish towels and dish cloths.

Gilding on silver should be rubbed as little as possible; wiping it with a soft linen cloth moistened with ammonia is all that is necessary.

Sometimes the fire will not burn readily at first, because the air in the chimney is cold; in that case, burn a quantity of paper or shavings before trying to light the other fuel.

Tin vessels rust and are often worthless in a few weeks, because, after washing, they are not set on the stove for a moment or in the sun, to dry thoroughly before they are put away.

Brooms which are hung up keep their first shape better and sweep more evenly than those left standing; if they are dipped in warm water every day, they will last longer than if left dry.

Ovens will not bake well unless the flues and bottom are clean. When an oven burns on the bottom, cover it half an inch with clean sand; if it burns on top, put a layer of sand or ashes over it.

It is better to have a special pot to cook onions in, lined with porcelain, or of granite ware. Iron turns this vegetable black, and it is exceedingly difficult to get the odor of onions out of these pots.

The most serviceable house rags are old flannel or merino underwear or old canton flannel. These never show lint and can be rung out nearly dry from hot water without losing their moisture and warmth.

Do not fill lamps to the top, and do not burn them until they are entirely empty, for fear of an explosion. Do not keep them on the chimney-piece or in a very warm place, lest the gas expand with heat, and thus cause explosion.

The best silver-smiths advise the use of boiling hot water, castile soap, a stiff brush and a chamois leather to clean silver. A stiff plate brush is said by experts to be much better than the soft plate in general use. Silver not in use should be kept in cotton flannel bags.

If a wick does not move easily in the holder, draw out one or two threads from one side. The wick should be as large as one as the holder will receive. Do not cut it after the first trimming to make it even, but pinch off the burned portion every day with a cloth. The best wicks are woven soft and loose. If lamps or burners become sticky or clogged with dust, boil them in soda-water, taking care not to use it on gilt metal. Metal lamps are safer than those made of china or glass; no opening is needed save the one which receives the wick-holder; the lamp can be filled through that.

For Girls Who Ride.

It is said that the young ladies of Clinton, Mo., are trying to start the Miller style of horse back riding. A traveling man was recently out driving in the suburbs there says that he saw five young ladies on one poor horse—all astride, and as they were dressed in ordinary dress, the sight was very funny. The introduction of the style of riding on horse back is attributed to Anna of Bohemia, consort of Richard II. She it was, according to Stowe, who originally showed the women of England how gracefully and conveniently they might ride on horseback sideways. Another historian, enumerating the new fashion of Richard II's reign, observes: "Likewise noble ladies then used high heads and corsets and robes with long trains and seats on side saddles on their horses, by the example of the respectable Queen Anne, daughter of the King of Bohemia, who first introduced the custom into the kingdom, for before women of every rank rode as men." Stothard, in his beautiful illustrative picture of Chaucer's "Canterbury Pilgrims" appears, according to the above quoted authorities, to have committed an anchronism in placing the most conspicuous female character of his fine composition sideways on her steed. That the lady ought to have been depicted riding the male fashion might have been inferred, without any historical research on the subject, from the poet's describing her as having on her feet "a pair of spurres sharpe."

Method in House Keeping.

At the bottom of all the heartache and headache caused by modern housework, there usually lies only one trouble—want of method. Only within the last hundred years has there been any effort made to train woman. She was regarded as a being to be governed by instinct or intuition, and all her work was expected to be done by some sweet haphazard method which should make itself right in the end by some rule unknown to every law of nature. The one who suggested direct rules of doing housework was held up to derision as eccentric. Cooking was like a game of chance, and success and failure were looked upon generally as matters of luck. The breadmaker who measured the ingredients for her bread was looked upon as little less than daft. The natural result of want of method in breadmaking at home was the coming in of the foreign baker, whose loaves, though inferior in every way to a good home-made loaf, could always be depended upon to be of uniform quality. The baker produced loaves which were always the same size and quality, while the domestic loaf, though delicious at times, was often a failure, owing to the want of method. When home methods become systematic methods then the home baker may come into active competition with the professional baker. Though there are thousands of women who could bake better bread than the tradesmen bakers, and would gladly earn the money for doing so, they have not been able to gain any considerable market because they cannot be depended on for a positively uniform result. Wherever a woman conducts the work of baking by purely business methods, bakes her bread by strict uniform rule as a baker does, and charges only the regular price for it, she finds a remunerative market at once for her work. From remote generations men have been taught to do their work by rule. No man hires a laborer without engaging his time for a certain number of hours. The man servant knows distinctly when and what time he must devote to his work. The female servant alone is expected to do her work in a happy-go-easy way. At one time she is seriously reprimanded for what is overlooked at other times. The trouble with servants is largely due to want of order in laying out their work and making them adhere rigidly to it. The average maid-of-all-work has some reason in rebelling against her position when her work depends, as it often does upon the whimsical fancies of a mistress who drives her from one thing to another without system or order.

Strange as it may seem, it is yet true that there are no housekeepers who have so little trouble with their help as those who exact to the uttermost that which is required, but who do not break into the routine of work by ordering all manner of unexpected and unnecessary drudgery. The secret of peace in the household, of freedom from the thousand and one petty worries induced by domestic mismanagement, lies in the one brief word—method. When women are trained to do their household work as craftsmen do theirs, when the head of a house manages her help with the same exactness that the master workman manages his men, making sure that every stroke of work tells toward the end, then we shall begin to see a solution of the problems of domestic service. These problems present themselves on every side and have even reached a point at which they threaten to turn our homes into vast hostelries, to be managed on the co-operative plan.

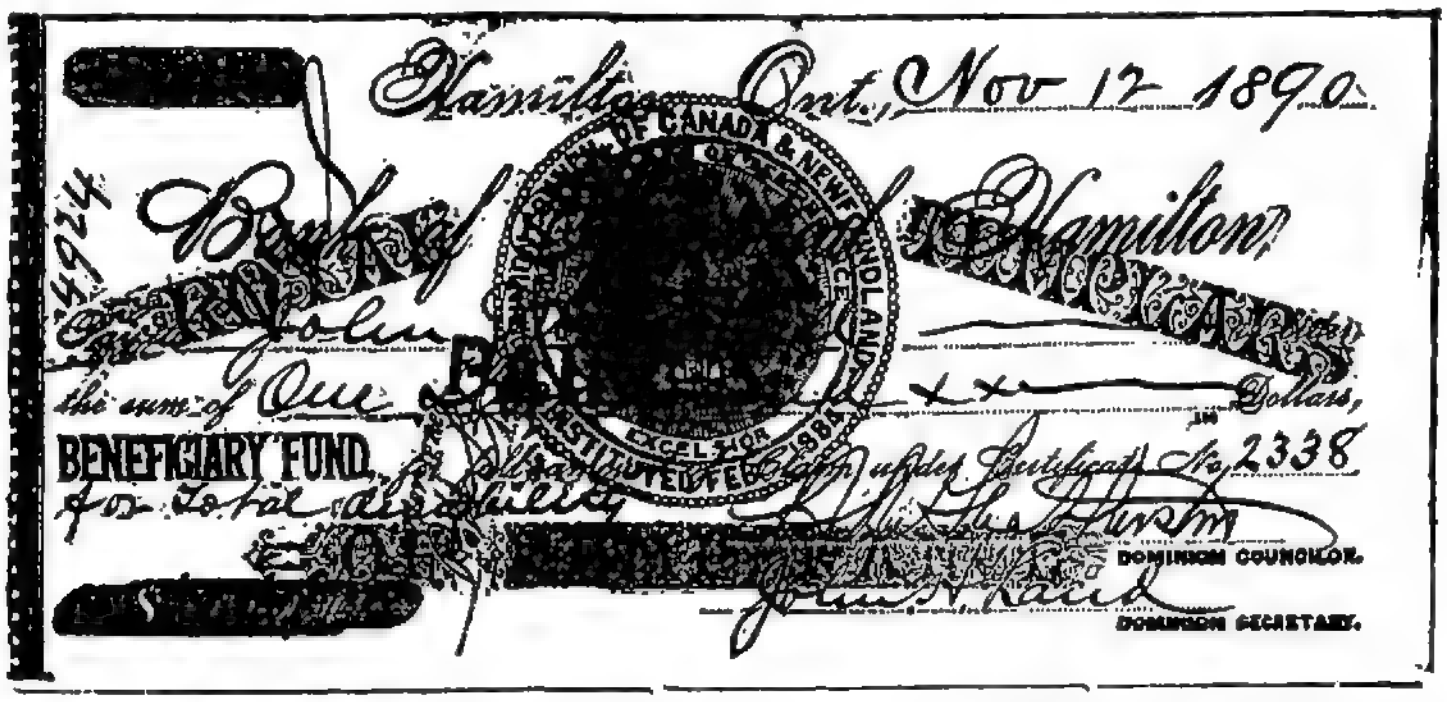
A Strange Old Clock.

A wonderful old clock, said to have been made in England nearly 200 years ago, and which is said to have belonged to the Rev. Dr. William Tennent, a Presbyterian minister, who died in 1777, was found recently in an old farm house, near Freehold, N. J. It is related that during the time that Dr. Tennent was in his famous trance the clock, for some mysterious reason, refused to go. After his death the clock was sold to a man named Wilbur Huntley, who kept it at his home, some distance southeast of Freehold, in memory of his venerable Pastor. Huntley died a suicide. After his tragic end the clock became the subject of serious speculation. Its hands would never pass the hour of 1 o'clock at night. It would strike the midnight hour, but at 1, the hour when Huntley killed himself, it would utterly cease its functions. It is said that by pressing the hands forward and straining them past the hour of 1 they could be started on afresh, but as soon as 1 o'clock at night again was reached the clock would stop. It would tick merrily through the hour of 1 at noonday. It still ticks away as solemnly and regularly as when brought from the shop nearly two centuries ago, but its 1 o'clock defect has never been cured.

The man who leaves a woman best pleased with herself is the one she will soon est wish to see.

A woman in Illinois recently sued he husband because he took away her false teeth when she tried to bite him.

A chemist was called up at two o'clock the other morning by the ringing of the night-bell. On opening the door he found a damsel who told him that she was to a picnic that morning and was out of rouge. The impudent druggist turned her off with the assurance that he hadn't the stock to cover a cheek like hers.



THE HAMILTON MIRACLE.

The Case Investigated by a Globe Reporter.

THE FACTS FULLY VERIFIED.

One of the Most Remarkable Cases on Record.

A Man Pronounced by Eminent Physicians Permanently Disabled Fully Recovers—Fac-simile of the Cheque for $1,000 Paid by Royal Templars of Temperance for Total Disability—Hundreds of Visitors.

(Toronto Daily Globe, July 25.)

This is an age of doubt; especially in regard to cures by patent medicines, and not without reason, for too often have the sick and their near and dear loved ones been deceived by highly recommended nostrums that were swallowed, to be of less avail than as much water. The old, old fable of the boy and the wolf applies also too frequently to many of the specific concoctions for curing the ills that flesh is heir to; and when a real cure is effected by a genuine remedy those who might be benefitted fight shy of it, saying "it was 'cure, cure' so often before that I won't try it." When such a state of affairs exists it is advisable that assurance should be made doubly sure.

A few weeks ago a marvellous and most miraculous cure was made known to Canadians through the medium of the Hamilton newspapers. It was stated that Mr. John Marshall, a well-known resident of Hamilton, by the aid of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, had been snatched from the very jaws of death, placed upon his feet and enabled to mingle with his fellow citizens with more than renewed health and strength and even brighter spirits than he had experienced for years before. This remarkable statement naturally excited the wonder of almost a continent. Some believed, most people doubted, although the facts were placed so clearly as to ward off the slightest suspicion of fraud. To investigate the very extraordinary cure and place before the people of Canada and the United States verification or otherwise of it was the special mission of a *Globe* reporter a few days ago.

A close inquiry into the circumstances first showed that Mr. John Marshall, whose residence is 25 Little William street, off Barton street, in the northeast portion of the city, while employed as foreman for the Canadian Oil Company, five years ago, fell upon the edge of an oil vat and hurt his back. Thinking little of the affair, Mr. Marshall continued to work on, but after a few months he became ill, gradually got worse, and in August, four years ago, became stricken with that dread disease, locomotor ataxy—a disease attacking the nerves and rendering that portion of the system attacked perfectly helpless, proclaimed by the physicians to be incurable—which left him from the waste downward, without feeling and utterly unable to move his lower limbs. All he was able to do was to raise himself by the aid of sticks and crutches and drag himself around the house and occasionally to the corner of the street on fine days. His legs were without feeling. pins and knives were stuck into them without the sick man experiencing any inconvenience. He could take a walking stick and beat his legs until the blows resounded through the house and yet he felt nothing. During all these years of torture Mr. Marshall consulted every doctor of ability in the city; tried every form of treatment and took almost every kind of patent medicine, but without receiving one tittle of relief. The agony was frequently so intense that he was obliged to take morphine pills in order to receive a reasonable amount of sleep.

As the months and years passed by, although the doctors continued to treat him in various ways, they plainly told the suffering man that he could not get better, the disease was set down in the works of specialists as incurable. The doomed man was a member of the United Empire council No. 190, Royal Templars of Temperance, and under the discouraging circumstances he thought it advisable to apply for the payment of the total disability claim of $1,000, allowed by the order on its insurance policy. Application was accordingly made but before the claim was granted the patient had to offer conclusive proof of his total disability to the chief examiner, and Mr. Marshall was sent to Toronto for a special electrical treatment. It proved no more successful than the others that had preceded it, and a number of city doctors and the chief medical examiner of the order signed the medical certificate of total disability and Mr. Marshall received from the Dominion Councilor of the Royal Templars a cheque for $1,000 last November. One day last February came Mr. Marshall's salvation, although he did not accept it at first. A small pamphlet telling of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and the diseases they cured, was thrown into the house, but it was placed aside and no notice was taken of it for weeks. One day the sick man re-read the circular and concluded to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, although Mrs. Marshall tried hard to dissuade him, saying they would be as ineffectual as all the others but on April 14th—memorable day to him—Mr. Marshall began to take the pills, one after each meal for a start. In a few days a change was noticed and as he continued to take the pills he gradually improved and in a little over a month he was able to take the train for Toronto and visit an astonished brother-in-law. Now he can walk four or five miles with any of his friends.

The Globe representative paid a visit to the house of the man thus rescued from a living death. Mr. Marshall's home, cosy, comfortable, with climbing flowers covering its front, was reached only to find him out, taking a few miles constitutional up town. Mrs. Marshall, with smile-wreathed face, and looking as happy and light-hearted as upon her wedding day, welcomed her visitor and appeared delighted to have the opportunity of telling frankly and fully—while awaiting Mr. Marshall's return—What Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had done for her husband.

"It was a happy day for me," she said "when Mr. Marshall tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Many's the weary day I had before that. Look at all these things we bought, hoping they would cure him," and the good lady turned with an armful of straps and tacklings of all kinds. There was a combination of harness and attachments of leather used for the "suspensory treatment" by which the crippled man was hung in the barn by his body with his feet but a few inches from the floor. There were enough belts, bandages, supporters and soles to set up a good sized store. Then Mrs. Marshall showed a collection of crutches and sticks which her husband had used. The whole collection was a large and remarkable one.

Mrs. Marshall showed a letter received that day from New York State, in which was a query similar to many that had previously been received by Mr. Marshall, "Write me if it is a fact or only an advertisement."

"Here's a bundle of letters," said Mrs. Marshall, showing about a hundred letters tied together, "that my husband has received during the past two weeks, and I can tell you he is only too glad to answer all the letters cheerfully and readily, for he is anxious to give all the information he can to others suffering as he did." A firm step here was heard at the gate and in a moment a sturdy, healthy-looking man of middle age with glowing black side whiskers and ruddy, pleasant features stepped into the room. It was Mr. Marshall, who gave no indication of ever having been a sick man, suffering from ataxy. When the reporter's mission was explained, Mr. Marshall's face lighted up with a smile, which caused a responsive one to rise upon the features of his wife, and he expressed his perfect willingness to tell all that was asked of him.

"Why, I feel a better man now than I did ten years ago," said he, cheerfully. "It's four years next August since I did a day's work but I guess I can soon make a start again. About my illness? It was all caused through falling and hurting my back. I kept getting worse until I couldn't get off a chair without a stick or crutches. The lower part of my body and legs were useless. I tried every doctor and every patent medicine, spending hundreds of dollars. Everything that was likely to help me I got, but I might as well have thrown it in the bay. I suppose my wife has shown you the apparatus I used at one time or another. A dozen city doctors gave me up. I got enough electric shocks for half a dozen men, but they did me no good. I lost control of my bowels and water and couldn't sleep with morphine. During the day my legs were cold and I had to sit by the stove wrapped in a blanket, suffering intense agony from nervous pains in the legs, neck and head. Yes, I received from the Royal Templars a $1,000 cheque, being declared totally unable to follow my employment. One day in April I took a notion to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, carefully following the directions accompanying each box. Why, in three days I got relief and kept on mending. I threw away the morphine pills and the crutches. I recovered my appetite and regained control of my bowels and water and I went on getting better and stronger and now you see me stronger and more healthy than I was for years before I was taken ill. I tell you I am feeling first class," and Mr. Marshall slapped his legs vigorously and gave the lower part of his back a good thumping, afterwards going up and down the room at a lively gait.

"I weigh 160 pounds to-day," he continued, "and I've gained 30 pounds since I first took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I haven't such a thing as a pain or ache about me, and another thing I can walk as easily in the dark as in the light."

Mr. Marshall offered to make an affidavit to the truth of the above story, but the reporter considered that wholly unnecessary. He carried conviction to the inquirer's mind by every word and action, and there was no gainsaying the fact that the cure was one of the most marvellous in the nineteenth century. All the neighbors bore testimony to the genuineness of the cure. None of them even [illegible] Mr. Marshall on his feet again and regarded his restoration to health as nothing short of marvellous.

The headquarters of the Royal Templars of Temperance for Canada are in Hamilton. At the publishing house of the order, Mr. W. W. Buchanan, general manager and one of the most prominent temperance advocates of the Dominion, was found. In response to the reporter's question he said: "Oh, yes, I am well acquainted with Mr. John Marshall. He has been a member of one of the councils of this city for about seven years. He is a well known citizen and a reliable temperance man. About four years ago he was first taken seriously ill and his case was brought before the order. The provisions under which the total disability claim is paid in our organization are very strict. The weekly sick benefit is payable to any person under the doctor's care [illegible] tion, but the total disability is a comparatively large sum, only paid a member who is disabled for life, and declared by medical men to be entirely past all hope of recovery. In Mr. Marshall's case there was some difficulty it is true, he was examined upon a number of occasions, covering a period of upwards of two years. The medical men who examined him all agreed that there was little hope of recovery, but they would not give the definite declaration that our law demands—: that the claimant was permanently and totally disabled—until last November. When this declaration by two regular physicians and our Dominion Medical referee was made, we paid Mr. Marshall the total disability benefit of one thousand dollars. He was paid by a cheque on the Bank of Montreal. There is no doubt whatever about the remarkable character of Mr. Marshall's cure. A large number of our members in this city were intimately acquainted with Mr. Marshall and called upon him frequently. All were unanimous in the belief that he was past all hope of recovery. His cure is looked upon as next to a miracle. I have conversed with him a number of times about it, and he gives the whole credit to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and the application of cold water which is recommended as a subsidiary treatment by the proprietors of the medicine. He drops into my office every day or two and is apparently enjoying good health now."

The general offices of the order are in the old Bank of Upper Canada building just opposite the publishing house. Mr. J. H. Land, the Dominion secretary, was easily found, and in response to the questions asked simply corroborated all that the general manager had said. Mr. Land is a neighbor of Mr. Marshall, living within a block of him in the northeastern part of the city. He was well acquainted with him for years before he was taken sick, and pronounced his recovery as one of the most remarkable things in all his experience.

"I have not much faith in patent nostrums," said Mr. Land, "but Mr. Marshall's case proves beyond a doubt that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a wonderful medicine. He seems to have exhausted all other means and methods of treatment during his long illness and all without any benefit, but his recovery was rapid and wonderful immediately after he commenced using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Inquiries among the city druggists disclosed the fact that an extraordinary demand had arisen for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and that the claims made for them by the proprietors are borne out by numerous cures. It may here be remarked that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are offered by the proprietors as a certain blood tonic and nerve builder for all diseases arising from an overtaxed or weakened condition of the nervous system, or from an impoverished or vitiated condition of the blood—such as the complaints peculiar to the female weakness, loss of appetite, inability to sleep, dizziness, pale and sallow complexions, loss of memory, that tired feeling which affects so many, and disease resulting from over work, mental worry, abuse or loss of vital forces, etc.

John A. Barr, a well known and popular dispenser of drugs here, told the reporter that he knew of know patent medicine that had such a demand upon it, or one that had done all that was promised for it. On that day he had sold no less than forty boxes of the pills, and since he had received the first instalment he had sold nearly three hundred boxes. He told of several cases of great relief and cure that had come under his notice. Mr. Wm. Webster, MacNab street, after suffering from ataxy for years, from the first had found certain relief from taking the pills, and he is now a new man. Mr. George Lees, corner of Park and Main streets, after years of illness of a similar nature, had taken three boxes of the pills,

and was able to walk out greatly improved in health. Another case Mr. Barr vouched for was a city patient who had been cured by the pills of the effects of la grippe, after having been given up by the doctors. Many others had spoken highly of the Pink Pills as a fine remedy for nervous and blood disorders. Other druggists told the same story.

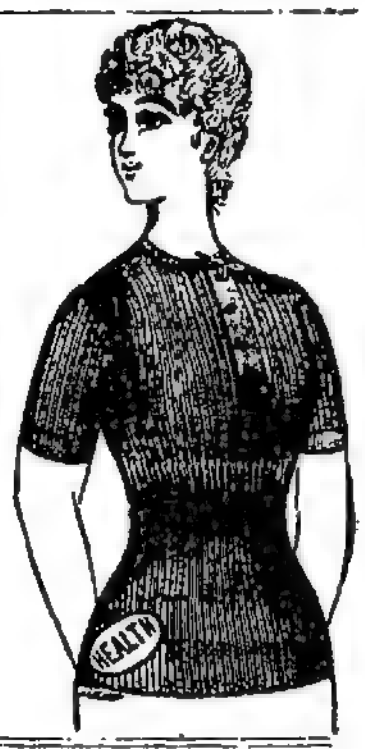
One thing worthy of note in connection with the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the light expense attending the treatment. These pills are sold in boxes (never in bulk or by the 100) at fifty cents a box and may be had of all dealers or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Morristown, N.Y.

An American Girl in London

expressing her views upon Canada, said she never had a cold and was always jolly comfortable, because she wears the

"HEALTH BRAND"

undervests, and would send across to Murray's or some first class store this season to replenish her supply; and in her opinion every lady in Canada would do the same, as they are faultless in fit and embody every quality wanted.



In Unhappy Paris.

On the 1st of March 1871, the day of the entry of the German troops into Paris, rather a curious experience befell me. While as yet within the German cordon in the Place de la Concorde, I observed that I was being dogged. I had no sooner passed out of that cordon than I was vehemently assailed by an angry mob, who insisted that I was a Prussian spy. A detachment of National Guards holding a police post rescued me at the bayonet point from the genial enthusiasts who were dragging me along the street on my back, with the expressed intention of drowning me in the basin of an adjacent fountain. A good deal of my clothing had been torn off me, but that was a trifle. Overhauling myself in the police station, I discovered that along with half of my greatcoat had disappeared my notebook, which was in the pocket of the missing section of the garment. This was a most serious misfortune. In those times I had accustomed myself to write out at full length in my notebook the description of scenes or events of which I was a witness, detailing in form ready for the printing the accounts of incident after incident as the incidents successively evolved themselves. From the summit of the tower of Longchamps I had looked down that morning on

KAISER WILHELM'S GREAT REVIEW

of his army on the racecourse, and my description of that remarkable scene, at least two columns long, was in the lost notebook. One result of this concurrent writing out is that the writer's memory does not charge itself with the recollection of what has been committed to paper; and thus I had not only lost the actual 'copy' already indited and out of hand, but was destitute of the power to reproduce the lost matter. While I was internally bewailing myself, a citizen in a fine glow of triumph rushed into the police station. "Voila!" he shouted, as he waved aloft my notebook in one hand and my coat tail in the other: "Here is damning evidence that the prisoner is a wicked spy! Here are the villain's notes, the lies he has been writing down concerning our unhappy Paris!" I could have embraced the excited ouvrier, frowsy as he was; he had done me an incalculable benefit in his effort to seal my doom. His face was a study when, in the gladness of my heart, I offered him a five-franc piece. The implacable patriot accepted it.

Presently, under an escort of National Guards with fixed bayonets—for the mob was still dangerous—I was marched through a couple of streets to the bureau of a sitting magistrate. My companions were a gentleman in a blouse who was accused of having stolen an ink-bottle; a tatterdemalion detected in selling a couple of cigars to a Bavarian cavalryman, and a woman whom the Paris mob had

STRIPPED AND PAINTED DIVERS COLORS

because she had been caught parleying with a Prussian drummer. The magistrate was so good as to deal with me first. Fortunately I was able to produce to him my British passport and my journalistic credentials. He called in his sister, who had lived in England, to assist him in deciding on the authenticity of those documents. She promptly pronounced in their favor, and his worship became immediately gracious. He told me I was free and was good enough to lend me an old coat in which to walk to my hotel: at the same time gracefully begging me to excuse what he termed "the little inconvenience I had experienced, on account of the not unnatural excitement of the Paris populace."

The magistrate's good sister sent me to a bedroom, where I washed off the most flagrant stains of the recent unpleasantness. Outside the mob were still howling fiercely. Time was very precious to me: I could not endure to wait indefinitely, yet I did not care to offer myself to the tender mercies of the gentlemen of the pavement. The sister in this strait proved herself a ministering angel. She said there was a door opening in a quiet side-alley, and

ACTUALLY OFFERED TO ESCORT ME

to my hotel, which was close by. As we walked, I told the good soul I did not know how to thank her; had it been her servant I could have found no difficulty in requiting the good office, but a lady—"Oh," she broke in, "that is not so difficult, I will put my pride in my pocket. My brother has a fair salary; but he has not seen a franc of it for six months. We are gentlefolk; we cannot join the queue outside the baker's shop, and, and O mon Dieu! we are actually starving," and the poor woman burst into tears. "We could not take charity," she continued, sobbing, "but I have heard of that kind don anglais which, they say, is now being distributed freely; if only one could get a little aid from its bounty!" We had a sub-depot in my hotel; I myself was one of the accredited sub-almoners; some of the Commissioners were living with me. I hurried the lady into a room where there was no one to notice her emotion; then found John Furley and told him the little story. Furley is a man of energy. In five minutes a big hamper had been packed full of comestibles and a porter had it on his back, waiting for the lady's commands. With the chivalry of a fine gentleman Furley respectfully announced to her that one of his men was at her disposition. She came out into the passage, looked down at the great basket, whose open mouth disclosed inter alia a leg of mutton, a couple of fowls, a great honest loaf, and sundry vegetables

SHE GAVE A GREAT GASP,

and I thought she was going to faint. She was anaemic from sheer want, but she rallied, tears helping her; and then she went silently away with her veil down over her face, and the stalwart porter tramping behind her. It was such people as those, with pride and fixed salaries which were not paid, who suffered worst during the siege; and they, too, it was who were the most difficult to relieve when the siege was over, but without as yet any alleviation of their misery. The women were the most stubborn. The concierge would assure the almoner that the two old ladies on such an etage were literally starving. The two old ladies, when you pushed their button, would appear statelily gracious. Yes, they would say—yes, the English were a kind people, and the good God would reward them. There were some poor creatures in the roof who were in pressing need. For themselves, thanks, but not, they could not accept charity; and then the door would close on the wan eyes and hollow cheeks. Ah me! it was melancholy work.

It is impossible to go into detail about the fell days of the Commune's close, and that was the only phase of it of which I was a witness. All that I can here say is that in the lurid chaos which marked the ruthless stamping out of the Commune by the Versaillist Army under Marshal McMahon, the conditions under which correspondents tried to fulfil their duties were more full of peril than one can incur in any battle of which I have had experience. In a battle you know your danger. The enemy is for the most part in front; and you can either stand up and take your chance of his fire, or take cover to protect yourself from it. But in the seething turmoil of the

LAST DAYS OF THE COMMUNE

bullets were flying from front, flanks and rear. There was a universal raving lust for blood. As Mr. Labouchere cheerfully wrote, "They shot you first, and apologized to your corpse afterward." The brightest feature of the grim drama which I can recall after so long a lapse of time, was the imperturbable coolness of Mr. Malet, now Sir Edward Malet, our Minister at Berlin. He was left in charge of the Embassy in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honore when Lord Lyons and the rest of the personnel migrated to Versailles. For two long days it seemed that Malet, or at all events the Embassy he inhabited, was the target for the artillery alike of Versaillists and Communists. Shells bedevilled the ballroom, knocked great holes miscellaneously all over the building, and explosion blew up the walls of the Embassy garden, through which the Versaillists were sapping their way to outflank the Communists. Malet, bland and cheery as his wont, quietly and methodically performed his duties, the shell fire apparently a matter concerning him not at all. In no conceivable circumstances could Malet look absurd; and that surely is a great gift.

A Very Queer Story.

Here's a very queer story (says a correspondent) about a man who undertook to carry off his wife after she had married another. The body of James Lennon, according to the belief of his friends, was picked out of a bog-ditch in Ireland near his home some weeks ago. He was decently waked and buried, as they say, and a tombstone in the village churchyard speaks of his virtues, which were extolled at length by the parish priest in his panegyric, while the church records show that his wife, through

A STRANGE FREAK

of circumstances, was forced to change the name he gave her for that of another. The man who was found dead was one John Leonard, whose absence, as it was thought, had been extensively advertised, for his body wore the clothing of Lennon, and partly decomposed as it was, was accepted as Lennon's. It was identified as such by William Rodgers, a foreman in Lennon's employ, a man who thinks that he is the husband of Lennon's wife and the master of Lennon's mill. And all this confusion, this mixture of romance and tragedy and mystery, was brought about through the operation of the Coercion Act in Ireland. But now for the incidents of what may be termed the plot of the story. James Lennon had suffered imprisonment under the Coercion Act. His release was celebrated in a public demonstration. Fired anew with the spirit of patriotism, he used seditious language. At the fair of Rathpreland, a place two miles distant from his home, he learned that a warrant had been issued for his arrest, and that the police awaited his return home. His health made him

FEARFUL OF THE RESULT

of a second imprisonment. His friend and neighbor, John Leonard, offered to exchange clothes and throw the police off the track until Lennon had time to seek a hiding-place some miles away. "Tell my wife," said Lennon to Leonard, "that I will take a month's rest or so to recover, and that I will not write to her meanwhile, because the post-mark would betray me. Tell her not to worry, and if the police arrest you I will have a good march on them before they find it out." The message was never delivered. Leonard fell into or was shoved into, the ditch on his way home, and the body, partly decomposed, as already stated, was found four days later by William Rodgers, Lennon's foreman. It was buried, and Leonard was classed among the missing, and considered to know something of Lennon's supposed death. But here Lennon turns up all right, and this new feature also hinges on the Coercion Act, for Lennon would not have

ATTEMPTED TO RETURN

from Cumberland, where he had been sojourning, had not the proclamation gone forth some days ago from Dublin Castle that all prosecutions under the Crimes Act would be dropped by the authorities. Then did James Lennon decide to return home, still unaware of the changes that were to greet him. James Lennon arrived home early on a Sunday morning. William Rogers, his foreman, and Mrs. Lennon were going down the road to church. He followed them leisurely. The priest's residence is between the little church and Lennon's home, and as James arrived opposite the priest's house Father Doherty came out on his way to celebrate mass. He saw Lennon, whose funeral ceremony he had conducted and whose panegyric he had preached. Naturally he was startled, and exclaimed, "My God! James Lennon are you dead or alive?" "Alive and well, Father Doherty," was the answer. "Then, James, something more terrible than death has happened." "Why, what's the matter, Father?" "Come inside, James, and I'll tell you." The two entered the priest's house. Lennon related the circumstances of his departure, and the priest realised how the blunders arose. Then he startled Lennon by relating that William Rodgers, the foreman, had determined to resign unless a share in the mill and the hand, if not the heart, of Mrs. Lennon be bestowed upon him. His resignation under

THE PECULIAR BUSINESS

circumstances then existing meant ruin for Mrs. Lennon, beggary for herself and children; but as even the priest could not change Rodgers's mind, she reluctantly consented, and Rodgers took Lennon's place in the management of the mill and home, and became the head of the family. James Lennon sat dazed. Begging the priest not to mention his existence, he started for the New World, where he thought he could forget his sorrow, and if his wife and children were happy all would be well. On leaving Castle Garden he proceeded up Broadway with no definite purpose. When opposite the Astor House he was accidentally met by John Hughes, a New York box manufacturer, who visits Ireland every other summer, and who has spent many pleasant days with Mr. and Mrs. Lennon, in the County Down. To Mr. Hughes Lennon told his pitiful story. Mr. Hughes brought him to his home and coaxed him to return to Ireland, sell his property, and take his family to America and start anew. Lennon took his advice.

News From High Latitudes.

Sir James Grant, of Ottawa, says:—"To secure health in our Canadian climate pure wool undervests are very necessary, and I feel confident you have accomplished a good work in the production of the "Health" Brand, which cannot fail to meet the requirements of our people. Wishing you every possible degree of success in this line of manufacture so scientific and practical. Yours, etc." The above speaks for itself, and every lady who desires a light, luxurious, and comfortable undervest will find all these qualities combined in the Health Brand, for sale by W. A. Murray & Co and every leading dry goods store in the Dominion.

Golden Thoughts for Every Day.

Monday—

But, friends,
Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
From outward things, whate'er you may believe.
There is an inmost center in us all,
Where truth abideles in fulness; and around,
Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in.
This perfect, clear reception—which is truth.
A building and perverting carnal mesh
Binds it and makes all error: and to know
Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned spend or may escape
Than in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without.

—*Robert Browning.*

Tuesday—If a man has not the whole of himself with himself, he ought to inquire into it: for it is hard to be a man and not to have the enjoyment of a man. There is always a peculiar charm about the man who lives wholly and heartily while he lives. The man himself has the first enjoyment of this charm. Heaven and earth make one in a man's life, when he has the consent of his whole nature, for what he is, and what he does.—*Rev. John Pumford.*

Wednesday—

Oh, look! the Savior blest,
Calm after solemn rest
Stands in the garden 'neath His olive-boughs
The earliest smile of day
Doth on His vesture play,
And light the majesty of His still brows:
While angels hang with wings out-prend,
Holding the new-worn crown above His saintly head.

—JEAN INGELOW.

Thursday—The trouble which knits us to God gives us new hope. That bright form which comes down the narrow valley is His messenger and herald—sent before His face. All the light of hope is the reflection on our hearts of the light of God. Her silver beams, which shed quietness over the darkness of earth, come only from that great Sun. If our hope is to grow out of our sorrow, it must be because our sorrow drives us to God. It is only when we by faith, stand in His grace, and live in the conscious fellowship of peace with Him, that we rejoice in hope. If we would see hope drawing near to us, we must fix our eyes not on Jericho that lies behind among its palm trees, though it has memories of conquests and attractions of fertility and repose, nor on the corpse that lies below that pile of stones, nor on the narrow way and the strong enemy in front there; but higher up, on the blue sky that spreads peaceful above the highest summits of the pass and from the heaven we shall see the angel coming to us. Sorrow forsakes its own nature and leads in its own opposite when sorrow helps us to see God. —[Alexander Maclaren.

Friday—

Could I for a moment deem
God is not in all I see,
Oh! how dreadful were the dream
Of a world devoid of Thee!
But since Thou art ever near,
Ruling all that falls to me,
I can smile at pain or care,
Since it comes in love from Thee.

—SIR JOHN BOWRING.

Saturday—Life is a succession of lessons which must be lived to be understood. All life is riddle, and the key to a riddle is another riddle. There are as many pillows of illusion as flakes in a snowstorm. We wake from one dream into another dream. The toys, to be sure, are various, and are graduated in refinement to the quality of the dupe. The intellectual man requires a fine bait; the sots are easily amused. But everybody is drugged with his own frenzy and the pageant marches at all hours, with music and banner and badge.—[R. W. Emerson.

How to Make a Cup of Coffee.

It is asserted by men of high professional ability that when the system needs a stimulant nothing equals a cup of fresh coffee. Those who desire to rescue the drunkard from his cups will find no better substitute for spirits than strong, new-made coffee, without milk or sugar. Two ounces of coffee to one pint of boiling water makes a first-class beverage, but the water must be boiling not merely hot. Bitterness comes from boiling too long. If the coffee required for breakfast be put in a granitized-iron kettle over night, and a pint a pint of cold water be poured over it, it can be heated to just the boiling point, and then set back to prevent further ebullition; it will be found that while the strength is extracted the delicate aroma is preserved. As our country consumes ten pounds of coffee per capita, it is a pity not to have it made in the best manner. It is asserted by those who have tried it that malaria and epidemics are avoided by those who drink a cup of hot coffee before venturing into the morning air. Burned on hot coals, it is a disinfectant for a sick room. By some physicians it is considered a specific in typhoid fever.

With Howling Dervishes.

We had spent the morning at Scutari, where I had been painting an old mosque. It was howling-dervish day—it comes but once a week, the howl beginning at 3 p.m. precisely—and to satisfy Isaac I had left the sunshine for an hour to watch their curious service. Thus it was that Dreco Yapouly Isaacs preceded me up a steep hill paved with bowlders, entered the low door of the *tekke* (house) of the dervishes, and motioned me to a seat in a small open court sheltered by an arbor covered with vines. Five francs, and we passed the hanging curtain covering the entrance, and stepped inside a square, low-ceiled room hung with tambourines, cymbals, arms, and banners, and surrounded on three sides by an aisle. The howlers—there were at least a dozen—were standing in a straight row on the floor, like a class at school, facing their master, an old, long-bearded priest squatting on a mat stretched before the low alcove altar.

As we entered, they were wagging their heads in unison, keeping time to a chant monotoned by the old priest. They were of all ages; fat and lean, smooth-shaven and bearded; some in rich garments, others in more sombre and cheaper stuffs. One face cut itself into my memory—that of a handsome, clear skinned young man, with deep, intense eyes that fairly flamed, and a sinewy, graceful body. On one of his delicate, lady-white hands was a large turquoise ring. Yapouly whispered to me that he was the son of the high priest, and would succeed his father when the old man died. The chant continued, rising in volume and intensity, and a Nubian in white, handed each man a black skull-cap. These they drew tightly over their perspiring heads. The movement, which had begun with the slow rolling of their heads, now extended to their bodies. They writhed and twisted as if in agony, like a row of black-capped felons standing on an invisible gallows, swinging from unseen ropes. Suddenly there darted out upon the mats a boy scarce ten years of age, spinning like a top in front of the priest, his skirts level with his hands. The chant now broke into a wail, the audience joining in. The howls were deafening. The twelve were rocking their heads in a wild frenzy, groaning in long, subdued moans, ending in a peculiar "hough," like the sound of a dozen distant locomotives tugging up a steep grade.

"Allah, hou! Allah, hou! Allah, hou!"—the last word expelled with a jerk.

A dozen little children were now handed over the rail to the Nubian, who took them in his arms and laid them in a row, their faces flattened to the mats. The old priest advanced within a step of the first child, his lips moving in prayer. Yapouly Isaac leaned over and whispered, "See! now he will bless them." I raised myself on my feet to see the better. The old priest balanced himself for a moment, stepped firmly upon the first child, his bare feet sinking into its soft, yielding flesh, and then walked deliberately across the line of prostrate children. As he passed, each little tot raised its head, waited until the last child had been trampled; then they sprang up, kissed the old priest's robe, and ran laughing from the room. The dervishes were now in the last stages of exhausted frenzy. The once handsome young priest was ghastly, frothing at the mouth, only the white of his eyes visible, his voice thick, his breath almost gone. The others were drooping, with knees bent, hardly able to stand. Suddenly the priest turned his back, prostrated himself before the altar, and prayed silently. The whirling child, who for half an hour had not stopped, sank to the floor. The line of dervishes grew still, one by one tottered along the floor, clutched at the hanging curtain, and passed into the sunlight.

I forced my way along the closely packed aisle, and rushed into the open air, impelled by a wild desire to render some assistance. The sight that met my eye staggered me. My breath stopped short. In the midst of the court stood the Nubian serving coffee, the howlers crowding about him, clamoring for cups, and panting for breath like a team of athletes in from a foot-race. I looked for my young priest with the turquoise ring. He was sitting on a bench, rolling a cigarette' his face wreathed with smiles!—F. HOPKINSON SMITH, in *Harper's Magazine.*

Only an Inference.

"Was your father a pirate?" asked young Fitztop of the girl of his choice at a clandestine meeting, after the old sea captain had urged his exit from the family mansion on the hill by the use of his pedal extremity.

"No, my darling," was the reply. "Why do you ask?"

"He seemed to me to be a good deal of a freebooter," said the young man, reflectively.

"La Reine Le Vault.

It is question time in the house o mons, and ministers are laboriously reading their answers to the long list of printed questions on the paper. Presently, with no apparent reason, the outer doors of the chamber, usually wide open, are shut and locked, and the doorkeeper stands guarding them, peeping through a tiny wicket in the door, as if he expected an inconvenient dun. But no; the doors have only been locked on the same principal that the little boys on the towing path of the Cam shut the gates when they see an undergraduate approaching in order to have the pleasure of opening them again—for a consideration. What the consideration of the doorkeeper of the house of commons may be is not known to the public, but the very instant that the stranger approaching has made three modest taps on the door the watchful attendant flings it open and announces the visitor with a stentorian shout of "Black Rod." Slowly does the elderly gentleman in braided uniform who bears this title and the short rod that confers it advance up the floor of the house, bowing scrupulously three times in his passage.

Arrived at the table he summons "this honorable house" in the name of the crown immediately to attend at the house of peers to hear the royal assent given by commission to various bills. Having given his message he slowly retires backward, bowing again with the mystic three bows. Without a word all members rise in their places and the speaker leaves his chair and joins Black Rod, who has been waiting for him at the bar of the house. Side by side in brotherly converse they walk off, followed by the sergeant-at-arms and two or three members as representatives of the house, while strong-lunged policemen in the lobby bellow out: "Make way for Black Rod." "Make way for the speaker."

In the house of lords a quaint but not unimpressive spectacle awaits me. Through the stained-glass windows of the beautiful chamber the sunlight is streaming, lighting up the richly-carved woodwork and the decorated ceiling, and making the red bunches below seem redder than ever. Indeed, on the floor of the house red, crimson red, is the single note. Row upon row of crimson benches, all empty, and on the woolsack three silent peers robed in red. At the table, scarcely noticed in the blaze of red, are three silent clerks in wig and gown; that is all.

But by this time the speaker and his companions have reached the house of lords and have packed themselves in a little pen opposite the woolsack and the throne. There they stand, patiently or impatiently, throughout the ceremony.

The first business is the reading of the commission appointing certain peers to act on behalf of her majesty. The document is very long and very legal. The number of peers named to serve on the commission seems legion. There is the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught; there is "the most reverend father in God and my well-beloved and trusty councillor," The Archbishop of Canterbury; there is the archbishop of York and many other nobilities. Finally comes Lord Halsbury, "lord chancellor of that part of my kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland called Great Britian," and at these words of the reading clerk the lord chancellor, hitherto motionless on the woolsack, raises his three-cornered hat in response to a deep bow from the clerk. The next name is the Earl of Limerick and the clerk bows again and another three-cornered hat is raised by another figure on the woolsack. The same double bow is repeated at the name of Lord Windsor, the third of the three figures. The document then recites that these numerous commissioners "or any three of them," shall have power to act for the queen and notify her assent to the bills passed by parliament—"Given at Windsor, by the queen herself, signed with her own hand."

This ends the first stage of the proceedings. The lord chancellor then immediately without moving, make a little speech to the empty benches, which he addresses as "My Lord's," and calls upon the clerks at the table to pass the bills in the usual manner."

The two other clerks now step forward and stand one on each side of the table. One reads the titles of the bills, the other announces her majesty's assent. But this bald statement gives but a poor idea of the acted scene, for the bows have been altogether omitted. No ceremony is complete without a bow, and the passing of bills in the house of lords seems to an onlooker, all bows. The junior clerk, as he takes each bill from the table, turns to the woolsack and makes a profound bow to the commissioners. Rising he reads the title of the bill and then bows again. As soon as this bow is over the senior clerk on the other side of the table makes his bow to the woolsack. This bow over, he turns round to the representatives of the commons penned up under the clock, and in a clear voice pronounces the crucial words, La reine le vault; then turns round again and makes another deep bow to the red-robed peers on the woolsack.

All this ceremonial is gone through with every bill, and as the titles of the bills are read it is not easy to avoid a smile at the incongruity between the nature of the bill and the antique formality by which it is passed into law. At length the high pile of bills is disposed of and the last of the bows has been made. The three figures in red then simultaneously raise their triangular hats to the faithful commons in the pen, and these promptly retire. At the same moment the lords commissioners leave the woolsack and vanish through another door.

The scene is over, but a last touch of comedy is given to the ceremony by the speaker on his return to the house of commons. Immediately he has taken his seat he rises and says: "I have to inform the house of peers there," &c, The house, unmoved at the information, proceeds to the next business.—*The Queen.*

The Everlasting Memorial.

Up and away, like the dew of the morning,
That soars from the earth to its home in the sun;
So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,
Only remembered by what I have done.

My name, and my place, and my tomb all forgotten,
The brief race of time well and patiently run,
So let me pass away, peacefully, silently,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Gladly away from this toil would I hasten,
Up to the crown that for me has been won;
Unthought of by man in rewards or in praises—
Only remembered by what I have done.

Up and away like the odors of sunset,
That sweeten the twilight as darkness comes on;
So be my life—a thing felt but not noticed,
And I but remembered by what I have done.

Yes, like the fragrance that wanders in darkness
When the flowers that it came from are closed up and gone;
So I would be to this world's weary dwellers,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Needs there the praise of the love-written record,
The name and the epitaph graven on stone?
The things we have lived for—let them be our story,
We ourselves but remembered by what we have done.

I need not be missed, if my life has been bearing
(As its Summer and Autumn moved silently on)
The bloom, and the fruit, and the seed of its season;
I shall still be remembered by what I have done.

I need not be missed if another succeed me,
To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown;
He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper,
He is only remembered by what he has done.

Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken;
Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown,
Shall pass on to ages—all about me forgotten,
Save the truth I have spoken, the things I have done.

So let my living be, so be my dying:
So let my name lie, unblazoned, unknown;
Unpraised and unmissed, I shall still be remembered;
Yes—but remembered by what I have done.

Curious Story of a Bullet.

Amongst the passengers arriving at Southampton last week by the North German Lloyd steamer Lahn, was Mr. Lohlmann, one of the managing directors of the company. He was accompanied by his wife and two sons, one of whom Mr. Hans Lohlmann, is an officer of great promise in the German navy. A few months since, whilst cruising in the Bay of Biscay on board the Frederick the Great, Mr. Hans Lohlmann unfortunately was shot by a rifle bullet, which entered his head, making a hole of some considerable extent. He was landed at Gibraltar and sent home, where the best possible medical assistance was obtained. The wound healed, and he was considered to have recovered from the effects of the accident, when a swelling appeared on the opposite side of the head to that where he had been shot. This was opened, and to the astonishment of the medical gentlemen interested, the bullet was discovered, it having passed from one side of the head to the other. It was extracted, and Mr. Lohlmann now has it mounted in gold, and wears it on his chain. It bears two dates—one that on which it entered his head, and the other when it was extracted.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A novel device, one which seems to be regarded as a step at least in rendering railroad travel safer than it is at present, consists of an apparatus for automatically signalling a train at any given station on the line by the train despatcher at the directing point, which may be hundreds of miles away from the station at which it is desired to display the signal. The latter, however, is not intended to take the place of an operator; it is rather in the nature of an emergency signal, and a check upon the operator who may be engaged in other duties away from his instrument at the all-important moment. But not only this, the apparatus automatically returns a response to the despatcher, indicating that the signal has been set, and at the same time a bell is sounded to attract the attention of the operator, who is in this way notified that his immediate attention at the wire is demanded. This mechanism is flexible in its application, and there are many other important uses to which it can be put.

The weight of testimony, thus far, in regard to the various methods proposed for rendering wood incombustible, or non-alterable by heat, appears to be against the claim that a building encumbered with inflammable substances can pass through such a test uninjured. It is known that the methods resorted to for preserving wood against fire are principally two, viz.: the injections of saline solutions and the application of a paint or coating; the former has been practically ineffective, and has even been pronounced by some as of dangerous tendency in the case of wood of large dimensions, though the treatment may be applicable to pieces of wood of small size. It is remarked that, of all the various substances which have been brought forward for this purpose, the concentrated solution of phosphate of ammonia has proved the most valuable, the use of this substance, in fact, notwithstanding its high cost, possessing such peculiar advantages as to have recommended its employment in all cases where the matter of expense is not important. In the majority of cases coating with a brush is the really practical solution of this question, and according to Profs. Bondin and Denny of Ghent, the substance most suitable for use in this manner is the cyanide of pottassium and asbestos paint.

An interesting trial has been made in Germany with silk weavers' looms worked by electricity. By a cable of 100 feet in length, a one-horse power electric shunt motor, with 100 volts and four amperes, was put in motion, and the transmission for the weavers' looms was restricted by a communicator to seventy-two revolutions. Two weavers' looms were put in motion, the result, as stated, being that the working by electricity was more satisfactory than that by means of caloric engines or gas motors, and that the swinging masses, otherwise necessary for the working on a small scale, can be dispensed with. The German papers think the results named show that house industry could easily be made to flourish by the transmission of electric power, and this all the more, as electricity can be transmitted equally well under any temperature. Further trials in this direction are being made, also, with long-running dynamo machines, without the use of the communicator, for some looms even without shafting, therefore, with direct impulsion of the electric motor at the loom by friction rollers, &c.

Referring to the fact that photographs of the moon, taken at full, give that body an egg-shaped appearance, with the small end pointing toward the earth, a recent writer argues that this goes to prove that planet's non-globular shape, as was indeed to be expected. According to this writer's reasoning, matter at the surface of the moon is acted upon by two important forces—the law of gravity would arrange the matter in a globe around the centre, the moon alone considered, and the attraction of the earth, being always exerted in the same direction relative to the moon's centre, would constantly draw all fluid or plastic matter to the side next the earth; the sun shines not less than 325 hours consecutively on any given point on the moon's surface, and it is not probable that water on the surface would remain frozen under such continued sunshine, so that doubtless the fluid parts of the moon's surface, obeying the constantly acting force that generates the tides on the earth, have long since gathered themselves together on that side of the moon nearest the earth. This idea, it is claimed, is not inconsistent with anything developed by the shadow of the moon in eclipses, nor with any known fact.

Few instances of modern industrial growth in any one specialty are more surprising than that of the manufacture of artificial dyestuffs. In England, France, Germany and some other countries, but especially in Germany, this industry has attained such prodigious growth that in some cases the extensive works resemble a small town or village. This appears from the published statistics of one of these plants—that of the Farbwerke, at Hoechst-on-Nain, where are employed some 1,000 workmen, 50 foremen, 9 engineers, besides 36 clerks and 57 chemists. The works cover an area of 726,000 square yards, and from one end of the works to the other the distance is 3,300 feet. Besides a great variety of dye stuffs, the acids employed in their production are also manufactured, amounting in one year to 23,108,000 kilograms of sulphuric acid. 12,800,000 of other acids, and 3,024,000 of coal tar products.

A new ore concentrator has been devised which operates by crushing the material to about a quarter of an inch in size, and which, exposed to the action of powerful magnets, separates the particles of iron ore. The particles of ore are again crushed to a finer state and again exposed to magnetic action, resulting in a concentrated condition of the iron.

It seems that the first large forging press that ever was made is now in full work at the armor plate manufactory in Sheffield of John Brown & Co. It is described as 4,090 tons, and is worked by 2,000 horsepower pumping engines, and commanded by power travelling cranes capable of lifting 150 tons. At the works of Krupp, also those of Schneider & Co. in France, similar processes are now at work, and one has been erected at the Terni works in Italy, where the forging of guns and armor plates is largely carried on. A 4,000-ton press has also been made for a Chatillon company.

Her Mother's Trave.

She was only a little lame girl, with thin, pinched cheeks, great melting eyes, and a general look of sorrow and suffering around her. Her poor and old-fashioned clothes, pokey little bonnet and threadbare jacket not only spoke of poverty but told of a neglected and wretched home. The man at the cemetery had seen her around many times since the spring weather had made a visit to the burial ground pleasant. Not that she appeared to be interested in the fine monuments, the flower decked lots or the beautiful graves. She never cared to notice them. She always limped her solitary way to a quiet corner of the single grave section, where, seated upon a neglected mound she would stay for hours, thinking, quietly crooning to herself, oblivious of her surroundings and seemingly careless as to who might see her, and indifferent to what was going on in other parts of the beautiful grounds.

The other morning she was at her post as soon as the gates were opened, and the cemetery keeper watched her painfully hobbling along to her accustomed seat, and saw her reverently place upon it a little handful of poor, tawdry blossoms and daisies. It was a small and petty form of decoration, but there could be no question about the purity of the sympathy which prompted her to decorate an unmarked grave.

Taking a bunch of exquisite roses in his hand the man followed the little girl to the place where she was seated, and, handing them to her said:—

"Look here, sis, this won't do. I cannot have a little girl like you moping away by yourself in this dull place. You must come up to the top of the hill and see all the nice people; I'll find you a seat, little one, and then, when you're tired of being among all the fine folks and pretty flowers, you can take your boquet and go home."

"Oh, please, sir, let me stay where I am. My dress is old and shabby, and I should be ashamed. I thank you for the roses. They are very sweet, and—may I lay them on the grave instead of taking them home? They are too pretty for me, but are not too good for her."

"Why, little girl, how you talk. Whose grave do you wish to lay them on."

"On my mother's."

The man turned away. Tears were in his eyes. The child's sorrow unmanned him.

Recently I was looking around the lots when the cemetery keeper came by.

"How goes your little lame protegee?" I asked.

"I went down to the hospital to see her last night," he replied, "and she will never come here again until it is to be laid by her mother's side. She was dying when I left her, and as I pressed her little worn hand in bidding her good-by she said: 'Thank you for the flowers. The angels have told me that mother was grateful for them."

Short, stout women should not wear frills around the edge of their bodices.

THE LADIES' JOURNAL
GREAT FALL
BIBLE COMPETITON.
NO 29.

Again THE LADIES' JOURNAL comes before its patrons with another Competition, number 29, and asks for it the careful attention it deserves. It comprises one of the largest and best assorted lists the publisher has ever been able to get together, and goods the value and quantity of which have never before been offered by any publisher in the Dominion. Throughout the number of years he has been pushing this enterprise the proprietor has endeavoured to treat all competitors in the most equitable manner possible, as thousands can testify.

The questions are as follows: Where in the Bible are the following words first found: 1st WORLD, 2nd FLESH, 3rd DEVIL.

FIRST REWARDS.

First one an **Elegant, Upright, Rosewood Piano**	$500 00
Next one a **Lady's Bicycle** latest improved Machine	130 00
Next Five Each, One Lady's Fine **Gold Filled Watch, Hunting Case**, beautifully engraved, good movement, full jewelled, value $50	250 00
Next Five each, one Fine handsomely chased **Cake Basket**, $5.00	25 00

SECOND REWARDS.

First each a handsome **Family Sewing Machine** with all latest improvements, walnut case, &c., $70.00	$210.00
Next three each, Fine Black **Cashmere Dress** Length, Value $16.00	$48 00
Next Ten, each beautifully bound **Revised Edition Testament**, morocco covered, with gilt edges, $2.00	$ 20 00
Next Fifteen, each one dozen Quadruple Plate **Teaspoons**, extra quality, $5.	$ 75 00

THIRD REWARDS.

Next Twenty-One Each a Lady's Fine **Silver Watch**, Excellent movement Value $15 Each	$315 00
Next Fifteen, Each a Set of **Dinner Knives**.—one doz—in a neat case, Value $10	$150 00
Next Ten, each one half doz. Quadruple **Dessert Spoons**, $1.50	$ 15 00
Next Fifteen, each one volume of **Life in the Highlands**, written by Queen Victoria, $3	$ 45 00

FOURTH REWARDS.

Next Six, an Extra Quadruple Plate **Silver Tea Service** (4 pieces,) satin finish, a beautiful set, $10	$240 00
Next Twenty, each a beautiful bound volume of **War in Soudan**, $1	$ 20 00
Next Ten, each one handsomely embossed and engraved Quadruple Plated **Napkin Ring**, a very handsome article, $5	$ 50 00
Next Ten, each one handsomely bound vol. of **Milton's Paradise Lost**, $7	$ 70 00

FIFTH REWARDS.

Next Five, Each a Gentleman's **Open-Faced Gold Filled Watch**, extra heavy cases, beautifully engraved, non-magnetic, Waltham Movement, full jewelled, pinion set, stem winder, $50	$250 00
Next ten, each one half dozen Quadruple **Tablespoons**, $4	$ 40 00
Next five each one handsomely bound volume of **Doré Bible Gallery**, beautifully illustrated, $7 00	$ 35 00
Next five each one dozen 12 oz. Quadruple Plated **Dinner Knives** in lined box, $7	$ 35 00

SIXTH REWARDS

Next three, each one four Quadruple Plated brush finished **Silver Tea Service**, $30	$ 90 00
Next six, each one handsomely bound gilt edged volume of **Milton's Paradise Lost**, $7	$ 42 00
Next ten, one beautiful Glass with silver frame, **Pickle Cruet**, $3.00	$ 30 00
Next twenty, each one solid silver **Thimble**, $2	$ 40 00

SEVENTH REWARDS.

Next one handsome **French Music Box**, plays ten airs, Harp, Harmonica and Piccolo, changes air at will, in handsome Rosewood Case, with inlaid cover	$ 00 00
Next three, Gent's Open **Gold Filled Watch**, with Swiss movement, $50.00	$150 0
Next four, each a handsome Black **Silk Dress Length**, $30	$120 00
Next ten, each one half dozen Quadruple Plated **Silver Tea Spoons**, $3	$ 30 00

EIGHTH REWARDS.

Next Twenty-Five, each copies of the **Revised Testament**, bound in Morocco and Gilt Edged, $2.00	$ 40 00
Next Three, each one **Gent's Open-Faced Gold Watch**, with Swiss movement, $50	$150 00
Next Four, each one **Solid Silver Lady's Watch**, with good movement, $15	$60 00
Next Five, each a beautifully bound Gift Book **Coleridge's Ancient Mariner**, $7	$ 35 00

NINTH REWARDS.

Next Three, each a beautiful **Fine French China Tea Service** of 44 pieces specially imported, $40.00	$120 00
Next ten, each one set of one dozen **Quadruple Plated 12 oz. Dessert Knives** in neat case, $8	$ 80 00
Next Thirteen, each one pair of Nickle plated **Razor Steel Scissors**, $1	$ 13 00
Next Three, each one a **Quadruple Silver Plated Salver**, $6	$ 18 00

TENTH REWARDS.

First Five, each a fine Black Corded **Silk Dress** length, $25	$125 00
Next Six, each a handsome hand-painted, brass finish, **Drawing Room Lamp**	$ 36 00
Next Fifteen, each **one dozen** full **Quadruple Plate Teaspoons**, $5	$ 75 00
Next Six, each a full quadruple plate **Berry Dish**, with beautifully colored and white glass bowl, a very showy, choice article, $15	$ 90 00

All persons competing must send with their answers, one dollar, for which THE LADIES' JOURNAL will be mailed to any address for one year. THE JOURNAL has been enlarged to 28 pages and a handsome cover added, making it one of the most attractive publications on the continent for the money. There is something in each issue to interest every lady, young or old, and you will find even if you do not get any of the above prizes, that you have received your dollar's worth in THE JOURNAL.

The competition will close on the 31st of December next, and fifteen days will be allowed for the receipt of letters from a distance, which must bear post mark not later than the above date.

The names and full addresses of the winners of the prizes will be published in THE JOURNAL immediately at the close of competition. The publisher has thousands of highly complimentary letters from the winners of prizes in previous competitions. Address, Editor LADIES' JOURNAL, Toronto, Canada.

Notice to Prize Winners.

Successful competitors in applying for their prizes, must in every case state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and trouble. Prize winners must invariably apply in the same hand-writing in which the original answer was sent, so that the letter and application may be compared before the prize is given out. The following sums must accompany applications for prizes, whether called for at the office or delivered by express or freight:—Pianos, $20; Sewing Machines, $2; Silver plated Tea Service, $1.50; Gold Watches, Silk Dresses $1; Other Dress Goods, 50c; Cake Baskets, 50c; Rings, 10c; Books, Brooches and other small prizes, 10c; Family Bibles, 50c; Dickens' and Eliot's Works, 50c; Tea and Dinner Sets, $1.00; Water Pitchers, Berry Dishes, Salvers, Lamps, 50c; Knives, 25c; Guns, $1; Breakfast Cruets, Spoons, 20c; Music Box, $2; Forks, 10c.

We have had the above notice standing in THE JOURNAL for several months, and yet in previous competitions we have had and are having daily no end of trouble to find the names in our lists of winners, who have neglected to comply with these simple requests. Those who do not in future state clearly and distinctly the name of the prize they are applying for, number of it in the competition as well as the number of the competition (given clearly at head of this list,) we will positively not take any notice of their letters. Now no one need be offended as all have fair warning. It is surely only right and proper that each person receiving a prize will at once on its receipt acknowledge it by the very next mail. It will help us and not hurt the prize winner in the least to show the prize to their friends and neighbours and tell us when writing just what they think of the prize they win. All applications for prizes must be received within thirty days after the list has been published.

Owing to the excessive price of rye the German Government has decided to use wheat in making bread for the army.

A SICK DAY.

"What a trial it is to have the man of the house at home sick."

"That's so. They always think they are going to die this time surely."

The speakers were two as noble, tender-hearted women, both wives and mothers, as can be found on this earth. One of them was wife to me, the other wife to my best friend. They were conversing during an afternoon call which the latter was making on the former. I was at home, growling, with no very serious indisposition, yet unmistakably growling. I sat concealed in the next room, but within ear-shot.

"If these dear lords of creation suffered only one-half the ills and enfeeblements that we do, now——" the voice of one of them went on. I dared not listen to more, but drew the door and sat thinking.

A sick day is like a cloudy day; it makes the sunshine brighter when the clouds do break. To be able to eat with relish, work without a creaking joint, sleep without a dream; who of us could ever thank God intelligently for these if we never had a sick day?

A sick day is like a door in a hotel corridor, just opposite our own room; we pass it many times in a year, yet have never opened it, know not who occupies it, only know it is No. 54 and ours is No. 52. One day it is open and we look in to catch sight of a face there, beautiful and never to be forgotten. It ends in a life-long acquaintance, perhaps, and to be highly prized. A sick day lets us into a score of lives which we only knew upon the outside before. Mother, thou wast an invalid for a score of years. Patient, gentle mother, sitting here in my pain of a day, I seem to understand thee better than before. My neighbor, who, I am told, is an invalid year after year, yet so bright and cheerful at the window, I know thee now. How brave thou art! What a battle thou are fighting! I measure thy manhood as I never did before.

A sick day is a time to stop and think. One cannot read. One may arrange his papers a little. Ah! Here's a letter from dear old Charlie. I have not thought of him for years. What a wealth of stored happiness, all in the past behind me, this memory of Charlie brings up. Why should not a man turn back to taste the happiness that he has had? Because we are so busy reaching out for future happiness. But the past is at least secure. That is safe. What fools we are to think that happiness will somehow fail to keep, like honey grown rancid, when once the present sip has been taken. I have sat here a full hour, roaming over boyhood fields, youthful school-days, hand in hand with rosy lasses and nut-brown lads of the long ago. This letter of Charlie's was the gate-way through which I strayed. I am getting on in life, it seems. This human machine begins to show signs of wear. Yet it wears well; what mechanism in my factory has lasted thirty-eight years. However, the body will wear out at last. What then? Being idle to-day, that is worth thinking about.

A sick day tests a man's patience. Is it true that one is a disturbing element in the family peace? Then let it be—

Resolved, That, having consulted the physician, it is common sense to obey his directions implicitly.

That, having determined to give the day to repose, I will not vex it by fretting.

That, being shut in with the family, I will take them as I find them, noisy, laughing children and all, unless I am utterly prostrate.

That I will remember that I am a visitor, and behave myself with the courtesy of a guest, politely insisting on disarranging the usual household order of things as little as possible.

That I will not say anything about dying, for the first day.

That I will not ask my wife oftener than once an hour if she thinks I seem any better—not oftener than once in thirty minutes if she ever felt thus and so, describing some of my symptoms.

That I will not imagine that I have the identical disease of which my friend died last winter, till I know I have not another disease of which another friend died last spring.

That I will keep at least my good manners, and thank the kindest hands that ever served a cross-grained mortal, as they seek with baffled tenderness to serve me—a bear.

That I will not forget that that same nis who is taking a thousand steps for me the day, is nearer down sick than am I, God bless her! and such, indeed, her portion half the days of the year.

That I will ask God's blessing on the day of sickness and leave it in His hands while I fall asleep in the sunbeams from the west.

Ah! thank Heaven, I am not sick in a railway car, in a strange hotel, on the street, as vagabonds and the homeless are. What a fair, fond spot this room is to be sick in! It never was so beautiful! I own it! It is for this quiet nook in such a fatigued hour, I have been slaving all my days over in my store. Let the carts rattle over the stony streets; let the night fall; shut out the world. I am at home, shut in by a guardianship of love!

A sick day is a revelation. This, then, is how they live here; this what they are doing at ten o'clock, at noon, at three of sunny afternoons by the windows. I generally leave by gas-light and return by it; but now I see how the angel of my household is employed. Thus and thus she marshals the children, answering ten thousand questions, settling their contentions, comforting their sorrows. What a woman she is! It is plain now why she is grown so classic thin of her once round cheeks. Thus and thus she brushes about the nest, like a mother-bird; the house does not keep itself in order, I perceive; her own hands touch everything. What a manager she is!

As the day wears on it is inexpressibly enjoyable to see her seat herself within easy talking distance, that she may play the nurse to me. She rattles on about a world of things, as if for all the world she had not had me in close range before for years, and her faithful heart was bursting with sweet confidences which she pours upon me. I half think she enjoys having me sick—if not very sick—that she may become acquainted with a busy fellow once more. It is like the old times. No, she is older now; the gray grace of years is waving from her temples. To sit here and be comforted; to drink from her hand; to be cooled upon the temples by her touch; to be fluttered about and worried over; attentions and endearments I have seen my children share, but have shared myself since—when? Well, old stalwart that I am, not since my mother touched me thus when I myself was a child.

What a kind, good world this is! How softly every one treads about the house. It is amusing and pathetic to see the children in vain efforts of quiet in my behalf. My neighbor, from over the way, has dropped in to say he missed me on change, to tell the news of the day, to offer any little service he can render, and departed with kind hopes. The clerks at the store work like dogs, insist on doubling up duties, that I may rest; they come over to ask about me. When had I ever so many friends? It has paid, in coin which the heart can count, to be laid by for a few sick days.

And now the ease from pain! Ah, a long breath! How refreshing! How unutterably sweet is this repose after torture. It is ecstasy. To have no sensations is to have the most exquisite sensations. This consciousness that I am better; not worse, but better; the wheels of life run in oil again. I shall sleep now. I am in a mood for prayer. Word was sent to Christ "Lord, behold he whom Thou lovest is sick." God cares for His creatures in pain with a tender interest. Draw the curtain. Good-night. Thank Heaven for a sick-day. To-morrow the harsh and selfish world will din its thunders in the ears which have erst been saluted with whispers of repose.

Had Her Way.

But in those days Eugenie had her own way. It was only a year later when the Emperor went off to Algeria and left her as Regent to do quite as she pleased. She didn't ask the Ministers this time, but went off by herself to Rosa Bonheur's studio and kissed the artist as she did so. It is not reported whether the Ministers smiled or grieved, but the wilful Empress's action proved a precedent, just as they had foreseen. It is not very long since the Governor-General of Tonquin conferred the cross in the presence of his troops on the Superior of the Sisters of Mercy serving in the field.

If France didn't mean to be gallant in the beginning, Turkey and Persia, from which countries you would least expect gallantry, have displayed quite a good deal. Sultan Abdul Hamid II. instituted the "Order of Nishani Shefakat" for the express purpose of acknowledging the benevolence of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Lady Layard and others toward the victims of the Russian atrocities in 1878. The insignia consists of a five-pointed star in red enamel.

A woman named Margaret Harris died in great agony at Pontypridd on Saturday through drinking benzoline in mistake for medicine.

Home-made Ice-cream.

It is just four years ago that we bought our ice-cream freezer, and I am safe in saying that no similar purchase has ever given so much satisfaction in the family as this. It has been in every way a good investment, for there is scarcely a week in the year that we do not use it, and I would be glad if I could influence other housewives to appreciate frozen desserts as highly as they deserve. They are not nearly so troublesome to prepare as is popularly supposed, and, regarded from a hygienic stand-point alone, they are a great improvement upon many others which are common upon our tables.

I have experimented with various rules for French ice-creams, and have found a combination which gives excellent results, and which has the advantage at the same time of being within the means of almost every one.

This is not a characteristic of many rules. I have one, for instance, which calls for "four quarts of *very rich* cream, two vanilla beans," and eggs and sugar in proportion. My rule is a simple one. Put one pint of milk in the double boiler with a piece of vanilla bean about one inch in length. Cream together the yolks of four eggs, half a cup of sugar, and two rounding tablespoonfuls of flour until very light, and stir gradually into the milk when it reaches the boiling-point. Allow this to cook about ten minutes, stirring frequently. Add a small pinch of salt, and turn into a stone dish, beating at intervals while it cools. This is to prevent it from forming into lumps. When cold, add one and a half pints of cream (or rich *country* milk) and half a cup of sugar.

This may be prepared early in the day, and kept in the ice-box. If a larger quantity is desired, a quart of cream (or milk) and more sugar may be used instead of the above proportions, the foundation mixture being the same for both. Care must be taken in measuring the flour, as too much is sure to taste. The spoon must be *rounding* full instead of heaping; about one ounce in all.

Be sure and use the vanilla bean for flavoring, as it is quite impossible to make a good ice-cream with vanilla extract. All large grocery houses keep them, and, I think, it would be quite possible to have one or more sent by post to any place where they were not obtainable. They are long thin pods, which sell at twenty cents for one, and as only an inch piece is used each time, they will not be found expensive.

Before freezing, remove the bit of pod, carefully scraping all the little seeds into the custard. One of the features of French ice-cream is the tiny black seeds scattered through it.

Prepare the ice by pounding it fine in a coarse strong bag, and use rock-salt in the proportion of three pints for a gallon freezer. Put the can in the centre of the tub with the beater in place, fasten the lid securely, and pack ice and salt in alternate layers until the tub is full. Turn the crank a few minutes, and as the ice works down, add more, until it is firmly and solidly packed. If plenty of ice is used, twenty minutes will serve to freeze the cream.

The crank need not be turned constantly, and the motion at first should be rather slow. When it begins to harden, turn rapidly, as this is the stage when rapid beating makes the cream smooth and light.

When it is firm enough, take out the paddle, beat well with a wooden spoon or spatula to fill up the space made by the beater, and scrape well from the sides. Cover the tub with a blanket, and set away in a cool place, and let two hours at least elapse before serving. When ready to do so, dip the can in warm (not hot) water, wipe dry, and invert on a cold dish. It should come out in firm and perfect shape.

It is possible to have several varieties of cream in the same mould with only one freezing, and various combinations may be made to suit the individual taste.

After the vanilla cream is frozen, a portion may be taken out into a cold bowl, and one cupful of well-sweetened strawberry or raspberry juice stirred into it. Pour this back into the can, and it will soon harden to the proper consistency. A quarter of a cupful of strong coffee may be used in the same way. A banana or two may be sliced thin and added, and a little shredded pine-apple gives a fine flavor. Ripe peaches, if cut up and sweetened, make a very nice addition; but they should not be added until about half an hour before serving-time, as they must only be chilled and not frozen.

A stern father in Kansas, with a large family of girls, has passed the cold edict that each beau who frequents his domicile through the winter must contribute a load of sawed stove-wood.

The Value of System.

"I hope if ever I go to heaven," was the irreverent exclamation of a literary woman the other day, "I will find plenty of blotting paper, if nothing else."

Then she plunged desperately into a pile of newspapers and magazines on the table for the offending blotter. "Charles Lamb knew what he meant when he wrote on the total depravity of inanimate objects," she continued, heaving a sigh of satisfaction on finding it at last in her upper drawer. "Of course," she concluded. "I might have known it was there—the world itself gets into that bureau drawer." But by that time the ink was dry.

A clever woman said the other day that a woman's notion of order was usually realized through a sort of a magpie fashion of grabbing up everything in sight and hiding it away where no one could find it.

A TESTIMONIAL BUREAU DRAWER.

There is no more reliable testator to woman's character than her upper bureau drawer, and her writing desk. If the former is a hodge podge, a bewildering conglomeration of laces, veils, collars, feathers, gloves, powder rags and hair pins you may be sure she has the magpie habit. If her writing desk is a paper rack, a letter file, a bric-a-brac holder and a rallying point for everything from thread to the baby's medicine it is proof sufficient that she has not a systematic mind.

If the modern housekeeper would commit the problems left her to solve to her brains instead of her nerves and hands, she would be less often the victim of nervous prostration.

There is a difference between living to keep house and keeping house to live. The former is called housekeeping, the latter means homekeeping, and requires a never-ceasing fund of philosophy and originality. It even requires sometimes a bold breaking away from the domestic conventionalities that custom has dignified into the very classics of housekeeping. Fancy the iconoclastic tendencies of the little woman who dares to wash on Thursday, iron on Friday and sweep on Monday. The justifying reasons set forth by this domestic reformer were that the family conclave which usually occurred on Sunday was fatal in its results to the law and order regime, so she made a change in the programme to suit her individual necessity. Monday was general cleaning day instead of Friday with beneficial results. The laundry work coming at the last of the week left Saturday for mending and the usual baking. She had solved the problem and the nerve tension loosened at once.

ORDER IN THE NURSERY.

Some one said to the same little woman who was maternally responsible for five juvenile scions," How do you manage to have them always in order every morning at breakfast when you have but one nursery maid?" A peep into the nursery every night at 8 o'clock would have furnished the answer. Five chairs in a row contained the attire of each of the five children. Part of the nursery maid's work came after the little ones were in bed. Thimble, thread, button box and shoe polish were on the table beside her, and each little garment was inspected, and each pair of shoes made ready for another day's campaign. Then each child's clothing was hung on its particular chair in order for each little active wearer to don.

The system employed precluded the necessity of the excitement and perplexity usually accompanying the child's toilet.

There is nearly always a remedy for every household perplexity, and a well-balanced mind can usually ferret it out if the same amount of attention which is devoted to other trifles is accorded it. There is a woman who promoted the comfort of her husband by hunting for his spectacles when he lost them. Finally she devised a plan which worked better than a search warrant, and her fame for ingenuity spread abroad through the country. She embroidered a banner with a pair of spectacles and the words "Here they are, Orson." A pocket in the banner was a receptacle for the constantly missing article and there he always found them.

"Where did baby come from, mamma?" asked Willie. "Heaven, my boy," said mamma. "It's a wonder his bones wasn't all broke. Did he fall clean through the clouds?"

The letter which Prince George of Greece has published regarding the attack upon the Czarewitch in Japan, in which he attributes cowardice to the Czarewitch, has given great offence in St. Petersburg.

Christ's Teachings.

BY EMMA CURTIS HOPKINS.

There is always, amid the formal sectarianism of the most formal and sectarian body of people, one who is "a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus." That is, by reason of his being called upon to teach and being in some way a leader among his colleagues, he has found himself unconsciously concluding that there are finer meanings and deeper intentions in religious precepts than he has been taught.

Mind always puts out tendrils and lays hold on new meanings if it is not willfully set to prejudice. The mind that makes God its theme will sooner or later meditate much on Jesus Christ, unless it is the mind of one determined to gratify bodily passions. Jesus Christ draws the mind that thinks on God as a magnet draws a steel filing. "No man cometh unto me save the father that is in me draw him." We are drawn to those who have a quality akin to something within ourselves. So Nicodemus was drawn to Jesus.

There is some great idea that your mind has been meditating upon, some principle not definitely understood by you, but which it is possible for you to understand perfectly. You ought to get acquainted with that idea. You notice, don't you, that in all the pauses of the business or conversations of the day the vague but great idea comes up? So Nicodemus had for days been looking toward the idea of the power of faith as the prophets of the past had demonstrated it, and as the young man traveling about the country was demonstrating his principles. How did it happen that Elijah raised to life the Zarephath child, was fed by ravens, had such prophetic powers? How did Elisha raise the boy to life, heal the waters, cure leprosy? Was it not by the presence and working of the same God that he, Nicodemus, worshipped? Why should not this God work miracles now as in the old days? Surely God had never departed as the health of His people, the strength of their life, and the answerer of their prayers, yet nothing was done as in days past. Why not?

May be the young Jesus was right. He would go and see. He had been a moralist, Nicodemus had, and taken pride in his morality. So he came to Jesus. High moral conduct, coupled with thoughts of God, is liable to strike the heat of goodness as Christ quality. Jesus Christ preached his one: stupendous doctrines to audiences of one and two. He taught over and again not to despise the smallest circumstance or opportunity. "The situation that hath not its duty, its ideal, was never yet occupied by man. James Holmes found at Castlebar an audience of three to hear him where he had been publicly announced to preach. Instead of shutting his mouth he opened it and preached so earnestly that one of the there, a young man, was converted, and was afterward called the "tongue of fire," because he was so fervent in spirit.

Jesus Christ waived the personal praise. He never received it from anybody who regarded His being among them as another man with just a few points of ability, perhaps, above the usual rabbi. Praise of His teaching He received. Praise principle, not person. Do right because it is right, not through fear of somebody or love of somebody. So He drove straight to the need of Nicodemus, "Except a man be born again, he can not see the kingdom of God." "Nicodemus, except a man look into the spirit only, utterly refusing to call any man of flesh, or any earthly circumstances, his environment as help or hindrance, he cannot set his home life, his health, his affairs, or his neighbor's health affairs into harmony."

How coarsely Nicodemus answered him. The mathematician responded to the entranced musician concering the marvelous music, "Yes, it was wonderful to see the violinist move his elbow so many times in a minute." So "the natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit, for they are foolishness unto him, and he can not know them, because they are spiritually discerned." But Jesus Christ understood the law of mind. He knew how to hold the concentrated attention of His hearer till he should understand that "Never the spirit was born, the spirit shall cease to be never; end and beginning are dreams." He knew that it must be by the recognition that all power whatsoever is of the spirit and not of intellect or physical force. "Except a man be born of water and of the spirit." The Rosetta stone to all miracle-working is that lesson on the increasement of loaves and fishes. The Rosetta Stone to this birth of water and spirit is the statement, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself."

Now, He never taught that we should deny the good in ourselves; certainly He meant that we should deny the evil. He told His hearers that it was His words of which He was speaking and the power of His words, so we know that the baptism of water of which He spoke to Nicodemus was the use of the washing words of denial, whereby the mind that has thought things not true is cleansed of its errors, as a body is cleansed by water.

There were certain errors or mistakes called profitless and nothingness and uselessness by Him, serving to hide the power of the spirit. To deny these errors is to call them by name and reject them. This is the water baptism this great metaphysician meant. Now Naaman's seven washings in Jordan were typical of the seven denials every mind must make to be cleansed of error. By looking them over we know exactly what errors to reject, what to eschew. The first washing we do must be the rejection of the belief in another power operating in the universe besides omnipresent, omnipotent, omniscient goodness. There is no power of evil. This denial is the washing away of evil imaginations, so that we do not any more believe in the possibility of any cruelty or greed or crime coming nigh us forevermore. According to the law of mind action, we find that it sets the world free from evil also.

The second washing we must do is the speaking of the positive word of rejecting the belief in another substance than spirit. If God is omnipresent spirit, then indeed spirit is the only substance present anywhere; so the rejection of the supposition of the reality of matter is a necessary process. Matter has no reality, or, there is no matter. This word of denial has the effect of cleansing us from as much experience of the hinderance or burden of matter as the law of the word brings spoken as an experiment or in faith. You certainly do find the hard tumor, the stiffened joint, or the heavy indebtedness grow less. This second washing is very, very efficient in making hard ways easy and heavy burdens light, exactly as the personified word of truth promised that it should.

The third washing word (remember that Jesus Christ was always teaching words and thoughts and states of mind by material terms), is the denial of our false notion that there is any life substance of intelligence in matter, for if there is no matter surely God is the only life, spirit the only substance, omniscience the only intelligence. An enchanting freedom comes with the third washing enjoined by Jesus Christ. The mind throws off the ugly nightmare of its third delusion by boldly announcing that there is no life, substance, or intelligence in matter. The heart rises with quickened hope. The friendship and beauty and goodness of living we see. The mind is clear to understand what is reasonable and right. Knowledge of truth is freedom. Gautama Buddha and Jesus Christ both said so and proved it.

Take the fourth washing boldly. Naaman hesitated and was petulant. We will press boldly forward for the mark of the high calling of regeneration which is the subject of this lesson. By this time you see that regeneration means giving your spirit perfect freedom. The fourth word of self-denial states that as matter is not a reality its sensations are fallacious. There are no sensations in matter. This word will cause pain to falter and fail; will cause sensual appetites to fall away. We have no taste, sight, or hearing but for spirit. "Taste and see that the Lord is good." "Feel after him."

The fifth washing is a severe one for some of us to take, but there is no escaping the metaphysical meanings of Jesus Christ. Sin, sickness, and death are delusions. This does not make a stealing or a slaying good, but announces that they are delusions, without power to hurt or hinder. The temptation to falsehood, the inclination to transegression, are unreal. To know this sets us free from them. Sickness and death are a myth.

Can spirit be diseased or die? Since God is spirit, the only substance, the speaking of this washing word of denial is the sure setting free from sin, sickness, and death. These five cleansing waters are suitable and essential for all the world. There are two special ones applying to each man, woman, and child, besides the five for all the world. You can easily find out what two you ought to make for yourself.

There was once a woman who loved money so much that she saw everybody through her thought of money. If she looked at you she thought first of how much you were worth, or how much she could make out of you. You see by her looking at everybody and everything through money eyes, she got blind—quite blind. Money is blinding. If she wanted to see clearly she should deny herself of looking through money. It would be well for her to say much "There is no money spirit."

There are many who look at their acquaintances and friends and all circumstances, through jealous ideas of some sort. They unconsciously or consciously wonder how much of their own rights, or position, or possessions, the other will get away from them. So they have lost one or more of their faculties, for jealousy is cruel and lops off from us our fondest hopes. Such should deny themselves of looking and judging through jealousy. Let them say, "There is no jealousy in spirit." Notice that this lesson reads that we must be cleansed by water and clothed by spirit. Jesus gave the idea that we should take the house, swept and garnished, and fill it with good "spirits." "Spirits" are words, as "My words are spirit."

There are seven words of affirmation that are the hot glory of God over and through all who make them. Ye came forth from God. "No man upon earth is your father." Thus these words are the shining forth of your own nature with which you were endowed from the great forever without beginning of years or end of days.

None of the miracle-working power Nicodemus wished to be master of is ours till we have boldly announced the spiritual nature and office we are endowed with.

This is the first affirmation of spirit: Life, Truth, Love, is God. Then we recognize all life as God and all truth and all love as God. We hail and welcome and praise all the living beauty, all the living strength, all the living kindness; we recognize, knowing that it is God. This recognition of good is the shining forth of our own goodness. Once it was thought that we were able and capable if we recognized vanity or deceitfulness in a neighbor, but now we know that since vanity and deceitfulness are nothingness and profitless that it is a wast of time on the insubstantial. That which we see of good is our own thinking or our own sinning forth of our own spirit. We learned by last Sunday's lesson that everything has the potentiality of goody ready to increase itself by our praise and blessing. The second word of spirit is: "I am the idea of God and in God I live and move and have my being." As God is omnipresent, we move safely and boldly on. This "spirit" or word of the I Am makes us bold and joyous. All is joyous in spirit. The third is: "I am spirit, I am mind; I shed abroad wisdom, strength, holiness." Such a fire baptism as this word radiates or reflects from us over the world to make people wiser, stronger, holier where we are is only brought to pass by this affirmation, or "yea, yea," of Christ. The fourth baptism from above is our announcement that God the Spirit works through us to will and to do all things well. This is our word from above, or birth from spirit, that makes us efficient in healing and helping all with whom we come in contact. The old ways of depreciating our words and our works are done away with. We now rejoice in our efficiency, since we know it as God the Good doing all things.

There is the fifth word from above that secures our immunity from sin, sickness, and death, and that makes all the people secure when we come near them. Like the fifth denial, the fifth affirmation takes strong rising "to do the will to prove the doctrine."

I am governed by the law of God, and can not sin, nor suffer for sin, nor fear sin, sickness, or death. As spirit we cannot swerve from our orbit any more than a star in its course. To swerve and falter would be sin, but spirit cannot sin, for God is spirit. "He'll surely guide our steps aright." There is the safe walking of all who speak these words through all the thorny ways of delusion. Then the two "other spirits" or words of affirmation which belong to each of you, you must find out for yourselves. Notice that Paul says that in his greatest weakness is his strength. So you can see that if you have believed yourself inefficient or ignorant you must let the spirit of truth drop down over you with the bold affirmation: "I am strong and efficient. I praise the spirit that now works with me and through me and by me and for me to do all my work faithfully and well. I am wise with the wisdom of spirit." This is the full potency of the treatment Jesus gave Nicodemus. "Marvel not." Only the carnal intellect marvels, wonders, asks questions. Spirit knows.

So Nicodemus rallied his faith. He had entered the presence of Jesus with hope. Hope is only the left hand; faith is the right hand. "Hope thou in God." Have faith in the good. Your faith will show forth; you works of good faith will be good when you have learned how to be born of water and of spirit according to this meaning of Jesus.

The Natives of Turkestan.

Y. D. Yoozhakoff, a traveller who has spent several years in the Russian domains of central Asia, describes in the monthly *Russkiy Vestnik* the natives of Turkestan in the following manner: "The two principal elements of population in Turkestan are the Garts and the Kirgueses; the former are the settlers, the latter the nomads of the region. The relations between the two are very unfriendly on account of their various habits of life. The Kirgueso are a warlike people, always on the move; the Garts are rather timid and perfectly pacific. The former are always cheerful, communicative soulful, good natured, liberal, and hospitable, but extremely shifting, and unreliable. The Garts, on the other hand, are taciturn, cautious, shy of strangers, non-communicative, wily, and stingy. The Kirgueso will tell lies simply out of lightmindedness, or on account of carelessness; they don't think when they tell a lie. But the Gart will cheat and deceive you with consciousness, and with a view of gaining some advantage by his falsehood. The Kirgueso looks upon the Gart with disdain, as a knight looks upon a common laborer or peasant, and he hates the Gart as a usurer who lends him money at an enormous rate of interest and as a deceiver who sells him goods at an exorbitant price, and cheats him in weight and measure. Roaming about in the desert he considers as the most noble employment. He is always moving about cheerfully, carelessly, and without a serious thought on his mind. He will mount his horse and speed on for a long distance through the desert for no weightier purpose than hearing the latest news, or call on the Tameer (chief of his clan), or simply for a pastime. He can have no respect for the Gart who always keeps himself within his precincts and works steadily at his trade, in his garden, or in his field. He also hates the Garts because they are given to the vices which a steady and secluded life promotes. The Gart on the other hand, regards the Kirgueso as a savage. He considers himself wiser, more serious, and better educated than his light minded, roaming countrymen. More especially does he hate him because he is a Mohammedan only by profession, but never follows the customs and usages of his religion. The Kirgueso is in his estimation nothing but a brigand who lives without soil or useful employment of any kind; it is therefore no sin to cheat him and take advantage of him whenever there is an opportunity for it."

Missionary—"I have come here, brethren, to devote my life to you." Cannibal Chief—"All right; thanks. But we'll wait awhile until you are a little fatter."

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Sponging in the Bahamas.

The vessels employed in the sponge trade are small, varying from five to twenty-five tons, sloop or schoonor rigged, and are built in the local shipyards. The construction and repair of these vessels constitute an important industry in itself. They have small cabins for sleeping purposes. The cooking is done on deck. About 500 of these vessels are engaged in gathering sponges. The number of persons gathering sponges in the Bahamas, handling them and preparing them in various stages for markets, is from 5,000 to 6,000, all of whom, except the shipowners, brokers, and shippers, are black people. Hands employed in clipping, washing, packing, and preparing finally for shipments abroad get from 50 to 75 cents per day of ten hours. The amount earned by the men who go fishing depends entirely on the number of sponges obtained. The owner of the vessel fits her out at his own expense, and the profits of the voyage are divided up in shares among the owner, the master, and the men.

They are never hired by the month, nor do they ever get specified wages. The most that can be said is that the men make a tolerable living, and the sponge fisherman who earns over $300 a year is the exception.

The method of gathering sponges is by means of iron hooks attached to long poles. By using a water glass the fisherman can readily discover the sponges at the bottom, and then by the pole and hook can bring up those he may select, leaving the smaller ones untouched. Some sponges adhere firmly to the bed of the sea, while others are not attached at all, those latter being known as "rollers." About ten years ago an attempt was made to introduce dredges, but it was found that their use was likely to ruin the beds, because in passing over the bottom they dislodged and brought up not only the good sponges, but the young and unsalable ones as well, killing the spawn and working great mischief. Such an outcry was raised against dredging that an act was passed forbidding it.

When brought to the vessel the sponges are at once spread upon the deck and left exposed to the sun for several days, during which time the animal matter that covers the sponge gradually dies. This is a black, gelatinous substance of a very low order of marine life, which, during the process of decay, emits a most objectionable odor. The vessels visit what is called the kraal once a week to land the load from the deck. The kraal is an enclosed pen, fenced in by sticks of wood so as to allow a free circulation of water through it, usually built in a sheltered and shallow bay or cove, on one of the caves near by. The sponges are placed in the kraal and left to be soaked and washed by the action of the water from four to six days, when they are taken out and beaten with sticks until the decayed covering is entirely removed. Having been subjected to this course of exposure, soaking, beating, and washing, the sponges are quite clean and are taken on board the vessel, packed in the hold, conveyed to Nassau, and in this condition are sold in the local market. Of the larger sponges a catch of 5,000, or of the smaller ones 7,500, would be considered a fair lot. Occasionally a cargo of from 12,000 to 15,000 large sponges has been brought in, but this success is exceptional.

The principal varieties gathered in the Bahamas are as follows: Boat, grass, glove, hardhead, reef (white and dark), velvet (sheep and cay), sheep wool, and yellow, of which the most valuable is sheep wool. The total export in 1890 reached over 900,000 pounds, valued at $306,896. The crop of that year was above the average, being really the most valuable one in many years. Of that crop there were shipped to the United States 708,000, valued at $236,000. Bahama sponges are not considered very good, but a ready market is found for all that can be obtained, and at constantly improving prices. There are no indications of any failure of the supply.

It is estimated that at least a million pounds of rubber are annually used for bicycle tires. The oldest patron of the seductive wheel lives in Connecticut. His name is Michael Cullon. He is 70 years old, and rides daily from his home to his work. Mr. Cullen used to walk to and from his labor but a year ago he learned to ride wheel, and now he glides back and forth with the swiftness of the wind. The distance between the places is three miles, and it is an exhilarating spectacle to see the old gentleman, his long white hair floating on the breeze, careering like mad along the country road. Mr. Cullon is as spry and hale as most men at 40 years of age, and can easily ride his wheel at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour.

Pigeons as News-Carriers.

Some of the Edinburgh papers use carrier pigeons to convey news when the event chronicled chances to have occurred at a place remote from telegraph stations.

When a reporter desires to use the pigeons he leaves word the night before with the person in charge of them. This is very necessary. When they are to fly far or on any particular business, it is better that they should only be lightly fed in the morning. The pigeons—two or four, as may be required—are caught in the morning, and placed in a comfortable wicker or tin basket—like a small luncheon basket—with compartments. The reporter when he leaves the officers carries the basket with him. He also provides himself with a book of fine tissue paper and a sheet of carbonized paper. He writes his report very legibly and compactly, so as to put as much on a page of paper as it will possibly hold. Then he rolls the paper neatly and attaches it to the leg of the bird by means of an elastic band. Or he may send two pages of copy, one on each leg.

The pigeon being released, makes straight for home. In the carrier pigeon the home instinct is strongly implanted; and if the bird has been taken off its nest it has an additional reason for wishing to get back as soon as possible. It also knows that there is a good feed awaiting it at the end of its journey.

Arrived at the newspaper office it alights on the ledge of the dovecot. To get through the usual circular-headed opening it pushes before it a couple of light wires, and these falling after it, close the aperture.

The bird is however not yet into the cot. It has only got the length of the trap. This trap, about two feet square has a flooring set upon an electric spring. The weight of the bird pressing down the spring, releases an electric current which rings a bell in the editor's room. The bird thus heralds its own arrival. A boy proceeds up stairs takes the pigeon from the trap, removes the message from its legs, and, opening a sliding-door, allows it to enter the cot, where it is welcomed by its sorrowing mate.

Modern Japan.

It has been recently stated that the "universal" testimony of those on the ground was, if any one wished to see the Japan of the centuries he must visit the country forthwith, for that the metamorphosis is taking place so rapidly that there will soon be no trace of the old remaining. It appears, however, that this statement must undergo a slight modification, since there is one who dissents from the general opinion. This is a writer in *Le Correspondant*, Paris, who says: "Despite their impatience Europeans have not been able to get into the interior of Japan. They have to content themselves with exploring the seven coast towns which have been opened them, and cannot go beyond certain limits." And again, "An error, widely spread, represents Japan as having entered on the movement of European civilization. One does not need to read between the lines to perceive the animus that inspired this article. It is plain to be seen that the object is to discredit the work being done by the 403 Protestant missionaries now operating in that country, and who have already succeeded in enrolling an actual membership of 30,797 members. Speaking of the obstacles in the way of Roman Catholic missionaries this writer says: "They have besides to contend with the rival hostility of a crowd of Protestant pastors." These he charges with using any means to obtain converts, even to the relaxing of the moral law and the payment of gold, of which he says "the Protestants are much better supplied than our priests, who receive about ten dollars a month only." Such representations may be believed in France, but they will have no influence with the peoples who take an interest in the great missionary movement of our time. These know better.

A gentleman was boasting that his parrot would repeat anything he told him. For example, he told him several times before some friends to say "Uncle," but the parrot would not repeat it. In his anger he seized the bird, and, half-twisting his neck, said: "Say 'uncle,' you beggar!" and threw him into the fowl pen, in which he had ten prize fowls. Shortly afterward, thinking he had killed the parrot, he went to the pen. To his surprise he saw nine of the fowls dead on the floor with their necks wrung and the parrot standing on the tenth, twisting her neck and screaming, „Say 'uncle,' you beggar, say uncle!"

Gen. Booth's Army.

[FROM A LONDON CORRESPONDENT.]

Never since Peter the Hermit roused the souls of all Christendom, and men went marching to the Holy Land, and thousands and thousands lost their lives in the vain effort to rescue it from the infidel—never since then has there been such an awakening and quickening of Christian zeal as these Salvationists have accomplished. When preaching and praying, when singing and marching, when blowing their instruments, beating their drums and waving their flags, their faces glow with a glorified faith; the ecstasy of their souls shines from their countenances; their eyes look forward as if they were marching on straight to Paradise and saw the wide-open gates and angels beckoning on. It is wonderful how unanimous is their fervor. Over sixty-two thousand five hundred and fifty Salvationists were assembled in Crystal Palace. These were only delegates from the armies, or squads of armies, over the Kingdom. The most perfect order prevailed; no confusion, not a cross word, not an oath, not the faintest odor of tobacco, not a drop of any sort of alcoholic drink and not a policeman was seen. The army is as perfectly drilled and as obedient to orders as Her Majesty's regulars. Moreover, it has stolen the scarlet uniform of the soldiers. Every man soldier of Booth's army wears a scarlet jersey jacket, across the breast of which is printed in gilt letters, "Salvation Army;" on the blue cap is a band, and on the band "Salvation Army," in gilt letters. When an officer shouts: "Fire a volley!" from every throat, man's and woman's, comes the answering shout; "Hallelujah!" "Hallelujah!" and the volley is fired. These men and women are training for martyrdom. They say they are to go through an awful persecution from the powers that be, but did not explain to me what form they thought the persecution will take. The army is large; its officers are 10,000 men and women. Col. Lucy Booth and Capt. Eva, the Generals daughters, are both handsome young women, with bright, intelligent faces. Booth himself is a notable-looking man, with tall, spare form, fine face and large features of rather Roman cast. When I heard him address that vast audience, certainly the largest I ever saw, it was a grand sight. I could understand how he had acquired such power over so many human hearts. When speaking he throws not only mind and heart, but his soul into word and action. At 1 p. m. "The Battle of Song" took place, certainly the most wonderful sight and sound imaginable. There were 5,000 instruments, besides the grand organ and 30,000 voices. The grand hall was filled to the dome, the coloring brilliant, white, red, gold, and 10,000 small flags of every hue waved. It may not have been scientific music, but it was immense, tremendous, grand, and the whole scene beautiful beyond description.

Not the least wonderful feature of this Salvation show was a gallery called "Darkest England." Here was a dram-shop, a pawn-shop, a court of justice, a prison, a tread-mill, &c. We saw the men in the dram-shops, in the pawn-shops, the ragged, wretched women and children; saw them tried, condemned, sent to prison, picking oakum, walking the tread-mill, &c. At 5 p. m. 30,000 men and women soldiers, brass bands and all, marched in military order before Gen. Booth. As they passed every soldier shouted and cheered with a will, and the papers of the day gave all this the briefest mention, some no mention at all. Yet, to my thinking, it is the rumbling of a storm which will rouse England some day.

Mrs. Gadd—"How are you passing the time now, Mrs. Gabb?" Mrs. Gabb—"Oh, I'm dressing and undressing with the weather.

The flurry in the grain markets of the world is evidently due more to a kind of a panic than to any real danger of scarcity that will ultimately affect prices as much as the gambling in futures has already done. Immense shipments of rye are being made from Russia in anticipation of the date when the prohibitory order is to take effect. The German Government, it is said, is to buy wheat flour for the army instead of rye, thus reducing the demand for the latter, and mixed rye and wheat flour is being sold as a cheap substitute for rye in the present state of the market. The result may be a change of habits, reducing the demand for rye and increasing the consumption of wheat—a change which would probably be of ultimate advantage, for, though rye generally is the cheaper grain it is more liable to fluctuations than wheat, because less widely grown. Germany, in particular, needs, for political reasons, to be freed from dependence on Russia's production of rye.

To Search for the North Pole.

Notwithstanding that the word "failure" is written on all the expeditions that have hitherto started out in search of the north pole, Dr. Nansen, the Norwegian, who enjoys the distinction of being the first Arctic explorer to cross Greenland, which journey he accomplished on foot, and who is soon to start on another polar expedition, still entertains the hope of reaching that spot on the surface of the earth when its axial motion is practically nil. His plan, the details of which are too long to be inserted here, is to take advantage of the polar currents, of whose existence he thinks there can no longer be any reasonable doubt, and when further navigation becomes impossible on account of the presence of ice in those frozen regions, to commit himself to these currents, which he believes will bring him out again not far from the east coast of Greenland or west coast of Spitzbergen. He also believes that in his course he will pass over, or near to, the object of his search. With a ship specially constructed to resist the pressure of the ice floes, with a picked crew of ten or twelve men, four or five of whom will be qualified to make scientific observations and investigations, with food supplies and coal sufficient to last for five years, and with boats and other provisions to meet the contingencies of shipwreck, this enthusiastic explorer proposes to start on the expedition as soon as the necessary preparations can be completed. Entering the polar waters through Behring straits he hopes to emerge by way of the Greenland current in the course of two or three years. Concerning this expedition Dr. Nanzen himself says: "It will be no holiday trip, this drift through regions where the days last six months, and the nights are no shorter; but it is not to seek pleasure that we go. People perhaps still exist who believe that it is of no interest or importance to explore the unknown polar regions. This, of course shows ignorance. It is hardly necessary to mention here of what scientific importance it is that these regions should be thoroughly explored. The history of the human race is a continual struggle from darkness toward light. It is therefore of no purpose to discuss the use of knowledge; man wants to know, and when he ceases to do so, he is no longer man." And this witness is true. Man is not here simply to exist and vegetate. He has aspirations after knowledge which cannot be satisfied with sumptuously provided tables, rich raiment and downy beds. He wants to know and in order to know he scales mountains, crosses seas, traverses continents, dives into the depths of the ocean, delves into the heart of the earth; in a word, he submits to all toils, braves all dangers, endures all sacrifices. Thousands therefore, will wish the daring voyager success in his hazardous undertaking, and will pray that he may be spared to tell a waiting world the story of his experience and discoveries.

Tattooing the Legs.

Of all Burmese customs, one of the most singular is that of tattooing the person from the waist to below the knees, with figures in black ink. Every man in the whole of Burmah is thus adorned; and, unless his skin be unusually dark, he looks at a little distance as if he were clothed in a tight fitting pair of knee breeches, says the St. Louis Republic. This "mark of manhood," which is usually conferred when the subject is between 12 and 14 years of age, is a very painful one, and the agony, which must necessarily be of the most intense, is often prolonged from three days to a week. The subject, stupefied with opium, lies insensible to the pain, while one figure after another gradually appears on his skin. The instrument used by the tattooer in this dainty work is a brass rod nearly two feet in length and one-half inch in diameter, weighted at the top with a little ornamental figure, and provided at the other end with a hollow point, divided into four very sharp points by cross slits. Deep as the points of the stylus sink into the flesh, they seldom draw blood, but the limbs and body soon swell in a manner that would alarm any one who did not know what the final result would be.

Eight rupees is the usual fee paid the tattooer for his week's work. The figures that compose the design vary little, consisting, as a rule, of tigers, dragons and devils. Each of these figures is usually surrounded by a border sentence invoking good luck upon the owner of the skin whereon they are inscribed. The Burmese have many curious customs, the tattooed knee breeches being one of the most singular.

One half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives. It is just as well, perhaps. It saves thousands of divorces and cyclones of family troubles generally.

A COUNTRY SINGING SCHOOL.

No person has seen all of life who has not been at least "one quarter" at a country singing-school.

It is held in the district school-house, a deep red-coloured building, with white trimmings, and board blinds of the same red hue. This palace of learning is usually located at a "corner," where there is either a huckleberry heath or a bog—for country school-houses are always built where the land is good for nothing else, and where the poorest crow in all the world would never think of looking for a worm or anything else to fill his hungry craw.

The school-house inside presents the unvarying display of a couple of dozen desks, with their accompanying chairs—the desks notched and carved in grotesque figures by juvenile jackknives, and ornamented with random spots of black and blue ink.

There is a red chair, with a bottom of "basket stuff," for the use of the teacher; a dingy water pail, a battered tin dipper, a broom worn one-sided by constant use; and in the background a grayish-white blackboard, and a yellow map of the Dominion by way of ornament.

The "Singing Master" is generally a little bald, with a very lank and long drawn-out appearance throughout. It is a well accepted theory that people with long necks sing the best, because they have more extent of pipes, we suppose; and "singing masters" are mostly constructed with this principle in view. He has a habit of elevating his eyebrows at every difficult passage of music, and of wetting his lips with his tongue before he "performs" on the tuning fork.

All the girls will be arranged in orthodox modesty and propriety on one side of the school-house, and all the boys in the same way on the other side, and you would never dream that the innocent souls ever thought of getting any nearer each other upon any pretext whatever. But if you watch them closely you will see human nature cropping out in the way they sheepishly turn their eyes toward each other when they snuff the candles or pass their singing-book to their next neighbor. And all the time they have the pleasant, serene, self-satisfied air which seems to say as plainly as words, "Nobody mistrusts it."

"Cord!" says the teacher, and then he snaps the tuning fork between his teeth, and holds it up to his ear so that it sings in his scanty sidewhiskers, and then he opens his ponderous mouth, and the well-know "do-mi-sol-do" issues therefrom, and his baton describes the magical evolutions of "down, left, right, sing," and the performance has begun.

What a battle there is among the singers for supremacy! The bass bellows away in the attempt to outsing the soprano and the alto and tenor go through with a spirited tilt for the victory. The bass gets red, and then purple of face, the treble screams till the very spit-curls on her forehead stand on end, and as for the tenor, the only wonder is that those buttons of his can stand the strain. We speak of each part as of a single individual, but there are generally a dozen on each part, and all united as one man to drown out the others.

After the tune is ended the singers whisper together, and the alto says that "it is strange some people don't know the difference between singing and screaming;" while the treble whispers to her neighbor that "any well-trained Thomas-cat could beat that alto all holler!"

By and by there is a recess, and then you begin to see how it is. The boys single out their favourite girls, and sheepishly present them with apples, or walnuts, or maybe peppermints, and pull their curls slyly, and snap apple seeds at them, and snatch away their pencils, or pocket their gloves, or indulge in something else equally as ridiculous and delightful.

And the girls blush, and giggle, and exclaim: "Oh, dear!" and "Let me alone!" and "Ain't you ashamed?"

And the boys keep right on, for don't they know, from long experience, that the girls like it?

"Order!" says the master.

And everybody hurries to his own seat, and seizes on his singing book, and braces himself to wrestle with such Goliaths in the way of tunes as "Zerah, Cazenovia, Zion, and Balerma."

The spectators sit on a wooden bench by the stove, which is generally red-hot, and interviewing a country singing-school is a warm operation.

After a while, about half-past nine, the school is out, and then comes the event of the evening. The boys with their singing books under their arms, stand ranged round the door, waiting for their particular girls to get into their shawls, and nubias, and furs, and come forth ready to be escorted home.

A more forlorn-looking set you never saw than these waiting swains. They stand first on one foot and then on the other, and they put their hands in their pockets and pull them out again, and they trot their toes on the floor, and whistle, and try to appear as if they didn't care a cent about anything, and did not know that there was a girl anywhere within ten miles of them.

And here we pause to propose the conundrum.

Why is it that young men always appear so sheepish when they are seeking the favor of some young lady?

How long those girls are in getting their wraps on to their satisfaction! What an age they are in tying those provoking "clouds" under their rosy chins! Did ever it take such an eternity to hunt up muffs and crochet mittens?

Then the girls have such a multitude of secrets to whisper to each other; such volumes of confidences to exchange and nobody must hear; and then the boys get up a little heart and put their heads between to intercept those confidences, and get their ears boxed in consequence; and all of them feel as happy as possible by the time they get ready to start for home.

The girls fairly rush through the narrow entry, and this is the time which tries the souls of the boys.

"None but the brave deserve the fair," and the boldest secure the prettiest girls.

Many a young man has sealed his fate at a country-singing school, and lost the girl of his heart by the lack of courage to rush up at the proper moment and thrust his elbow into her face, with the significant query:

"May I see you home?"

Every girl likes pluck in a young man, and the youth who fails to prove himself equal to the occasion loses grace in the eyes of his beloved; and this is the propitious time when his rival steps in and carries off the prize.

From that old red school-house some hearts go away light as air, while others are heavy as lead; and matches are made and matches are broken, during the long, cold walks to solitary farm-houses, over the crisp, creaking snow, beneath the pallid winter moon.

And how long it takes for John to say good-night to Sally, and how the moonlight turns the icicles on the eaves to crystals, and how the stars glimmer and wink at the happy, "spooney" couple, as if they had a personal interest in the affair.

And when the good-nights are finally said, and John is started for home, whistling softly, and thinking how nice it was to feel Sally's little hand clinging to his coat-sleeve, that same little hand of Sally's is cautiously trying to get the big door of that farm-house to shut without creaking, and the problem which fully occupies her brain is, can she ever bolt it without rousing the old folks?

For doors, where there are girls, will always creak, and the parents of attractive damsels invariably sleep with one eye open.

The Iron Cross.

The "Iron Cross of Prussia" is one of the decorative badges worn by the sex which is supposed to like gold better than iron. Frederick William founded the order as long ago as 1813: it was revived in the Franco-Prussian war and remodeled by Emperor William I. The first woman who received it was Miss Florence S. Lees, who was superintendant of the ambulance of the Crown Princess, now Empress Frederick. Miss Lees was English, and she was with the Tenth Prussian Corps before Metz. She has written a handbook since for hospital nurses, but she seems to have faith in the future peace of Europe, or she finds one medal enough for her satisfaction, for she has married a country clergyman, and it is not unlikely that the infants of the Rev. Dacie Craven cut their teeth when they are particularly well behaved on the cross of the Prussian medal.

The French Cross of the Legion of Honor is worn by quite a number of women, but it was never meant to be. Napoleon established it as the Order of the Eagle, and he was not a man to bestow eagles, or any other birds bigger than canaries, on women. It became a "cross" in later days, and then an "Order of the Holy Ghost," and then under Napoleon III. a cross again. The first woman who received it was Rosa Bonheur. The Empress Eugenie personally asked for the cross for the great animal painter and met a refusal. The Ministers said that "as it had never hitherto been granted to a woman they protested against creating a precedent."

TWO DREAMS CAUSE A MARRIAGE.

Two remarkable dreams led to the marriage of the parents of Charles James Mathews, the great comedian. The marriage was solemnized on the 28th of March, 1803, and both of the parties were often questioned in regard to the facts we are about to narrate.

In 1801 the first wife of Charles Mathews, who was himself an actor of eminence, exhibited signs of a decline. She was intimate with a Miss Jackson, a member of the dramatic profession. One evening toward the close of her brief life Mrs. Mathews sent a message to Miss Jackson by Mr. Mathews, requesting a visit from her on the following day. Miss Jackson came, and found Mrs. Mathews propped up in bed, and they maintained a lively conversation until Mr. Mathews came in. She told him that her present cheerfulness was the result of considerations which had induced her to arrange the interview.

"My dear husband," she said, "no human skill can prolong my life, but before I depart I wish to exact a promise from both yourself and Miss Jackson, which will make my death one of peace."

"A promise!" repeated both in a breath. "Listen," she continued, with much solemnity. "You, Miss Jackson, are my dearest friend, and I know your affectionate and loving character. You are unprotected, and I wish you and Mr. Mathews to marry."

Both Miss Jackson and Mr. Mathews gave an exclamation of surprise and horror at this extraordinary declaration. Instantly, however, the dying woman caught the hand of each of them, and pressing both to her feverish lips in a solemn manner exclaimed:

"I'm a dying woman, and can find no relief from my anxiety for both of you unless you pledge me to become man and wife after my death."

The scene was heart-rending in the extreme. Mr. Mathow's and Miss Jackson's faces were as pale as that of the dying woman, and both were overwhelmed with anguish at the situation in which they were placed. Mr. Mathews could not refrain from reproving his wife, Miss Jackson threw herself upon her knees, and cried in despair:

"Oh, pardon me, my friend, but this cannot be. Mr. Mathews and myself are dear friends but you must not speak of marriage I must fly from you."

Overcome with her emotions Miss Jackson now rushed from the room, and Mrs. Mathews sank back in exhaustion, muttering:

"It is my dying command. Remember:—remember!"

In the May following, Mrs. Mathew's illness terminated in death. Mr. Mathews attributed the action of his wife at the memorable interview with Miss Jackson to delirium, but it, of course, made a most lasting impression upon both of them. He implored her not to harbor a suspicion that he had been aware of his wife's intention. For some time a natural reserve was observed between the widower and Miss Jackson. By degrees, however, this coldness wore off, and a feeling of regard gradually grew up between them. At this period both had a dream or vision at the same hour, which was not only very extraordinary in itself, but finally led to their marriage.

Mr. Mathews had gone to rest after a very late night performance at the theater, but still found it difficult to close his eyes. He had no light, nor the means of getting one, all the family being in bed. He endeavored to go to sleep, but his eyes refused to close. He remained in this state of restfulness for some time. At length sleep overcame him, but it was not more than the slightest slumber. Suddenly in a dream he heard a slight rustling, as if of a hasty approach of somebody. He turned his head the direction of the noise, and clearly beheld at the side of the bed the figure of his late wife, in her habit as she lived. She smiled sweetly upon him, and put forth her hand as if to take his, as she bent forward. Then these words were heard:

"Remember my dying command — remember!"

Springing from contact with the figure Mr. Mathews threw himself out of the bed upon the floor. The fall aroused the house, and he was found in a fit. On his recovery he related his wonderful dream, and the whole of the following day he remained extremely ill, and was unable to quit his room.

At the same hour Miss Jackson saw a like vision. Retiring to bed she could not sleep. At last, overcome by absolute weariness, she fell into a light sleep. Soon she heard a slight noise, and saw a well-known figure before her eyes. It was perfect in its representation of the late Mrs. Mathews as she appeared in her life-time. She smiled, and stretched out her hand.

"I have come," she said, in gentle though solemn tones, "to remind you of my dying command. Dead I command you as I did while living. Remember!—remember!"

As the figure solemnly pronounced these words the hand was again stretched forth, as if to touch the sleeper.

At this moment Miss Jackson was awakened by her terror, and with a scream raised herself in the bed. She caught hold of the bellrope in order to summon the people of the house, but the rope broke, and she fell with it in her hand upon the floor.

The parties with whom Mr. Mathews and Miss Jackson resided at the time were perfect strangers to each other, and living widely apart, and they recounted severally to those about them the extraordinary dreams. These persons repeated the story to many before they were requested to meet and compare accounts. There could consequently be no doubt of the facts, and the circumstances became a matter of much general interest.

It seemed as if some strange and mysterious Providence really designed that Mr. Mathews and Miss Jackson should become man and wife, according to the wish of the dying woman, and their friends looked forward with anxiety for this hoped for result. The parties themselves were deeply and solemnly affected by all the events which had occurred, and at length became engaged. The marriage took place as we have stated, in March, 1803. Mr. Charles James Mathews, the popular comedian, who made three or four professional visits to this country, and died in 1878, was the fruit of this union, so strangely enjoined and wonderfully brought to pass.

Mrs. French-Sheldon's Feat.

Further details have been received of th exploit of Mrs. French-Sheldon, who, a few months ago, accomplished the remarkable feat of descending the almost perpendicular face of the rocks which wall in the crater Lake Chala at the eastern foot of Kilima-Njaro—a feat which Mr. Joseph Thomson declared was impossible. Though Mr. Thomson said he could not see how any human being could reach the level of the lake, its discoverer, Mr. New, in 1871, did manage to reach the edge of the water, though he described the crater as exceedingly steep and difficult of descent. Mrs. Sheldon went to Africa at her own expense, with her own little private expedition, for the purpose of getting a taste of African travel in the savage equatorial regions. Her journey to the great snow-capped mountain was successful, and descent to Lake Chala was the crowning feature of her trip. She accomplished this feat in company with Mr. Keith Anstruther, and they not only got down to the water's edge with some of their porters but they also carried down a sort of raft, which they launched on the lake.

Mrs. Sheldon says that with the utmost difficulty she forced her way through the dense vegetation and the loose rocks on the way down the declivity. Multitudes of birds whirred about and troops of monkeys leaped from branch to branch. After a while she found herself upon "a ragged, rough triangle of tree trunks and rocks," with the water lapping her feet. She had led the way, Mr. Anstruther and the men following with the pieces of raft, which at the water level they locked together and set afloat. Mrs. Sheldon and her white comrade, with one of the porters got on board, and while the woman and porter paddled, Mr. Anstruther kept a sharp lookout for the numerous crocodiles. At places the almost perpendicular rocks from 200 to 800 feet high, which form the walls of this remarkable lake could be seen reaching far below the surface of the clear blue water. Above the water the walls were densely clad with trees, tangled with vines, and alive with birds and monkeys.

Mrs. Sheldon noticed a strange undercurrent in the water that now and then caused waves to rise up and move forward through the centre of the otherwise tranquil surface; yet the air was perfectly calm. She also speaks of the "resistance or suction of the water, which was felt when the paddles were put two or three feet beneath the surface." This may perhaps be accounted for by the water coming into the lake from its bottom, for there is apparently no supply from the outside. The party could not reach the bottom of the lake with their sounding line. The water basin is two miles broad by two and a half to three miles in length, and the circumference is about six miles.

In Bulgaria only 7½ per cent. of the population can read and write.

The Home of Wesley

The old rectory at Epworth stands a mute testimonial to the Methodist, not only of the reformer who went forth from its walls but of the singular energy and ability of the mother of Wesleys. It was here that her wretched, obscure life was passed, yet a life so remarkable in its simplicity that few mothers have received such posthumous fame as Susannah Wesley. Here was a continual struggle with poverty. The living of the husband and father was but £130 a year, and on this absurdly small sum she had to meet the cares of a family of nineteen children. Bred in London the Rev. Samuel incurred, immediately on his installation at Epworth, the universal hatred of his parishioners, and, if we may judge from the records of his petty strifes with them, he was totally incapacitated for the work. He would go away to London to find a market for his poetry—for he manufactured rhyme—and leave the entire work of providing for the household upon the shoulders of Susannah. But amidst the ceaseless cares and menial labor which constituted her daily existence, the strength of her character is revealed, showing the true source of her prophetson's religious zeal. She found time to hold kitchen services which became so popular among the humble folk that the curate wrote the Rev. Samuel in London requesting that they be discontinued, "because more people went there than went to the curate at the church." The husband away in London was amazed at the intelligence. He wrote at once to her that as the wife of a public person it behooved her to exercise discretion. Poor Mrs. Wesley replied in a letter which is still in existence, urging that great practical results were following from her work, and that she could not in conscience stop without her husband's express command. That command came at once and from that time her wise and powerful mind was devoted to her sons. Perhaps had it not been for this incident the founder of Methodism would never have been known.

And so as the pilgrims passed from the rectory they pressed their faces against the sacred walls, sanctified as much by the unhappy woman who had toiled and suffered within them as by the prophet himself who had received her counsel and teaching. They gathered pebbles from the graveled walk and flowers from the beautiful beds to bear away across the Atlantic, where they will be held almost priceless, as in the middle ages were the palms which were borne home in triumph by the crusaders from Lebanon and the Mount of Olives. The Lincolnshire parish has much changed since the days of Susannah's struggles there. The canon now in charge receives a salary of £2,000 a year

From the rectory door many points intimately associated with the life of John Wesley may be seen but the most important is the old church where Samuel Wesley preached. It is still used for worship and the parishioners assemble within its walls just as did their ancestors. The church was old when Samuel Wesley preached there, as it was built in the twelth century. Its preservation is remarkable. Although it is whitened by the frosts of time, and here and there in places the stone walls have gradually succumbed to decay, yet the main structure stands firm and intact.

The pilgrims entered the lane that leads up to the church door by the same path that was traveled by the Wesleys. The great elms trees form an over-arching roof like a solemn forest aisle. They passed into the church yard that surrounds the old house of worship. Here are buried Samuel and Susannah Wesley. The tomb stands near the entrance to the church, and is a plain marble box. Among the villagers there is a strange superstition which has gone out in regard to this tomb. It was said that the ghost of Rev. Samuel was seen there at regular intervals. People began to fear to walk near the spot after nightfall. This feeling was heightened when it was asserted that the footprints of the ghosts had been left upon the stone slab, and there were strange marks there. People came great distances to see them and those who laughed at the story of the footprints went away convinced that there were traces of something on the stone, footprints or whatever it might be. What penance the ghost was doing there no one dared to state. But after a time, when the ghost story had become a generally accepted fact, the whole matter was explained as a perfectly natural physical phenomenon. The marks in the first place appeared like the claws of a bird. It was noticed, however, that they became deeper in the course of a few years, and then it was discovered that beneath them was an irregular piece of iron imbedded in the rock, and then the natural conclusion is that the stone was softer around the metal and had quickly disintegrated beneath the action of the rain and sun, producing the so-called footprints. But it is said that even at the present day there are many supporters of the ghost theory at Epworth.

The pilgrims surrounded the tomb and bared their heads while the crowd of villagers who had followed them from the time of their arrival thronged around them. Dr. S. F. Upham of the Boston Theological school mounted upon the tomb and spoke a few sentences in a most impressive manner. His words seemed to sink deeply upon the group around him who had journeyed many thousands of miles to feel the inspiration that arose within them at this spot.

"At this spot where I am standing," said he, "John Wesley stood. From here he preached as long as he was permitted until he was driven out. His life and its associations are before us. I am overcome by its sacredness. No words can express the emotion I feel within me as I stand here upon this tomb. Hallowed is the spot, sacred is this hour!"

And in response from every pilgrim standing there around the tomb there came a profound amen. Then all the voices were lifted in unision in singing one of Wesley's hymns. It was "Oh! for Ten Thousand Tongues to Sing My Great Redeemer's Praise." No voices ever sang the words in such an impressive way before. Every nook of the old church yard echoed with the sound. There were many moist eyes among the group of spectators.

The first object that attracted the pilgrims within the old church was the baptismal fount at which John Wesley was baptized. It stands to-day exactly where it stood when that ceremony was performed by his father. It is about four feet high and octagonal in form. It is still used in the service of the church. Each of the party pressed his hand to it in reverence, as to a thing holy.

The interior of the church is antique. The old oaken pews which have served as resting places for successive generations, the stained glass windows of the day of Queen Anne, the chancel rail, where for centuries sacrement has been administered. The same altar from which Samuel Wesley preached is still used. From it John Wesley also discoursed before he was dismissed from the church. It is made of oak and of a design now rarely seen.

The vestry of the old church is at the rear beneath the huge chimney. Canon Overton, who is the present rector, opened the quaintly carved old door that leads into the small room where the records of the church have been preserved. The tooth of time has not gnawed at the vellum volumes as at the iron chest which contains them. Their preservation is remarkable and probably in no vault in Europe have written documents been so successfully stored. Into the little room but a half dozen could crowd at a time, and in successive relays the canon pointed out the entry in the register of Samuel Wesley's death. It was written by John Wesley a century and a half ago, but it is clear and legible to-day. Silently the pilgrims were ushered into this little room and trembling each one gazed upon the legend in the register. It seemed as though the reformer had lived but yesterday as they saw before them the work of his hand, the writing of his pen. But this entry was made when he was filling temporarily the place made vacant by the death of his father. It was before he had unconsciously founded the new creed whose influence has ramified to all parts of the earth.

It was the field preaching that marked John Wesley's first step from the established church, into whose dogmas he had been educated. It was distasteful to him but he saw the work that Whitfield was doing and his enthusiasm began to arouse. The separation came on gradually, almost unawares. From the market place in Epworth he spoke to the common people, who filled the square in one sea of upturned faces. He preached on the common to colliers and marked, as he spoke, the tears making channels down their faces. The spots now are pointed out where all these scenes took place. The American pilgrims were shown where he was stoned and jeered by mobs, dragged from his horse and covered with filth. At the old market square they saw the simple stone that is erected where he preached. It is at the center of the little village where the streets cross and the red-tiled roof of nearly every hamlet may be seen. It is not difficult in standing upon this spot to imagine the stormy scenes which were enacted there. The same pebbles, perhaps, still lie about with which he was assailed. It was only his cool courage, which never failed him in the case of an emergency, which saved his life on some of these occasions. With his marvelous powers it required but a short interval to change his pursuers and persecutors into champions and defenders.

There are many points over England which mark some such wild scenes. From the time of his first field preaching and lay preaching at Epworth his whole life was devoted to the work. It became a continued succession of preachings, journeys and awakening meetings. One day he was stoned in Sussex, a week later pelted with mud in Manchester. Wherever he could get men together to listen to his voice it was heard. He rode on horse-back day after day and in the course of his life, as he said in his journal, covered a distance of 100,000 miles. But through all his stormy career Epworth was the center from which his work radiated It was there he would return after vicissitudes among the colliers and potters and it seems his greatest interest was centered in his old home He demanded of everyone of his converts an assurance that his soul was saved, but at the same time a belief that it might fall back and be lost. Without this he held that no one could be a Christian, and on one of his homecomings, his old mother, Susannah, then upwards of seventy, told him of a peculiar thrill she had experienced during communion service, and he assured her that she had never before been a Christian, and afterward at her death he caused to be inscribed upon her tombstone the date of her death "After a Spiritual Night of Seventy Years." Time has worn that inscription entirely away and Susannah Wesley is held sacred to-day as the mother of the religion founded by her son. The eight rules that she formulated for the guidance of her children are still preserved as a testimonial of her strong, clear mind.

The memorial chapel, which was erected a few years ago to the memory of John Wesley, stands upon the same common where he preached. It is a simple frame structure, modern in architecture and not unlike an ordinary church in a Canadian village. On one wall is a simple tablet upon which is inscribed the words, "Sacred to the memory of John Wesley," followed by the date of his birth and death. Here the pilgrims repaired, the villagers following in respectful silence. At the door of the memorial chapel they were photographed in a group. the patriarchs in front, the young men and women in the rear. It was noticed and remarked the slow process of photographing in vogue in the village. The Americans, accustomed to the instantaneous process, grew nervous during the long exposure of the plate which was required by the village photographer. It took several trials before a satisfactory result was obtained.

"That must have been the way they photographed people in the days of Wesley," remarked one of the pilgrims after the ordeal was over.

"I believe that is the same photographer they had here then," replied another.

Although none of the descendants of the Wesleys are now living, one gray haired old man was introduced to the pilgrims who is a lineal descendant of the man who rescued John Wesley from the flames when the wicked villagers had set fire to the old rectory. He seemed proud of the privilege which had fallen upon him and grasped each one by the hand. Within the chapel each of the visitors registered his name in the church records as the first party of American pilgrims to Epworth.

The hospitality of the villagers was without limit. They placed their homes at the disposal of the pilgrims as long as they would remain there, but the most of the party were limited to a single day. They separated in different directions, each one followed by fully a score who vied with each other in making them comfortable. The quaint old village never wore a more cheerful aspect than it did that evening. The neat little houses with their red tiled roofs were a mystery which the curious Americans were intent upon solving, and when they were within them their surprising comfort was a source of no small amount of wonder.

At 7 o'clock in the evening, while the slow English twilight was gathering, the pilgrims assembled once more in the memorial chapel, where the final services were held. There was a certain sense of sadness in the meeting, that the long pilgrimage which had been so full of spiritual joy to them all was about to close. The chapel was filled to the doors when Rev. Dr. Lippincott arose and offered prayer. There were frequent and hearty amens as he went on, and at the close all joined in singing one of Wesley's hymns. The old Biblo and prayer book from which Wesley had read during his stormy years of field preaching were used in the service that followed. It was as though the spirit of the great preacher was conducting the exercises, and all who were present were visibly affected. There were several addresses by members of the pilgrimage. Dr. Upham, Rev. Mr. Bronson Dr. Docking, Rev. Mr. Burt and Rev. Mr. Thompson, followed by the present and former pastor of the Memorial chapel, all spoke feelingly of the work of John Wesley as a man and as a reformer. The holy communion was administered by Dr. Upham from the same sacrament table which was used by Wesley. No more solemn rite has ever been performed in a Methodist church.

After the benediction the pilgrims filed slowly from the memorial chapel and marched in a body to the old church yard. The evening was beautiful. A full moon shone from the clear sky and the air was blossom scented. They passed silently through the old elm shaded lane and formed again around the grave of Samuel Wesley. On every side the crumbling tombs of a ghostlike hue wrought with their shadows fantastic figures in the old church yard where succeeding generations had been laid to rest. To one unacquainted with the sacred mission of the pilgrims the sight would have seemed uncanny. But to these serious faced men and women who knelt in silent worship, it was a moment of triumph. They had surmounted every obstacle before them and stood, though even for a moment, at the source of their spiritual enlightenment. Then with one accord they joined in the hymn "Shall We Meet Again." The strong chorus sounded strangely in the shadows of the old churchyard, as with one thought the hymn changed to "We Shall Meet Beyond the River," which seemed to rise spontaneously from their hearts, while every eye was dimmed with tears. It was nearly midnight. The moon had passed behind one of the great elms and threw a checkered shadow over the bowed forms. Their work was accomplished. The pilgrimage was a thing of the past.

From Epworth the party separated. Some returned at once to London and others to their home. Many visited the city road chapel, where a statue of the great religious leader was unveiled several months ago. The pilgrims return to America with a consciousness of having accomplished the greatest hope of their lives. They were mostly from the every-day walks of life, unable to bear the expense of foreign travel, and this the first pilgrimage to the tomb of Wesley is likely to bear fruit, as it is the intention of the managers to make a permanent itinerancy and each year send across the Atlantic a band of pilgrims.

WILLIAM WRIGHT.

To add to the continued miseries inflicted upon them by the continued rains, English farmers are now pestered with another infliction. In Lincolnshire, Cambridgeshire, and Norfolk counties the insect known as the mustard bug is making sad ravages among certain of the crops. At Deeping a field of mustard was found to be badly infested, and as soon as the crop was cut down the bugs were to be seen crossing the road in extraordinary numbers. In their progress they devoured everything in the gardens and then made their way into the houses, from which they were swept out in thousands. From other quarters the statement is made that much damage has been done by the army worm, which owes its name to the fact that its movements are made with all the regularity which is characteristic of a military advance. Apparently the wet weather which has been experienced not only in this country, but throughout Europe, is favorable to the multiplication of these insect pests.

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TOO LATE.

The barque *Eagle* lay in the London Docks, taking in the last of her cargo and getting ready for sea. It was mid-day, and a pleasant lull had followed the din and turmoil of the morning. The huge steam cranes on the quay-side were at a standstill, their suppressed vitality showing itself in little puffs of steam that escaped with a hissing noise from the safety-valves. The ring of the calking hammer was hushed for a while. Stevedores, riggers, painters, and carpenters had gone ashore to dinner, and the half-dozen hands left aboard were gathered for the same purpose in a snug little cabin on the maindeck just for'ard of the charthouse. Ben, the sailmaker, in his canvas jacket, was a prominent member of the group. He was a man in the prime of life, with a pleasant look on his sunburnt face. His heart and soul were in his calling, for his experience dated from boyhood, and he had a way of telling things that was racy of salt water.

The conversation had turned from the business in hand to the latest bit of shipping news, the loss of a well-know London trader, that had that morning been posted at Lloyd's as missing. Many were the reminiscences brought up by first one and then another touching the skipper and crew of the ill-fated vessel.

"D' ye think there's any chance that some of 'em may ha' bin picked up?" asked one.

"No, I don't," answered Ben, "and that's the truth. I'm afeard it's the old story of death in an open boat, if any of them got away from her at all. And that reminds me of something that happened about two years ago, which maybe none of you have ever heard, but which is as true as we're a-sittin' here in this cabin."

"I shipped (said Ben) from the port of Hull aboard the *Queen of Kent* for a round voyage to Hong-kong. She was one of the 'Bell' Line, and a smarter craft I never wish to sail aboard of. She was well found too, gear, stores, and everything. Well, we made a fast passage out, with fair weather; but because we wanted to be first home, from the time we dropped the pilot until we crossed the line it was altogether different. For days at a time we lived in our oil-skins, you might say; the hatches were battened down, and the fo'c'sle was awash. South'ard of the Cape we ran into the worst gale I think I was ever in in my life; and I'm sure o' this, that not many a craft would ha' lived through it. For three days we were hove-to under close-reefed tops'ls, with the wind howling and roaring through the riggin' till it seemed as if every stick must go, and the seas tumblin' over the fo'c'sle and quarterdeck as if they meant tearin' the craft plank from plank. However, she came through it with no worse loss than a set of tops'ls and courses. After that we had a brief spell of better weather; the sea dropped, and the skies cleared, and we were able to make a bit more sail. Well, just about that time, we were washin' decks one mornin' at daybreak, when the second mate, who had the mornin' watch, sings out to one of the lads: 'Go below and fetch the glasses out of my cabin.' Away he goes, and presently comes up with a pair o' these here opera-glass things.

We didn't take much notice o' this, for we thought perhaps he'd sighted a sail in the distance. But after a long look ahead, he calls out again: 'Bo'sun, just take a look through these and tell me if you can see anything ahead yonder. Wait till she dips again! Now! about two points off the weather-bow, low down on the water.—What do you make of it?'

'I see somethin' away there, sure enough,' answers the bo'sun after a pause, 'and looks as if it were about midway between the bow of the ship and the horizon; but I can't rightly make it out, sir, with these. I'll go aloft and take a look around.'

In less than five minutes his voice came from the fore topmast crosstrees: 'Below there!'

'Ay! ay!' responded the mate.

'That's a ship's boat ahead these, sir, from what I can make of it; but it ain't no bigger than a man's hand from here,' reports the bo'sun.

'So I thought,' was the mate's reply. 'All right; that'll do.' Then glancing at the canvas aloft, he muttered an oath. 'Confound the wind; it's dying away altogether now.'

And so it was; and by the time the sun had been above the horizon for an hour, there wasn't breeze enough to lift the leech of the royals, and the lower sails beat against the masts and riggin' at every roll off the vessel; for though the surface was like a lookin'-glass, there was a bit o' a swell on that might ha' bin a reminder of some of the heavy weather we'd bin havin, or it might mean a bit of a breeze again before nightfall. Anyway, there we lay with the tacks and sheets hangin' in festoons over the side, and a stretch of blue water lyin' between us and yonder speck, that had got to be covered somehow.

As you may guess, we were all agog at this news, and not a few of the watch below turned out have a peep over the weather bulwarks. Some said they could see her, or made out that they could; but for my part, when I came to look, I couldn't for the life o' me make out her whereabouts. But there was no doubt about it, she was there, and maybe half-a-dozen poor wretches aboard of her, wonderin' whether the big ship saw them, or was going to leave them to their fate.

In the meantime the mate had gone below and roused out the skipper, who came on deck lookin' sleepy and not over good-tempered. He had a look through the glasses, and, my word, you never saw such a change in a man all at once. He was wide awake in a moment, takes a turn or two up and down the deck, glances sharply aloft at the idle canvas, and then has a careful look all round the horizon, as if looking for the wind; but never so much as a breath came to his aid. A few words with the mate, and his voice rings out over the deck: "Clear away the starboard lifeboat." A dozen hands spring forward to execute the order; and in less time than it takes me to tell you, lads, the lashings were cut and the boat swung over the side.

'Lower away easy there,' comes the next order.—'Now, Mr. East, take half-a-dozen men with you, and make the best of your way to yonder boat, and let us know whether there's any one living or dead aboard of her; but don't be longer than you can help, for I believe the breeze'll freshen again soon, and we don't want to lose a day. —Bo'sun, pipe the hands to shorten sail, and clew up your fore and main sail.'

You may be sure I did not want to be asked to form one of that boat's crew. There was a bit of a scramble; but I was the first to drop into her. The number was soon made up; and in a few moments we were pulling in the direction of the derelict.

From her royal masthead to her waterline, our ship looked a picture as we pulled away from her; and the voices of those left aboard, as they bent to the ropes, drifted cheerily over the sea. It was a stiffish pull, I can tell you, for the sun had got a bit o' power by that time, and made things warm all round, and the distance seemed twice as long, for every man was on the tiptoe of excitement, and anxious to get alongside, and kept lookin' over his shoulder to see what way we were makin'.' The mate he says nothin' but a few words of encouragement every now and again; but at last he stands up, grasping the tiller ropes in his hand, and with his eyes fixed on the boat we were makin' for. Every line of his face was workin' with excitement; but a moment afterwards, he turned the colour o' the canvas, and said in a husky voice that weren't a bit like his own: "We're too late, lads! Easy all! Stand by for'ard there with the boat-hook." And the next moment we were alongside the stranger, to find—a few rags of canvas hanging from a mast, an empty water-breaker awash in the bottom, some pieces of sodden leather, a pencil-case and a human figure huddled in the stern sheets—dead.

Well, mates, we took the boat in tow and made back for our own craft. The breeze had sprung up at last, and she was coming down to us like a yacht, hand over hand, with every line of her canvas filled, and it was a pretty sight to see her hove-to. There was a row of anxious faces lining the bulwarks as we pulled alongside; but they disappeared one by one when they saw we had done no good. That night we stood round the gangway bareheaded while the skipper said the last words over the poor fellow.

Then we made sail once more; and never from that day to this has it ever been discovered to what ship or to what port that boat belonged."

The Liepsic police have shut up the Marien baths, the most fashionable swimming school in that city. The cause of this action was the neglect of the attendants in allowing a boy who could not swim to enter the big bath without a rope. The bathing master was called away just after the boy entered, and the boy was drowned unnoticed. Several hours later the boy's mother called at the baths for him, and he could not be found. The swimming bath was drained and his body was found at the bottom. There have been six similar deaths in the swimming bath since the Marien house was opened. The owner is under arrest and will be tried for manslaughter.

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Foreign Naval Notes.

The Royal Adelaide, which was built at Davenport nearly sixty years ago, and which has never yet been outside the breakwater which protects Plymouth Sound, is about to make her first voyage. She is under orders to proceed to Sheerness, where she is to be converted into a training ship.

"No blame is attached to anybody concerned," is the decision in the case of the bursting of the 6-inch gun on the cruiser Cordelia. As this proves that the bursting of the gun was in no way due to carelessness on the part of the gun's crew, it is evident that the weapon itself must have been defective, and consequently the cause of the weakness ought easily to be traced.

In point of speed, as well as in general efficiency, the 3,150 ton cruiser 25th de Mayo, built for the Argentine Republic, is one of the most remarkable vessels which modern skill and science have produced. In speed she surpasses every ship, outside of some of the torpedo boats, in existence. With natural draft she can maintain a speed of 21 1-4 knots per hour, and with forced draft it is possible that two knots more speed could be got out of her. Her armament consists of two 8-inch breech-loading rifles, eight 4.7-inch and twenty small quick-firing guns, and three torpedo tubes.

If one has any desire to note the advance made in every direction in the construction and armament of war vessels, the Royal Naval Exhibition affords the opportunity. The full-size model of the Victory, the vessel historically associated with Nelson's victories, is a strong contrast with the Victoria. The former was a three-decker of 3,500, tons 186 feet in length, and carrying an armament of 102 guns, the largest of which were 42 pounders. But she had a complement of 900 men, against 587 for the Victoria. The latter has a length of 340 feet and a displacement of 10,500 tons. She carries an armament of 44 guns, the largest of which are the 110-ton guns. The largest charge of powder used on the Victory was 10 pounds, while the largest charge used on the Victoria is 1,000 pounds. The Victoria is also a steel vessel, and it has a total of 38 engines.

The naval manœuvres of the British fleet have been productive of an unusual number of accidents to machinery. On the way from Plymouth to Berehaven the Swiftsure delayed the squadron for nearly an hour by a mishap to her engines. The Speedwell burst one of her steam pipes, but, fortunately, without causing any injury to any of her men. The Tartar broke the eccentric rod of her starboard low-pressure cylinder, and had to drop out for repairs. The condensing apparatus of both the Latona and Pallas gave out, and they had to put into Tynemouth for a supply of fresh water. The Spider had to return to port, after being pronounced in all respects ready for sea, in order to make good several defects of her engines. The firebars of one of the furnaces of the Sharpshooter were completely burned through, and these had to be replaced. The Spanker, of the second class, came to utter grief. Not only did she smash one of her piston rings, but one of her boilers was in such a bad condition that the vessel was practically disabled.

The members of the press rose in their might against the order that they should not be permitted on board certain ships for the manœuvres, "because their movements will be of no interest to the general public." They were excluded from the other ships on the ground that there was no room for accommodation—which was not the fact. This order was issued by Lord George Hamilton, a surprising fact, since the First Lord of the Admiralty has been looked upon as more anxious and willing to do his duty by the Navy than almost any other member. It is the general impression that the real reason why the Admiralty fought shy this year of wholesome publicity was because it dreaded the discovery that the so-called "20-knot torpedo catchers" are only capable of a sea-sped of 16 knots, and frequently break down at that. The only one of the Sharpshooter class that has been trustworthy from the first is Rattlesnake. Is it due to the fact that the builders were fined £5,000 because they added sufficient weight to her machinery to make her trustworthy?

Generally Interesting.

The highest altitude ever reached by a balloon was seven miles.

In one business establishment in London no fewer than 400 Cornishmen are employed.

California's crop of peaches this year will probably amount to three and a half million half-bushel baskets.

One of the peculiar customs of the East Indian coolies called Lascars is the putting of a ring on the great toe when they marry.

It is estimated that in the year 2000 no less than 1,700,000,000 will be speaking the the English language, while only 500,000,000 will be speaking other European tongues.

The first Mohammedan marriage in England was celebrated a few weeks ago, when a Moslem lawyer was wedded according to the rites of his religion to the daughter of a magistrate.

The total number of Buddhists in the world is estimated to be 75,000,000.

In twenty years there has been no counterfeiting of American postage stamps.

Pittsburg claims to have more millionaires in proportion to her population than any other city in the world.

The 124½ miles between Newcastle and Edinburgh, which is done without a stop is at present the longest run in Britain.

In France a little more than a hundred years ago it was impossible for anybody to work unless he joined the union of his particular trade and submitted to its rules.

The social magnificence of a State ball at St. Petersburg is such that on one occasion the guests numbered 3,000, yet there was no crowding and every arrangement was perfect.

Kaiser Wilhelm is a heavy eater, with a preference for homely dishes. According to Mr. Frederic, he smokes a great number of light Dutch cigars, which cost about three halfpence each.

A noted smoker of his day was the late Lord Clarendon, who regularly smoked when attending to his official business, his despatches being generally permeated with a strong aroma of cigars.

A nervous passenger badgered the guard on a train for the North at every station as to whether she had reached her destination. In due course the town desired was arrived at, and she as usual, called—"Guard! Guard! I, say, guard, is this Aberdeen?" "Yes'm, this is Aberdeen." "And do I really leave the train here?" "Why, yes'm, you ought to, unless you wish to take it with you." And then she bounced out and slammed the door.

Pretty and Pathetic.

PRINCE AND FLOWER-SELLER.

A pretty story of the late Emperor Frederick is told in one of the German papers. Some years ago, shortly before the death of the old Emperor of Germany, a tall, handsome gentleman jumped into a third-class carriage of a local railway at Berlin, just as the train was leaving the station. An old flower-seller, with a basketful of newly-cut hyacinths, was the only other occupant of the compartment. He asked the old dame to sell him a bunch, and, mollified by his suave manner, she chose the freshest and largest, and handed it to him. Its price was a penny, but as the gentleman had no coppers, and the old woman no change, not having sold any of her goods yet, she was paid with a mark piece, which, as she said at once was a thing that had never been heard of before in a third-class carriage.

Presently the stranger and the flower-seller were deep in conversation, and it turned out that the poor woman was the only breadwinner of a family of four. Her son was crippled, her granddaughter a little schoolgirl, and her husband had for some months past been out of work since a new railway official had dismissed him as being too old to do much work. The stranger then suggested that she should apply, on her husband's behalf, to the railway authorities. "That is no good whatever," she replied, as she wiped her tears with her apron. "If you haven't the Pope for your cousin nowadays, you can't get anybody to listen to you." "Then try the Emperor," the stranger went on. "Alas!" she sighed, "if the old gentleman was allowed to see the petitions that are sent, it might do some good, but he does not get to know about us poor people."

"Well, then, let your husband write to the Crown Prince." "Yes," she said, "he might do that," and she would tell him so as soon as she had sold her flowers. By this time the train had got to the terminus, the old dame bundled out her basket, and noticed with astonishment that the officials and the crowd on the platform looked at her carriage, and saluted and cheered.

"What's up?" she asked. "Why, the Crown Prince was in the same compartment with you!" Then the flower seller held her head high and told every syllable of what had happened to the delighted crowd. Her flowers were sold before five minutes were over, and a fortnight afterward her husband was at work again in his old place.

HOW BILL CROSSED THE DIVIDE.

Bill raised himself tremblingly upon his arm and looked at me with a strange pallor gathering in his face. I was alarmed and tried to persuade him to lie down. But he would not and remained in his upright posture, resting against me for support.

"Ralph," he said in a hoarse whisper, "do you remember the time we crossed the divide together and went to prospectin' on the slope?"

"Yes, Bill," I answered soothingly, "but we'll talk about that some other time. You must be quiet now."

"I can't be quiet, Ralph, I'm runnin' down—I can't last long an' I must speak. Ralph!"

"Yes, Bill?"

"We had a hard tussel when we crossed the divide, didn't we?"

"It was a rough trip, Bill."

"But we kept a-hearin' each other on by talkin' about the Golden Gate an' the yaller dust we was goin' to get—didn't we?"

"Yes, Bill."

"We were goin' to become rich in a few months, Ralph, but that was thirty years ago, an' here we are in the same old rut."

I did not speak and Bill continued:

"An' the Golden Gate—there wasn't much sparkle about that, was there?"

"Only rocks, Bill."

Then Bill was silent. His head fell on his breast and I was about to lay him down when he roused up and whispered:

"Ralph, old friend, am I goin' to find any gold across the divide?"

I could not answer him. My heart was full and I turned from his pleading eyes.

"'Cause I can see the white tops of the mountains," he went on, shading his eyes with one trembling hand and looking up at the dark rafters, "an' they're a harder range than the Rockies, Ralph," he shivered. "There's a cold wind comes down from the snow an' ice on their tops an' it makes me cold. Let me lie down, Ralph, an, cover me up. There—thank you, old boy. I'm afraid," he added after a pause, "that my life ain't been right—I'm afraid I shan't find anythin' but rocks when I get over there. No Golden Gate," he mused wearily, his eyes closed, "only rocks—rocks."

And I wept beside him and lived an age in the hours of that night. And when the sun came and threw his beams over the lonely mountains my comrade had gone. He had "crossed the divide."

Neighbourly Neighbors.

Many persons indulge in sentimental twaddle about neighborly duty. It is one of the ways by which selfish and indolent people appeal to the sympathies of the more thrifty and liberal-minded, and command their services when they have fallen through their own folly. The good neighbor, in country parlance, is the one who at any time is ready to abandon his own household, or at least let them shift for the time for themselves, in order to recuperate his neighbor's fortune. Poor Mrs. Smith has allowed her baby to eat green apples, therefore thrifty Mrs. Brown, who has repeatedly warned her of the danger, is called up to attend to the infant's colic. Mrs. Smith would not and could not be of the slightest use to Mrs. Brown in any emergency. She will pathetically explain to you that "she never could do anything in anybody else's house. She would like to, but she can't." Mrs. Brown would be considered a bad neighbor if she did not do her best to help in such an emergency, it matters not whether her own children contract sickness from the absence of her motherly care. She is one who can help in other people's houses, and it is her neighborly duty to go. Because two persons purchase adjoining residences, it is no reason why they should have any social claim on each other. There is a strongly established idea in the country to the contrary, but it is a fallacy, and one that causes generous, busy women a great deal of needless annoyance and often positive work. It is an easy matter for a selfish woman to obtain from another, through some such pretext, valuable services. A weak woman may become so dependent on the kindly services of her neighbor that she fails to learn the most important lesson of life—self-dependence.

It is of course, delightful to have pleasant, congenial neighbors. It is not an uncommon thing for a number of people who are acquainted and have kindred tastes to live in the same village and the same parts of a city. While it is pleasant to have neighbors with whom we are on familiar social relations, the fact that we are neighbors merely is no reason why such relations should exist. Certainly no one has any reason to be offended if a neighbor chooses to live in retirement, or does not return obsequious calls. Too many of the calls on new neighbors, which are considered a social duty in many districts of the country, are simply prying errands to see if the parlor carpet is genuine brussels or rag, or whether the new neighbor keeps her hair in curl papers at calling hours, or is a good manager or a hopeless slattern, or something else, which is no possible concern of the caller.

Remarkable discoveries have been made at the Lick Observatory, San Jose, Cal. Professor Holden, the director, has secured through the big telescope better photographs of the moon than have been taken anywhere else, and the work of photographing goes on every hour when the satellite is visible. By studying these photographs with a magnifying glass and comparing them, any changes taking place on the surface of the moon may be discovered. The astronomers on Mount Hamilton have discovered some things that nobody else ever saw, but they have not determined whether these are new features or things that are too small to have been seen through a less powerful telescope. For example, upon the top of one of the mountains of the moon the photograph shows a luminous white spot that looks like snow. If that is snow, and if it was not there before, the presence of atmosphere is indicated. It has been believed that the moon has no atmosphere and therefore uninhabitable: but if it should be demonstrated that snow falls upon the surface of the satellite the accepted theory would be upset, and astronomers would begin to study the moon with new and greater interest. Objects upon the moon are detected by their shadows, and a projection or eminence fifty feet high casts a shadow large enough to be seen through the Lick telescope. If Professor Holden, studying his series of photographs, should discover some day a new shadow where none had been cast before when the moon was in the same position and under the same light, he would know that something had been erected upon the surface either a part of the crust upheaved by some internal movements or a building put up by living creatures. The moon appears to be a dead, desolate waste of played out volcanoes and cooled off lava beds, without atmosphere.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Silence is golden; chin music is cheap.

Births exceed the deaths by three every minute.

Whisky lowers the man and raises the devil.

Berlin, with 1,315,600 people, has only 26,800 dwellings.

A sewing machine works twelve times as fast as the hand.

When the devil can get the eyes he is sure of the feet.

The people of the United States spent $600,000,000 in tobacco in 1890.

There is a horse car line in Mexico which is seventy-two miles in length.

Doctors say that the left leg is usually stronger than the right.

The smelt is a small fish in the water, but very large fish are often smelt in Summer.

Rosalind—"Are you engaged already?" Beatrice—"No, but I'm ready to be engaged."

"What is that out there in the water?" "It's the bell-buoy." "Why, it's ringing wet!"

Contrary to the proverb, the lawyer who proves himself a necessity usually knows some law.

There are not many offices that seek the men, but a good many of them are looking for pretty stenographers.

Watts—"How is old Gilfillan?" Is he out of danger yet?" Dr. Bowles—"I don't know. He died this morning."

He—"Oh, Miss Jeanie, I just worship you. I am over head—and ears too—in love with you." She—"Oh, Andrew, I can fancy now how deep your love must be."

For stings or bites from any kind of insect apply dampened salt, bound tightly over the spot. It will relieve and usually cure quickly.

A Philadelphian, recently deceased, left $10,000 to be used to keep a lamp perpetually burning in his memory on an Episcopal church altar.

An appliance has been patented by three Buchanan (Mich.) young men whereby the pneumatic tire on a bicycle is kept inflated by the weight of the rider.

At Munich there is a hospital which is entirely supported by the sale of old steel pen-nibs, collected from all parts of Germany. They are made into watch springs, knives and razors.

A mathematician has computed the movements of a rider's feet while operating a bicycle, and has demonstrated that it requires less exertion to travel fifteen miles on a bicycle than to walk three miles.

Boston's new temperance law is rather peculiar. It permits any man to get tight twice a year without punishment, but if he is arrested for drunkenness the third time his sentence is imprisonment for a year.

An ambitious young preacher occupied the pulpit of a country kirk, in the temporary absence of its minister. The beadle, as is usual, failing to reach his pew in time to hear the text announced, whispered to an old wife next whom he seated himself, 'Whaur's his grun'?" "Grun'!" exclaimed the old woman, scornfully. "He has nae grun'; he's soomin'!"

Foreign Army Notes.

Saxony's cavalry has a new sword, three inches shorter and considerably lighter than the old one. The blade is straight and the handle is of hard rubber. The new weapon is more easily handled but less dangerous than the one hitherto used.

At Sophia experiments have been made in the last four weeks to ascertain the accuracy of the rapid-firing cannon recently received from the Gruson Works in Magdeburg. At a distance of 5,690 feet, a target representing two field cannon and ten men was almost completely demolished by twenty-five shots. A line of thirty wooden soldiers, lying six feet apart so that only the heads were in sight of the marksmen received twenty-six loads of chain shot and nine of shrapnell. Twenty of the chain shot and forty-one pieces of shrapnell struck fourteen wooden soldiers.

The launching of the armored battle ship Sicilia at Venice last month added another floating monster to Italy's navy. It is but eleven feet shorter than the Sardegna, launched last year in Spezia and said to be the biggest war ship in the world, and is almost the exact counterpart of the Re Umberto, launched in Naples three years ago. The Sicilia carries an armor fourteen inches thick and has forty-eight great guns, besides numerous revolving cannon, mitrailleuse, &c. Like the Sardegna and the Re Umberto, its crew numbers 673, including 21 officers of the general staff. The speed of the new battle ship is eighteen knots. The Sicilia has cost more than $5,000,000, has been building since 1885, and will not be fully equipped for action before the summer of 1894.

Several officers of the Australian army have taken the course in military aeronautics at the Victor Silberer Institute in Vienna this year. Numerous trips in all sorts of weather have been made in the two great air ships Budapest and Father Radetzky, yet not a single accident has happened. Several trips were 200 or 300 miles long, and six were made on very stormy days. In most of the ascensions the officers were able to follow pretty closely the direction already determined upon. Landings were made in high winds, and in swamps, rivers and forests, without the slightest injury even to the balloons. The course of instruction will close this month with a series of ascensions by night in captive balloons for the purpose of making observations by means of flash lights.

The programme for the German fall manœuvres is complete. The Fourth Army Corps, consisting of the Seventh and Eighth Divisions, a division of reserves, and another of cavalry, will go into camp in the vicinity of Erfurt and Gotha on Sept. 12. The two infantry brigades, the regiment of field artillery, and the pioneers, also ordered out for the manœuvres, will be brought up by rail on Sept. 11 and 12 and will be distributed among the stations between Gotha and Erfurt. For the parade in Erfurt on Sept. 14 the regiment of foot artillery, No. 4, from Juterbog will also be called in. Thirty thousand men in four divisions will be reviewed at the parade by the Emperor. On the evening of Sept. 14 there will be a grand tattoo of all musicians of the Fourth Corps as well as of the cavalry division, on the Frederick William square in Erfurt. On Sept. 15 the Fourth Corps in two armies will fight a sham battle northwest of Erfurt while the cavalry will proceed toward Cassel to determine the position of the advancing Eleventh Corps. The Fourth Corps will follow the cavalry on Sept. 16. On Sept. 17 the imperial headquarters will be moved from Erfurt to Muhlhausen, and there on Sept. 17 and 18 the manœuvres of the Fourth Corps against the Eleventh Corps will culminate. On Sept. 19 the two corps will be united and will operate against a third corps of temporary formation. The exact size of the total force involved in the manœuvres is not yet known. It will probably be about 60,000 to 65,000 men.

Ugly and Pretty Girls.

"No woman can ever afford to undervalue beauty," some one sagely says. That she cannot! In the first place, it is very expensive to be plain. Ugly girls never get any drives in the park nor free seats at the theatre; neither ice-cream nor French candy. Indeed, the expensiveness of being an ugly girl is one of the worst things about it; there are no perquisites. She gets none of the plums out of life's pudding, for under the present conditions men do the carving. Hard, is it not, that anybody's destiny in life should be based irretrievably upon an accident over which she has no control, such as having been born with a red head or a pug nose? But this is a law under which women have lived since the beginning of time, and it doesn't give the ugly girls a fair chance, unless they use the wit which is often denied to their sisters, and cultivate a charm of mind or manner until it allures and fascinates mankind more strongly than mere beauty ever can. But there must be something beyond a mere veneer. Behind grace and winsomeness there must certainly be individuality, sympathy, generosity. The woman who would be fascinating must be interested as well as interesting. She must study the man she wishes should study her. She must listen to him a part of the time—not prompt the conversation. She must adapt herself to his moods, and respond to his conditions. She must become not an echo, but rather a corresponding chord of music. On the other hand, she must avoid complaisance. A man likes to be opposed by a pretty woman unless she be his wife. A spice of antagonism, a dash of rebellion, pleases "the brutal sex." Here is a kingdom worth conquering—an enemy worth vanquishing. Beauty is powerful; but the woman who can whet curiosity penetrate cynicism, and find the heart beneath it, give vague, shadowy hints of her real self, allure, repel, cajole, command, grow scornful and tender in one breath, battle bravely, and yield gracefully, is the woman who succeeds in fascinating, whether she is pretty or plain.

BRISTOL'S

Sarsaparilla.

The Great Purifier

— OF THE —

BLOOD AND HUMORS

Thought He Was a Hindoo.

A postman in Egypt who carried the mail to the villages in the neighborhood of Minieh was in the habit of announcing his arrival by shouting so that the villagers should come at once for their mail and not keep him waiting too long. He was placed on a new route, and shortly after leaving the first village one of the inhabitants died. Two days later he called there again, and another villager died after his departure. After his third visit a third villager died The villagers attributed these deaths to the evil influence of the new postman, called him the messenger of Satan, and determined to put a stop to his visits. On the occasion of his fourth visit to the village a woman, who was related to one of the dead men, insulted him grossly and threw mud at him. The postman went to complain to the sheiks of the village, whereupon the latter turned on him in a rage and reviled him in the most outrageous manner as the cause of the villagers' misfortunes. The poor postman was obliged to resign his office.

"Seeing is Believing."

So runs an old saw, and we fancy that thousands of those who have visited the exhibition grounds during the past few days are prepared to assert its correctness. Our representative on passing through the main building at the exhibition grounds noticed an interested throng gathered around a fine looking specimen of healthful manhood seated upon a table. The Scribe's curiosity was aroused, and he joined the man's audience, and soon ascertained that he was none other than Mr. John Marshall of 25 Little William street Hamilton, whose almost miraculous cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills has by the medium of the press been made known from one end of the Dominion to the other. Mr. Marshall was busily engaged answering questions concerning his previous condition and his wonderful cure, and there were none who heard him but were convinced that his was a remarkable case. Briefly stated, Mr. Marshall, as the result of a fall, was attacked by locomotor ataxy and rendered helpless from his waist downward. Although this disease is pronounced incurable, yet a score of physicians treated him in the hope that his normal condition could be restored, but in vain, and after spending hundreds of dollars in all sorts of treatment he was at last given a certificate of permanent disability benefit of $1,000 granted by the Royal Templars of Temperance in such cases. Some time after Mr. Marshall was induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and in six weeks after beginning their use he was able to walk to any part of the city, and is to-day in better health than he has been before in years.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, BIRTH-MARKS, moles, and all facial blemishes permanently removed by Electrolysis. DR. FOSTER, Electrician, 391 Yonge street, Toronto.

THE LADIES HELPER
French Pills
For all diseases peculiar to female Irregularities, removing all obstructions from whatever cause, sent by mail on receipt of $3 per box. Address—
J. E. HAZELTON,
Graduated Pharmacist,
308 Yonge St., Toronto.

Canada's Future Granary.

Mr. T. G. Pearse, of London, Ont., writes: We left Winnipeg at 5 p. m. on Saturday, Aug. 8th, for the promised land of Alberta, after a welcome rest at Winnipeg, where we arrived the previous evening.

Approaching the Portage plains we were much interested in the appearance of the crops, which were very fine. The wheat especially presented a grand appearance being of a rich, dark green, a sure indication of vigorous growth, and although somewhat lodged by heavy rains, was not seriously damaged, promising a bountiful harvest, much to the joy of many of our Ontario farmers' sons who were travelling westward with the intention of finding employment in the harvest fields.

All the way from Winnipeg to Brandon, crops were excellent, but at the latter point darkness put an end to our view of the country, and the following morning found us at Wapella, with nothing to be seen as far as the eye could reach but a totally uncultivated, undulating prairie. Hour after hour we rolled over a beautiful plain, sometimes perfectly level, sometimes gently undulating—the most fertile imagination must utterly fail to picture the solitary grandeur of these illimitable prairies, where there is room for untold generations of agriculturalists. Well may it be called Greater Britain, and well may we be proud of our magnificent heritage.

For fully 600 miles we travelled on over one vast plain, passing an occasional settler's homestead. At Balgonie we saw one of the Canadian Agricultural, Coal and Colonization company's farms of 10,000 acres all fenced in, a portion only of which was under crop. I understand that this company owns ten of these farms, each comprising 10,000 acres; neat buildings are erected thereon and prospects for ultimate success appear good.

At Indian Head we had a fine view of the Government Experimental farm stations The buildings seemed spacious and convenient, while the symmetrical rows of trees and various kinds of vegetables made a pleasing contrast to the waving fields of magnificent grain now beginning to assume the golden hue of harvest, all exemplying what can be accomplised in these regions by systematic, careful work.

The quantity of buffalo bones piled in heaps along the railway is simply incredible; in one place we counted four piles of skulls stacked up like cordwood, each pile containing at least twelve cords by actual measurement. The wanton extermination of the buffalo in these territories is a deplorable fact, and the quantity of bones now to be seen conveys a faint idea of the enormous extent of animal life which has been supported in the not far distant past by the nutritious grasses of the prairie.

At Medicine Hat, Langevin and Cassels, natural gas has been discovered, and may be seen lighted and blazing away out of the extremity of a pipe at the latter place.

Our party was deeply impressed with the vast resources of the North-west territories as yet practically undeveloped, only awaiting the advent of the capitalist and the sturdy, persevering farmer to convert its hidden stores into actual wealth.

With a country of such boundless magnitude and resources traversed by a splendidly managed and equipped railway, controlled by a far-sighted and judicious Government, the future of Canada as one of the greatest nations on earth is assured and her position to-day is unparalleled; coming generations will reverence the memory of these patriots who opened up the country by C.P.R. in the face of the most determined opposition. The establishment of the mounted police for the protection of the settlers and the suppression of evil doers is very beneficial to the progress of the country, and would space permit, much might be said of their efficiency and smart soldierly appearance.

At 10.30 a.m. on Monday we reached Calgary and after a hearty lunch, partaken of at the Palace hotel, which by the way, is the place to take solid comfort in after a fatiguing railway journey, we went out to do the town, and were surprised to find that Dame Nature had anticipated the requirements of a modern city here and had provided in one locality first-class, easily worked stone for building, gravel of good quality for roads and a supply of excellent spring water from the Rocky mountains as contained in the picturesque waters of the Bow and Elbow rivers. With these natural advantages and a fine agricultural country in its vicinity, Calgary is destined to become in the near future one of the leading business centres of Canada.

In conclusion, I would say that I represent no interested party or company of any description, and merely give you here the honest impressions of the country as received in my travels.

Beauty's Friend

CANADA'S FIRST AND ONLY
COMPLEXION SPECIALIST

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MRS. C. LEROY,
DEAR MADAM—I have examined Grecian Remedies you sent me, and can certify that they are well calculated for the purposes they are intended to serve; and also that they contain no injurious ingredients.
Yours very truly,
STUART W. JOHNSTON,
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REMOVE SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
without pain or discoloration send for
. . . Grecian Hair Remover . . .
It is the only reliable preparation on the market. Guaranteed or money refunded. Send for price list and "Beauty's Friend." Examine this list of
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Beautiful Banff, N. W. T.

"I was induced to use your Burdock Blood Bitters for constipation and general debility and found it a complete cure which I take pleasure in recommending to all who may be thus afflicted."—James M. Carson, Banff, N. W. T.

If you want to live long don't try to live more than one day at a time.

Mr. W. Thayer, Wright, P. Q., had Dyspepsia for 20 years. Tried many remedies and doctors, but got no relief. His appetite was very poor, had a distressing pain in his side and stomach, and gradual wasting away of flesh, when he heard of, and immediately commenced taking, Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. The pains have left and he rejoices in the enjoyment of excellent health in fact he is quite a new man."

Every base occupation makes one sharp in its practice and dull in every other.

True Faith.

"I have a great faith in Burdock Blood Bitters as a blood purifier. I have taken three bottles for bad blood and find it a perfect cure. It is a grand medicine and I recommend it wherever I go."—Ida Sanderson, Toronto, Ont.

Jas. Shannon, Leaskdale, writes: For many years my wife was troubled with chilblains, and could get no relief until about two years ago; she was then not able to walk, and the pain was then so excruciating that she could not sleep at night. Your agent was then on his regular trip, and she asked him if he could cure her. He told her Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil was a sure cure. She tried it, and judge of her astonishment when in a few days, the pain was all allayed and the foot restored to its natural condition. It is also the best remedy for burns and bruises I ever used.

People generally are what they are made by education and company between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five.

Worms derange the whole system. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator deranges worms, and gives rest to the sufferer. It only costs twenty-five cents to try it and be convinced.

We can not conquer fate and necessity, yet we can yield to them in such a manner as to be greater than if we could.

Henry G. James.

Henry G. James, of Winnipeg, Man., writes: "For several years I was troubled with pimples and irritations of the skin. After other remedies failed I used four bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters and since then I have been quite free from my complaint. B. B. B. will always occupy a place in my house."

A Question of Color.

"Say, grandma, do people always paint the devil with red clothes on because he is wicked, and has evil spirits near him all the time?" "Yes, dearie; red is the colour of wickedness and sin." "Well, then, is it because grandpa has had spirits near him that his nose has got so red?" And grandma suddenly commenced to knit, and said she didn't know.

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PILLS CURE
SICK HEADACHE
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INDIGSTION.
Sold by all Druggists at 25c. a box

The D & L Emulsion
OF
Cod Liver Oil
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Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda.

No other Emulsion is so easy to take.
It does not separate nor spoil.
It is always sweet as cream.
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CURES
Scrofulous and Wasting Diseases.
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Mental and Nervous Prostration.
General Debility, &c.

Beware of all imitations. Ask for "the D. & L." Emulsion, and refuse others.

PRICE 50C. AND $1 PER BOTTLE.

A Woman's Awful Fall.

A crowd of pleasure seekers at Coney Island witnessed one of the most dramatic incidents that ever occured in Hamilton county at 5.50 last evening. Yesterday was a gala day at the famous pleasure resort on the banks of the Ohio, ten miles up the stream. Besides the customary number of daily visitors who seek relief from the city's heat by a ride o'er the Ohio's waves, there were crowds present, whose numbers had been swelled by several picnic parties. Thirty-five hundred people, according to the estimate of Mr. Lee Brooks, the President of the Coney Island Company, were on the grounds yesterday, witnessing the terrible fall of the woman whose coolness and bravery had previously called forth their admiration. A balloon ascension had been arranged to furnish amusement and awaken the interest of the many who had come to find relaxation from the tedious labors of the week. The courageous woman who risked her life in a vocation that seemed to suit her tastes and inclinations was known professionally as Frankie Lavelle. Others called her Anna Percival, but her right name was Anna Harkes. Her nerve was exquisite, her muscles of steel, and her hazardous undertakings had often been remarked. She was 28 years old, of slight build, but lithe and sinewy. Her father is collector of a bank in Terre Haute, Ind., the city in which Anna was born. She acquired some experience as a balloon ascensionist in Indiana, having participated in a number of exhibitions of that sort. She made three in this country, all at Coney Island with gratifying success. The fourth proved fatal.

The balloon was filled with hot air, and its bulky form swayed with the breezes as it lifted itself boldly above the heads of the spectators, who stood in idle curiosity, occupying all the available area of the pony track. From the balloon the parachute is hung; from this descends a trapeze and a rope, called the safety or life rope, two feet in length, terminating in a snaffle, hangs from the secure cross beam. Miss Harkes was attired in the gaudy dress of the performer; a short red basque, with white lace and blue trunks, covered her willowy form. A belt around her waist securely enveloped her, a steel ring being fastened in front beyond any chance of accidental release. Into this ring the snaffle fits, holding her in place, safe from harm, even though she should swoon or be overcome by fear or excitement. Mrs. Little assisted in the preliminaries and fastened the snaffle and the ring in the belt together. As the word "Ready" was spoken, Miss Harkes hurriedly spoke a few words to her friend. "When I am near the ground upon my descent," she said, "I am going to hang by my feet and come down head first."

"I wouldn't," warned Mrs. Little.

"O, yes, I will," responded the little woman, in a determined tone. "Come and meet me down the road, won't you?"

Mrs. Little promised, and a moment later the huge vessel arose majestically into the air. It reached a height of probably 2,500 feet, soaring with the high winds that threatened to carry it far from the banks of the Ohio. Then it began to fall, sinking like a feather upon the pinions of a zephyr, down, down, until again the outlines of the aeronaut's form could be distinguished. Down it came, six or eight hundred feet above the earth, when the most thrilling feat was undertaken. By a quick motion a rope was loosened. The balloon was released, and the parachute, leaping forward, opened in its descent, continuing in a quiet, gradual lowering.

What followed is best described by Allen Dudley, a colored boy employed in the Coney Island Club House, who watched further developments through a powerful field glass he had borrowed from John miller.

"She was away up high," said Allen; "She seemed but like a speck. As she dropped with the parachute over a thousand feet high, I saw her hook her knees in the bar of the trapeze. A handkerchief fluttered from her hand, and was carried away by the breeze. The safety rope, fastened to the ring in her waist, was too short to permit her to hang the entire length of her body. It must have annoyed her or prevented the carrying out of her intentions, for I saw her hands working down to her waist. Whether she unfastened the snaffle or not I do not know, but I believe she did. She must have done so. I think she tried to hang by her toes, but in a moment she grasped the bar with both hands. First her left released its hold. She regained it, and in a moment her right was free. Another second and her form was darting through the air. She turned four or five complete somersaults, and I closed my eyes that I might see no more."

And 3,500 others experienced a similar thrill of horror as they realized the terrible consequences of the woman's reckless daring.

Miss Harkes struck in Alex Kochler's nutmeg patch, about a half mile from the Coney Island grounds, a hundred yards north of the New Richmond pike, a short distance east from the village of California. Not a bone but what was broken. She must have fallen on her head, for it was torn and shattered beyond recognition.

There is some division of opinion concerning the height to which the balloon arose and the distance Miss Harkes fell. The general estimate is 2,500 feet for the balloon, 800 feet when the parachute descent was begun, and 500 feet when the poor girl lost her hold and fell to a terrible death.

There can be no mistaking the fact that Miss Harkes herself unfastened the snaffle. The ring at her waist was secure: the snaffle itself was intact. It had been previously tested, and twenty men were unable to snap or bend it.

Nursing Sick Children.

It is needful that mothers should learn the significance of various signs which are of great importance during the illness of young children, as these are the only means they have of indicating a knowledge of their condition. Most of these signs are automatic, or unintentional, so far as the child is concerned, but on this account are all the more significant and important. We quote a paragraph or two from "Hospital and Home Nursing," by an English author:—

"A skillful nurse should read intuitively by a sign, or a cry, what is amiss; crying is very expressive, and is a baby's only language, and an occasional good cry does it good rather than harm, by expanding its lungs. You must remember that a young baby can neither talk, sing, nor laugh aloud so that the deep inspirations it takes in crying are the only means it has of thoroughly aerating the residual air in its lungs. Do not, then, grudge the healthy cry which usually accompanies the morning tub.

"The cries of children vary much, according to the nature of their illness, and are often very significant. In brain disease the cry is piercing and shrill, and the child wakes, perhaps, with a shriek; pain in the stomach usually causes a loud, passionate cry accompanied by a flow of tears; the abdomen is probably distended, and the legs are drawn up. In chest complaints the cry is generally stifled, because the act of crying increases the pain.

"The slightest symptoms of illness in a child should never be neglected; infantile complaints develop very quickly, and require as a rule the practiced eye of a medical man to discern at once what is wrong.

"It is very desirable for those in charge of little children to have some general knowledge of symptoms, so as to know what to do in an emergency before the doctor comes; moreover, it is essential that they should have some elementary knowledge of the laws of digestion and of health. More than half the mortality among children under five years of age is caused, directly or indirectly, from errors in diet, such as giving young babies bread, biscuit, or any starchy food before they can digest it, and from the foolish and injurious custom of giving little children a 'taste' off their parents plates. The direct result of wrong feeding is usually diarrhea, and the indirect result is, not infrequently, convulsions or fits."

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, BIRTH MARKS Moles and all facial blemishes permanently removed by Electrolysis. DR. FOSTER, Electrician, 391 Yonge street, Toronto.

A fancy from Paris is that of suspenders of gold galloon to hold up the skirt over a shirt waist.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allay all pain, cures wind colic and the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

Sunday-school Teacher—"Now tell me what do you understand by a 'moveable feast?'" Pupil—"A picnic."

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper W. A. Noyes, 820 *Powers' Block Rochester* N. Y.

WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.

To save Doctors' Bills use Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.

THE BEST FAMILY PILL IN USE

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS

Keep the Works in good order.

NORMAN, Ont., January 15, 1890.
W. H. COMSTOCK, Brockville, Ont.
DEAR SIR,—Your "Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills" are the best regulator for the system that humanity can use. Life is as the time-piece: frail and delicate are many of its works. A tiny particle of foreign substance adheres to the smallest wheel in the works, and what is the result?—at first, only a slight difference is perceptible in its time-keeping, but wait you; as the obstruction grows, the irregularity becomes greater, until at last, what could have been rectified with little trouble, in the beginning, will now require much care in thoroughly cleansing the entire works. So it is in human life—a slight derangement is neglected, it grows and increases, imperceptibly at first, then rapidly, until what could, in the beginning, have been cured with little trouble, becomes almost fatal. To prevent this, I advise all to purify the system frequently, by the use of Morse's Pills, and so preserve vigor and vitality.
Yours faithfully,
H. F. ATWELL.

The Travellers' Safe-Guard.

AMAGAUDUS POND, N.S., Jan. 27, '90.
W. H. COMSTOCK, Brockville, Ont.
DEAR SIR,—For many years, I have been a firm believer in your "Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills." Not with a blind faith, but a confidence wrought by an actual personal experience of their value and merit. My business is such that I spend much of my time away from home, and I would not consider my travelling outfit complete without a box of Morse's Pills. Yours, &c.,
M. R. MCINNIS.

A valuable Article sells well.

BORACHOIS HARBOR, N.S., Jan. 23, '90.
W. H. COMSTOCK, Brockville, Ont.
DEAR SIR,—This is to certify that I deal in Patent Medicines, including various kinds of Pills. I sell more of the Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills than of all the others combined. Their sales I find are still increasing. Yours, &c.,
N. L. NICHOLSON.

In-Growing Toe-Nails.

A French medical journal gives the following for the treatment of ingrowing toe-nail: "The half of the toe-nail towards the affected side is softened by applying a solution of potash consisting of four parts of potash to ten of water. By moistening the nail with this solution, a thin layer of the nail will be softened in a few seconds, and can be scraped off with the sharp edge of a fragment of broken glass. The solution of potash is again applied, and another portion softened and scraped off, until the nail is reduced to the thickness of a sheet of paper. With a pair of small forceps the depressed edges of the nail can now be easily raised and cut off with the scissors. This method, which is entirely painless and bloodless, gives immediate relief from the distressing pain which is occasioned by this condition. It must not, however, be regarded as radically curative in its results, as the same measure must be applied again, when the nail is developed sufficiently to again encroach upon the flesh. It is possible, however, to render the method more effective, by elevating the depressed edge of the nail, and placing under it a small bit of cotton saturated with vaseline, thus keeping the nail elevated, and so giving it a new direction as it grows.

Kissing.

One of the most senseless and reprehensible practices occurring in modern society is the indiscriminate kissing which is not only tolerated but encouraged by many in the most thoughtless manner. The danger of communicating various loathsome diseases in this manner is much greater than is supposed. Dreadful and disgraceful maladies have not infrequently been traced to this source of infection. A physician recently reported a most distressing case in which a young married lady of excellent character became infected with a most horrible and loathsome disease. The circumstances were truly distressing, and the young woman's character was likely to be impeached, and her social standing forever destroyed. She singularly saved her reputation and position by tracing the infection to a certain young man, who, supposed to be of good character and habits, had been allowed the habit of kissing her baby. The little one had contracted the horrible disease from the young man, who was suffering from the consequences of gross immoralities, and thus had communicated the same frightful disease to the young mother, whose character, to say nothing of her life and health, were thus imperiled. Such cases may be more numerous than is generally known.

Adam's Tutti Frutti Gum is a luxury that will invigorate digestion and never fails to create an appetite. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. 5 cents.

The principal relic belonging to the church of Sainte Gubule, in Brussels, consists of a thorn which is said to have formed a part of the Saviour's crown. It was brought to the Netherlands in the time of the Crusades.

"How are you?"
"Nicely, Thank You."
"Thank Who?"
"Why the inventor of
SCOTT'S EMULSION
Which cured me of CONSUMPTION."

Give thanks for its discovery. That it does not make you sick when you take it.

Give thanks. That it is three times as efficacious as the old-fashioned cod liver oil.

Give thanks. That it is such a wonderful flesh producer.

Give thanks. That it is the best remedy for *Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Coughs and Colds.*

Besure you get the genuine in Salmon color wrapper; sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and $1.00.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

A man who will read a newspaper three or four years without paying for it would pasture a goat on the grave of his grandfather.

[illegible]

[illegible] ill luck is [illegible] ... [illegible] the young man came up the [illegible]. He walked [illegible] until he reached his own steps, when he turned his back to the house and proceeded to pull the very last whiff from the wet stub of a cigarette. Two minutes, three minutes passed. The wife was nervous. Another minute and a few more whiffs, and the gentleman [illegible] and said [illegible], "Pardon me, but I do not think I want a man who has not yet left off boyish habits. In my business time is money. Good-day." He bowed himself out [illegible] the [illegible], disturbed by the opening of the door, spat the little smoking stub from between his teeth and passed up the steps. He found his wife in tears, and would hardly believe his senses when she told him how he lost good employment by dallying with the weed in small packages.

Make a Note of It!

Read it over and over again, spell it out and sing it, until it is indelibly fixed in your mind, that Dr. Sage's Catarrh remedy is an infallible cure for chronic catarrh of the head, with all its distressing complications. Impaired taste and smell, offensive breath, ringing noises in the head, defective hearing, nose and throat ailments, are not only reliev- but positively and permanently cured! This is no fancy of the imagination, but a hard, solid fact, proven over and over again, and vouched for, under a forfeiture of $500, by its manufacturers, the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

Example is the school of mankind, and they will learn at no other.—[Burke.

How to get a Handsome Husband.

"When'er some lucky Indian maiden
Found a red ear in the husking,
'Muska!' cried they altogether;
'Muska! you shall have a sweetheart—
You shall have a handsome husband.'"

The handsome man always admires the beautiful woman. Then simply make yourself beautiful. Remove all blotches, pimples, "forked signs of turkey tracks" from your features, by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, a tonic to the nervous, circulatory and procreative systems. Its use brings roses to the cheeks, and sparkle to the eyes. Take it, and you will like the Indian maiden, find a "red ear" in good health, an omen of future happiness. *Guaranteed* to give satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it refunded.

The Emperor of China has insomnia.

Good Sense!

Disease is largely the result of impure blood. To purify the blood, is to cure the disease! As a blood-purifier and vitalizer, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery stands head and shoulders above any other known specific! Its power in this direction is nothing short of wonderful. Guaranteed to benefit or cure in every case, or money refunded.

The fastest mile by a trotting horse was made in 2 mins. 8¾ secs.

After Many Days.

Holmfield, Man., Feb. 14, 1890.

W. H. Comstock, Brockville, Ont.

Dear Sir:—For 12 years my wife was a martyr to that dread disease, Dyspepsia. Nothing relieved her; physicians were consulted and medical skill tried, without avail. One doctor advised a change of climate, suggesting Manitoba as a desirable place. We acted upon this advice, coming here two years ago. The change of climate wrought a change indeed, but for the worse, as she was soon confined to bed and under the care of two doctors who assured [illegible] could [illegible] longer. A neighbor [illegible] ... [illegible] Morse's Indian Root Pills ... [illegible] and continues the use of Morse's Pills.

Yours gratefully,
Geo. [illegible]

"Not all is gold that glitters" is a true saying; it is equally true that not all is sarsaparilla that is so labeled. If you would be sure of the genuine article, ask for Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and take no other. Health is too precious to be trifled with.

One of the peculiar customs of the East Indian coolies called Lascars is the putting of a ring on the great toe when they marry.

For the thorough and speedy cure of all Blood Diseases and Eruptions of the Skin, take Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. Mrs. B. Forbes, Detroit, had a running sore on her leg for a long time; commenced using Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and she is now completely cured. Her husband thinks there is nothing equal to it for Ague or any low Fever.

Smoking jackets should always be worn with puffs.

When the hair shows signs of falling, begin at once to use Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation strengthens the scalp, promotes the growth of new hair, restores the natural color to gray and faded hair, and renders it oft, pliant, and glossy.

In running the fastest mile made by a man was accomplished in 4 mins. 12¾ secs.

Mrs. M. Stephens, of Albany, N. Y., writes us as follows: My stomach was so weak that I could not eat anything sour or very sweet, even fruit at tea-time would cause Heartburn, fullness or oppression of the chest, short breath, restlessness during sleep, and frightful dreams of disagreeable sights, so that I would often dread to go to sleep. With the use of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery this unpleasantness has all been removed, and I now can eat what suits my taste or fancy."

The fastest mile ever accomplished by a man walking was made in 6 mins. and 23 secs.

How to cure Indigestion and Dyspepsia, chew Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum before and after meals. Sold by all druggists and confectioners, 5 cents.

There is only one sudden death among women to every eight among men.

Robert Lubbuck, Cedar Rapids, writes: I have used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil both for myself and family for diphtheria, with the very best results. I regard it as the best remedy for this disease, and would use no other.

Tall slender flaring vases of pale green glass sprinkled with tiny sprays of gilt flowers are among the things new and lovely.

Singers and publicspeakers chew Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum to preserve and strengthen the voice. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. 5 cents.

Rings for men, with seals like checkerboards, are observed. The squares are simulated by alternate diamonds and sapphires imbedded in the gold.

When you feel unpleasant sensations after eating, at once commence the use of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and your Dyspepsia will disappear. Mr. James Stanley, Merchant, at Constance, writes; "My wife has taken two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery for Dyspepsia, and it has done her more good than anything she has ever used."

Instead of cut-glass and silver-mounted ice-pails for the table we have egg-shaped cut-glass bowls held in tripods of repousse silver and without handles.

Silver coffee-pots for after-dinner coffee appear to be a feature. They assume vase forms, slender and widening toward the base with long handles of ivory and different woods.

Aunty's Advice.

"My brother had a severe summer complaint about a year ago and no remedies seemed to relieve him. At last my aunt advised us to try Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and before he had taken one bottle he was entirely cured."—Adelaide Ch[illegible]den, Belwin, Ont.

An instance of the ingenious use of accidental forms is seen in a slender shell, beautifully iridescent, which looms like the body of a fish. The effect is completed by a [illegible] head and tail.

F. M. Markall, West Jeddore, N. S., writes: I wish to inform you of the wonderful qualities of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. I had a horse so lame that he could scarcely walk; the trouble was in the knee, and two or three applica[illegible] completely cured him.

Only You.

If I'm strolling in the meadows,
Listening to the thrush's song,
And by accident that evening
You should chance to come along
And should ask to walk beside me,
Just to say a word or two,
Why, of course I shouldn't mind it,
For 'tis only, only you!

If you say you feel much better
With your arm about my waist,
Can I think of getting angry
When you show such perfect taste?
If while walking you should give me
Just a loving kiss or two,
Why, I don't think I should mind it,
For 'tis only, only you!

Roasts that should be juicy come to the table as dry as pasteboard, because the oven was not hot enough at first to instantly harden the outer surface and prevent the escape of its juices.

A lady writes: "I was enabled to remove the corns root and branch, by the use of Holloway's Corn Cure." Others who have tried it have the same experience.

An indiscreet man is more hurtful than an ill-natured one; the latter attacks only his enemies—the other injures friends and foes alike.

M. A. St. Mars, St. Boniface, Manitoba, writes: Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is a public benefit. It has done wonders here, and has cured myself of a bad cold in one day. Can be relied upon to remove pain, heal sores of various kinds, and benefit any inflamed portion of the body to which it is applied.

Whenever you find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, you may take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.

Purifies the breath and preserves the teeth, Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. 5 cents.

Great efforts from great motives is the best definition of a happy life. The easiest labor is a burden to him who has no motive for performing it.

Victory at Vivian.

"In our family faithful work has been done by Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as a sure and quick cure for diarrhœa, dysentery and all summer complaints. I can recommend it to all as a family friend, always true and faithful."—Mrs. W. Bishop, Vivian, Ont.

There is nothing that has so much authority, and is entitled to so little, as custom—it rules all the fools with a rod of iron, and threatens even the wise.

Mr. Thos. Bell, of Messrs. Scott, Bell, & Co., proprietors of the Wingham Furniture Factory, writes: "For over one year I was not free one day from headache. I tried every medicine I thought would give me relief, but did not derive any benefit. I then procured a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and began taking it according to directions, when I soon found the headache leaving me, and I am now completely cured.

Nothing hinders the constant agreement of people who live together but vanity and selfishness. Let the spirit of humanity prevail with benevolence, and discord and disagreement would be banished from the household.

Mrs. Geo. Rendle.

Mrs. Geo. Rendle, of Galt, Ont., writes: "I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for it is a sure cure for all summer complaints. We are never without it in the house." Fowler's Wild Strawberry. Price, 35c.

The fruit season has brought out innumerable designs in small silver sugars and creams.

C. A. Livingstone, Platteville, Ont., says: I have much pleasure in recommending Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, from having used it myself, and having sold it for some time. In my own case I will say for it that it is the best preparation I have ever tried for rheumatism.

The great military manœuvres of France, Germany and Austria took place this week.

Mr. J. R. Allen, Upholsterer, Toronto, sends us the following: "For six or seven years my wife suffered with Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Inward Piles and Kidney Complaint. We tried two physicians and any number of medicines without getting any relief, until we got a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. This was the first relief she got, and before one bottle was used the benefit she derived from it was beyond our expectation."

It is worse than madness to neglect a cough or cold which is easily subdued if taken in time; becomes, when left to itself, the fore-runner of consumption and premtaure death. Inflamation when it attacks the delicate tissue of the lungs and bronchial tubes, travels with perilous rapidity; then do not delay, get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that grasps this formidable foe of the human body, and drives it from the system. This medicine promotes a free and easy expectoration, subdues the cough, heals the diseased parts and exerts a most wonderful influence in curing consumption of the throat and lungs. If parents wish to save the lives of their children and themselves from much anxiety, trouble and expense, let them procure a bottle of *Bickle's Anti Consumptive Syrup*, and whenever a child has taken cold, has a cough or hoarseness, give the syrup according to directions.

The total number of Buddhists in the world is estimated to be 75,000,000.

Pope & Bitleau, druggists, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, writes: We have never sold any medicine that gives such satisfaction to the consumer and pleasure to the seller as Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. We can refer you to numbers that have used it for diphtheria with entire satisfaction and success.

Antique vases, flagon forms of cut glass with silver-gilt vases, lips and handles are desirable as wedding presents.

Are You Hard of Hearing or Deaf?

Call or send stamp for full particulars how to restore your hearing by one who was deaf for thirty years. John Garmore, Room 18, Hammond Bldg. 4th & Vine, Cincinnati, O.

IF You [illegible]

CARDS FREE [illegible]

PHOTO of your future Husband or Wife FREE! [illegible]

999 SONGS [illegible] FREE! [illegible]

Dr. Davis' Pennyroyal and Steel Pills for females, quickly correct all irregularities. Sold by all chemists or the agent, W. NEILL, 2263 St. Catherine street, Montreal. 50c. Per Box.

TANSY PILLS! Safe and Sure. Send 4c. for "WOMAN'S SAFE GUARD." Wilcox Specific Co., Phila., Pa.

FAT FOLKS using "Anti-Corpulene Pills" lose 15lbs. a month. They cause no sickness, contain no poison and never fail. Sold by Druggists everywhere or sent by mail. Particulars (sealed) 4c. WILCOX SPECIFIC CO., Phila., Pa.

LADIES

"MOTHER GREEN'S TANSY PILLS," used successfully by thousands, safe and sure. Act only on the generative organs, and cure suppression from whatever cause. Should not be used if Pregnancy is suspected or possible, until the question is negatived beyond dispute, as their employment will be attended with different results than those desired. By mail, $1.00. Full particulars (sealed) 3 cts. THE LANE MEDICINE CO., MONTREAL, CANADA.

Toronto Branch: 67 Yonge St.

You Get $150 Cash If you catch on Quick.

$1600 worth of Prizes

To the First Person who sends a correct answer to this rebus before Thursday, December 31st, 189[illegible], we will give

One Hundred and Fifty Dollars Cash.

To the Second, $100 Cash. To the Third, $50 Cash. To each of the next ten,

A Solid Gold Stem Winding Watch.

These watches are not plated, but Solid Gold Double Cases and fine American movements, either Waltham, Elgin or Seth Thomas make. To each of the next five, a

$50 [illegible] High-Arm Sewing Machine

with five drawers, extension drop leaf, full set of attachments, and warranted five years by the manufacturers. To each of the next ten

A Handsome Silk Dress Pattern

of 16 to 18 Yards. You can choose between black, gray, blue, green, brown or wine color, and we will send the color of your choice. To the next twenty-five we will give to each one a handsome [illegible] Solid Silver [illegible] [illegible]

Breaking in
isn't needed with the Ball corset. It's easy from the start. Coils of tiny wire springs in the sides make it so. Try it, and you'll like it.

If you don't, after a few weeks' wear, just return it and get your money.

FOR SALE BY ALL GOOD CORSET DEALERS

To Mothers, Wives and Daughters.

DR. ANDREWS' FEMALE PILLS The effect of certain medicines having been clearly ascertained, females are surely relieved from their distressing complaints, the specifics for those being infallible in correcting irregularities, removing obstructions from any cause whatever, and the only safe, sure and certain remedy for all those distressing complaints so peculiar to the female sex. They are, however, nothing new, having been dispensed from his office for 45 years, and are not an experiment. Explicit directions, stating when they should not be used, with each box. Pills sent to any address on receipt of one dollar. Circulars free. All letters answered promptly without charge when stamp is inclosed. Communications confidential. Address R. I. ANDREWS, M.S., 38 Gerard St. West, Toronto.

ATKINSON'S
Parisian Tooth Paste
FOR CLEANING THE TEETH.
30 YEARS IN USE.

FITS Send at once for a FREE BOTTLE and a valuable Treatise. This remedy is a sure and radical cure and is perfectly harmless as no injurious drugs are used in its preparation. I will warrant it to cure

EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS

in severe cases where other remedies have failed. My reason for sending a free bottle is: I want the medicine to be its own recommendation. It costs you nothing for a trial, and a radical cure is certain. Give Express and Post Office. Address:

CURED

H. G. ROOT M. C., 186 West Adelaide St. Toronto, Ont.

Cutting and Fitting.

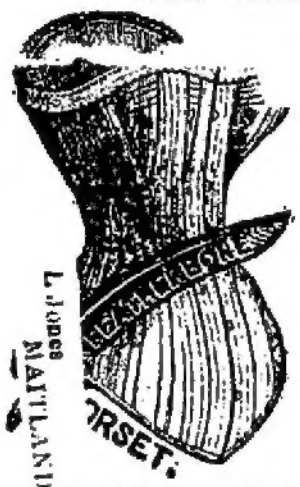
Taught with the use of the Dressmakers' **MAGIC SCALE.** The tailor system improved and simplified. Perfect Fitting Sleeve a Specialty. Dresses and linings cut.

CORSETS
made to order. Satisfaction guaranteed

Wire Dress Forms
For draping, etc.

256½ YONGE STREET

Why Do You Wear Corsets Which



though you had Been Cut out of a Wooden Block with a Jack-knife

FEATHERBONE
Gives to the Figure that Symmetrical Loveliness which is a Lady's Greatest Charm.

TUMORS Internal or External, Cured by new Method. Write for Pamphlet. THE SANATARIUM, Union Springs, N. Y.

BUY OLD COINS. Pay from 5 cents to $1,000 each for over 1,000 kinds dated before 1874. Send stamp for particulars. Worth many dollars, perhaps fortune, to you. W. E. SKINNER, Reliable Coin Broker, 36 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

SUPERIOR to Colorado or Saratoga. St Leon Mineral Water clears off bile and headaches. Don't feel at home without it. Colorado boasts no such water as St. Leon. Wm. Nash 333 Gerrard St., Toronto.

I find St. Leon an excellent remedy, builds up the constitution far superior to the famed waters of Saratoga. J. S. H. Hoover, Niagara street, Toronto.

The St. Leon Mineral Water Co., Limited, Toronto.

Branch Office Tidy's Flower Depot, 161 Yonge street.

IF Women only Knew
THE EXQUISITE PLEASURE OF WEARING A PAIR OF
ALL FEATHERBONE CORSETS.

After having suffered the tortures of the old-fashioned corset, with side steels, which hurt, and break, and rust, they would always insist on having "FEATHERBONE" in preference to any other. They give the figure that symmetrical beauty which a woman's greatest charm.

Sold by First-class Dealers.

ASK FOR THEM!

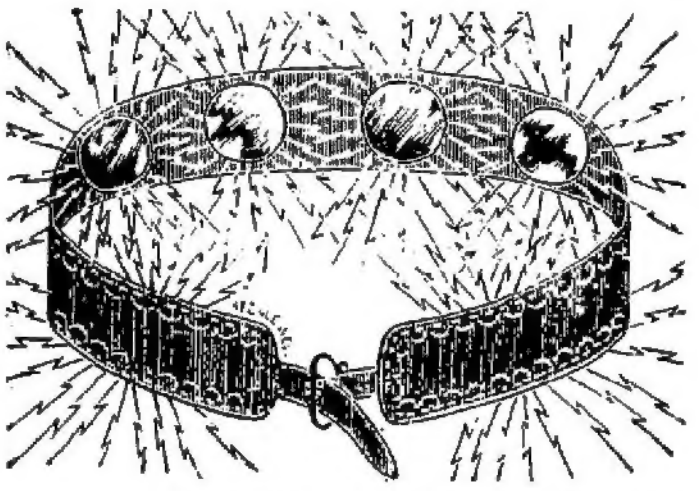
DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND
LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

PENNYROYAL WAFERS.

Prescription of a physician who has had a life long experience in treating female diseases. Prepared monthly with perfect success by over 10,000 ladies. Pleasant, safe, effectual. Ladies ask your druggist for Pennyroyal Wafers and take no substitute, or inclose 4c. in stamps for sealed particulars. Sold by all druggists, $1 per box. Address EUREKA CHEMICAL CO., Detroit, Mich.

For sale and mailed by B. E. McGill, Montreal

ELECTRICITY IS LIFE



THE ONLY
Electrical Appliances
Having Absorbent Qualities.

REPUTATION ESTABLISHED — OVER 20,000 SOLD

A CERTAIN CURE WITHOUT MEDICINE

ALL DISEASES ARE CURED BY OUR MEDICATED ELECTRIC BELTS AND APPLIANCES

Which are brought directly into contact with the diseased parts; they act as perfect absorbents in destroying the germs of disease and removing all impurities from the body. Diseases are successfully treated by correspondence, as our goods can be applied at home.

ALL HOME REFERENCES. NO FOREIGN OR MANUFACTURED TESTIMONIALS.

Isaac Radford, 35 Adelaide street east—Butterfly Belt and Insoles, cured him of Inflammatory Rheumatism in four weeks.

Samuel W. Abbott, Milichamp's Building, cured in six weeks, Rheumatism in knees and feet—Knee Pads and Insoles.

A. E. Caldwell, Engraver, 79 King street, City, Rheumatism in the knee cured.

J. McQuaig, Grain Merchant, cured of Rheumatism in the shoulder after all other failed.

Jas. Weeks, Parkdale, Sciatica and Lame Back cured in fifteen days.

W. J. Gould, Gurney's Stove Works, City, not able to work for three weeks, cured in four days Sciatica.

Mrs. J. Swift, 87 Agnes street, City, cured of Sciatica in six weeks.

C. C. Rockwood, 46 Bulwer street, City, cured of Lame Back in a few days.

Mrs. Geo. Planner, City, Liver and Kidneys, now free from all pain, strong and happy.

Miss Flora McDonald, 21 Wilton avenue, City, reports a lump drawn from her wrist.

Josiah Fennell, 287 Queen street east, City, could not write a letter, went to work on the sixth day. Neuralgia.

Mrs. Wm. Bennett, 11 King street west, City, after years of sleeplessness now never loses a wink—Butterfly Belt.

Mrs. S. M. Whitehead, 278 Lavis street, City, a sufferer for years, could not be induced to part with our Belt.

Mrs. F. Stevens, 12 Lesgar St., City, Blind with Rheumatic Inflammation cured in three weeks by Actina, Butterfly Belt and Insoles.

Geo. H. Lucas, Veterinary Dentist, 168 King street west, had Dyspepsia for six years, entirely cured in eight weeks—Butterfly Belt and Insoles.

Richard Hood, 49 Stewart street, City, used Actina three months for a permanent cure—Catarrh.

Alex. Rogers, Tobacconist, City, declared Actina worth $100. Headache.

E. Riggs, 220 Adelaide street west, City, Catarrh cured by Actina.

John Thompson, Toronto Junction, cured of Tumor in the Eye in two weeks by Actina.

Miss E. M. Forsyth, 18 Bloor street, City, reports a lump drawn from her hand, twelve years' standing.

Senator A. E. Botsford advises everybody to use Actina for Failing Eyesight.

Miss Laura Grose, 196 King street west, City, Granulated Eyelids, cured in four weeks—used Actina and Belt.

Mrs. J. Stevens, 82 Teraumseth street, City, Rheumatism in the Eyelids, spent three weeks in the hospital, eyes opened in two days.

Mrs. M'Laughlin, 84 Centre street, City, a cripple from Rupture, now able to attend to her household duties.

Giles Williams, Ontario Coal Co., says Actina is invaluable for Bronchitis and Asthma.

J. H. McCarthy, Ag't N. P. & M. Ry., Altamont, Man., Chronic Catarrh and Catarrhal Deafness for seven years, entirely cured by Actina.

THOMAS JOHNSON, New Sarum, suffered with Weak Lungs and Asthma—Lungs strengthened and Asthma cured.

Mrs. Beard, Bantle, Ont., cured of Catarrh of three years standing—Actina and Insoles.

Rev. R. W. Mills, Bronston Corners, Ont., entirely well, had Catarrh very bad—used Actina and Insoles.

H. S. Fleetwood, a wreck mentally and physically. Cause, nightly emissions. Perfectly cured.

Thomas Guthrie, Argyle, Man., says our Butterfly Belt and Suspensory did him more good than all the medicine he paid for in twelve years.

Thos. Bryan, 511 Dundas street, City, Nervous Debility—improved from the first day until cured.

Chas. Cozens, P. M., Trowbridge, Ont., after five weeks, feels like his former self.

J. A. T., Ivy, cured of emissions in three weeks. Your Belt and Suspensory cured me of Impotency, writes J. A. I would not be without your Belt and Suspensory for $20, writes J. McG. For General Debility your Belt and Suspensory are cheap at any price, says S. N. C. Belt and Suspensory gave H. S., of Fleetwood, a new lease of life. K. K. G. had no faith, but was entirely cured of Impotency.

W. T. Brown, 73 Richmond street west, City, Varicocele, tried several doctors; all advised the knife. Cured in six weeks with Butterfly Belt and Suspensory.

John Bromagery, Varicoceles, cured in five weeks—Butterfly Belt, Suspensory and Insoles.

Reuben Silverthorn, Testerville, was almost a wreck. Entirely cured by the Belt and Suspensory.

Many Such Letters on File.

ANY BELT Requiring Vinegar or Acid will Burn the Skin

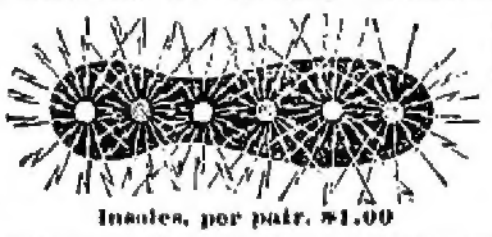
All Electric Belt Companies in Canada use Vinegar or Acids in their Appliances excepting this Company.

Send for Illustrated "Health Journal" and List of Home Testimonials Free and Mention This Paper.

$5. Given on 15 days trial

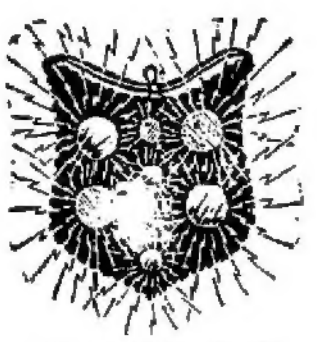
W. T. BAER & Co
171 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO.

CATARRH IMPOSSIBLE UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF **ACTINA**



Insoles, per pair, $1.00

No Vinegar or Acid USED.



Lung Shield, $4.00

BUTTERFLY BELT AND SUSPENSORY ONLY $7.00